

Sirenica Menace

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/49035775) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/49035775>.

| | |
|------------------|---|
| Rating: | Mature |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | 방탄소년단 Bangtan Boys BTS |
| Relationship: | Jeon Jungkook/Kim Taehyung V , Min Yoongi Suga/Park Jimin , Kim Namjoon RM/Kim Seokjin Jin |
| Character: | Jeon Jungkook , Kim Taehyung V , Park Jimin (BTS) , Jung Hoseok J-Hope , Kim Namjoon RM , Kim Seokjin Jin |
| Additional Tags: | Top Jeon Jungkook , Jeon Jungkook is Whipped , Jeon Jungkook is Bad at Feelings , Bottom Kim Taehyung V , Kim Taehyung V is Whipped , Kim Taehyung V is a Little Shit , Desperate Jeon Jungkook , Love , Love Confessions , Smut , Fluff and Angst , Fluff and Smut , Angst and Fluff and Smut , Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending , Falling In Love , Explicit Sexual Content , Sexual Tension , Secrets , Mystery , Lies , Artist Kim Taehyung V , Lawyer Park Jimin (BTS) , Office Worker Jung Hoseok J-Hope , Temptation , Forbidden , Explicit Language , Shameless Smut |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2023-08-01 Completed: 2023-09-03 Words: 150,006 Chapters: 35/35 |

Sirenica Menace

by [TzoBngtn](#)

Summary

●Where Taehyung goes on a trip with his two best friends in the magical Jeju Island and comes across a surprise in the hostel's room he's staying at that bears secrets he could never imagine.

The surprise, named Jungkook, stirs desires long-forgotten and insane — so insane indeed that Taehyung teeters right at the edge of his own lunacy. The more that mystic man pushes him away, the more Taehyung craves to unearth each one of his secrets and know him like no one else.

Deaf to his logic that keeps screaming at him to maintain his distance, Taehyung holds his breath and dives into the beautiful mystery he is, heedless of the peril that follows Jungkook like a shadow and the heartbreak that always seems to lurk nearby.

Introduction

Hello everyone ♡

I'm finally back

I'm truly so excited to publish another book, and I hope you enjoy it.

This is a **Top Kook** book, and it contains sexual content.

This book also contains:

Violence

Vulgar language

Angst

Sideships : Yoonmin and Namjin

I kindly ask you (not to say beg you) to let me know if you find any mistakes while reading this book. I read the chapters multiple times, but still some mistakes can slip my eyes. Thank you

Let's get to know our characters:

°Kim Taehyung

■28 years old

■He's an artist

His friends and family:

°Park Jimin

■28 years old

■He's a lawyer

°Jung Hoseok

■29 years old

■Works at his father's real estate agency

°Kim Mi Sung (made-up name)

■His father

■51 years old

°Kim Hee Jin (made-up name)

■His mother

■47 years old

°Jeon Jungkook

■26 years old

His friends and family:

°Kim Namjoon

■30 years old

°Kim Seokjin

■32 years old

°Min Yoongi

■31 years old

°Jeon Hyun Joon (made-up name)

■His father

■52 years old

◦Jeon Han Min (made-up name)

■His mother

■50 years old

*Note that there will be a lot more characters with made-up names.

I looked for actors to play their fathers' roles, but nothing clicked, and that's why they have made-up names.

As always, I did a lot of research for some things you'll read, so I apologize for any inaccuracies.

Also, please point out any mistakes you find. Please share your thoughts and give me feedback. I need it so I can improve my writing and give you the best possible content

If you have any questions about the book, feel free to ask me

Ignore Him

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The turbulent wind struck against three young men, who stood at the bow of the enormous ferry and gazed with joyous smiles at their destination.

The said destination was none other than Jeju Island, a place they craved to visit madly. It was also their first vacation together, so the significance it held was even more precious.

The sun poured down like an endless flame, heating up their skin despite the gusts of wind, which carried a damp feeling with them.

“I can’t believe we’ll be here for two whole weeks!” Jimin exhaled a breath of bliss, truly eager to tour the entire island.

“I know, right?” Hoseok chuckled. “It feels like a dream.”

“We’ll be away from everything for two weeks, guys. No work, no responsibilities, no controlling parents.” Taehyung’s stomach did tiny flips of ultimate elation at his own words.

“Yeah, but you’ll keep drawing, so you’ll kind of still be working,” Jimin pointed out.

“I don’t see drawing as a job I have to do. I love drawing. And I’ll get tons of inspiration from this trip.”

“It’s way more fun than working at my father’s real estate agency,” Hoseok said.

“And then working at my father’s law firm,” Jimin added with a chuckle. “I wish I could draw like you.”

“Yeah, but it doesn’t pay well yet.”

“We’re still trainees, so we don’t get paid a lot either,” Hoseok snickered, bumping Taehyung’s shoulder. “You started doing what you love late because your mother pestered you to follow your father’s profession. And for the two years you’ve been doing this, you’re doing great! You’re selling your creations in your physical and online shop.”

“Yes, Tae. And even bigger things are coming. We’ll support you, no matter what.”

Taehyung regarded his two best friends with overwhelming gratitude. They were beside him in everything for five years now, and he loved them more than anyone in this world. “Thank you, guys.”

The two smiled in return. Soon, the announcement that they had arrived captured their attention and filled them with even more excitement.

Once they disembarked, they sauntered towards their hostel instead of taking a taxi so they could browse the place.

The thirty-minute walk was absolutely worth it, even though beads of sweat trickled down their skin by the scorching sun. They wiped their damp foreheads with tissues as they stood outside of

the hostel and fixed their hair slightly, wanting to look presentable.

Taehyung pushed the door open, and they trod to the reception to their right. “Hello. Um, we have booked a room for three.”

“Hello, I’m Yoongi, and welcome to our hostel,” he said automatically with no fraction of a smile. “IDs.”

The three friends exchanged a look at his frosty behavior. They placed their IDs on the counter, looking away from his apathetic countenance, except Jimin, who seemed to be captivated by his sharp characteristics.

“In which name was the reservation made?”

“Uh, mine. Kim Taehyung.”

Yoongi typed his name into the system, checked the information, and looked up at them. “As you know, there wasn’t available a room for three and you’ll be staying in a room for four. Someone already stays there and will continue to do so throughout your stay here.”

Jimin waved a dismissive hand as he chuckled. “It’s okay, Yoongi-ssi. We like socializing, anyway.”

“You sure seem like it,” Yoongi muttered with an edge of scorn. He pulled out their key card from the third drawer and passed it over. “There’s a shared kitchen on the second floor where you’ll be staying and a bathroom only for men. If you—”

“One bathroom?” Hoseok questioned. “For how many guests?”

Still with a mask of indifference on his face, Yoongi trained his eyes on him. “There are four bathrooms in total. Two on the first floor and two on the second floor. Each bathroom has ten toilets and five showers. There’s a sign on the door to inform you if it’s for men only, women only, or for men and women. The bathrooms are cleaned daily and thoroughly. Any more questions about our bathrooms?”

Hoseok cleared his throat, embarrassed. “No. Sorry.”

“If you need anything, someone will be here at any time.”

“Great!” Jimin chirped. “Thank you.”

Yoongi gave them a smile, his lips barely lifting for a second. “Enjoy your stay.”

“Um, what about the other guy who’s staying with us? What’s his name?” Taehyung asked.

Yoongi stared at him, striving to prevent his mouth from twitching in a smirk. “We can’t give any type of information about our guests. You can ask him, though.” Unable to contain himself, he lowered his head as a smirk broke out on his face. *And if he tells you, I’m a fucking astronaut.*

The three shared a perplexed glance, but no one spoke another word. They bowed their heads and shuffled off towards the elevator.

“Okay, Yoongi-ssi is hot as fuck, or is it just me?” Jimin said in a whisper, then giggled.

“He *is* hot, but damn... so frosty,” Taehyung said with a grimace, shaking his head.

“But he smiled at us!” Jimin argued.

Hoseok scoffed as he pressed the button for the elevator. “That was like the most fake smile I’ve ever seen in my life.”

Jimin shrugged a shoulder, unaffected by their comments. “I’ll defrost his icy behavior in no time.”

Taehyung stepped into the elevator with his friends following, and he tapped the button for the second floor. “You’ll really go for it?”

“Why not? I’ll have something fun to occupy myself with in this trip.”

“We’re here to have a good time and relax. Not for you to fall in love and be heartbroken when we’ll have to leave,” Taehyung reminded with a raised brow.

“He’ll be so in love with me until then he’ll beg me to let him come with me.” Jimin wiggled his eyebrows, presenting his slyest of smiles.

The other two erupted into chuckles, and Jimin soon joined the fit of laughter.

They got off the elevator and traipsed along the hallway, searching for their room number. They spotted it at the end of the hallway, and Taehyung set the card on the small device that was attached to the door. A cheerful beep rang in their ears, and Taehyung slid the door open.

“Wow,” Jimin uttered in awe. “It’s a lot bigger than I thought.”

They observed the two opposing bunk beds on the sides of the spacious room and the two closets beside them, the flowerpot at the left corner with artificial lilies, the table with four chairs in the center, and of course, the view from the French doors, which was breathtakingly beautiful.

They also didn’t fail to notice the stranger’s presence in the top right bed. The said top beds were almost at the level of their height, so they could see clearly the one who was lying there if they just strained their necks a bit.

A mystified frown swept across Taehyung’s features as he analyzed the stranger. He was lying there with his forearm over his forehead, wearing *long-sleeved*, baggy clothes in the middle of July. But what was truly bizarre about him, if that wasn’t bizarre enough, was that he was wearing a black mask that covered his mouth and nose.

Taehyung turned to his friends, throughout puzzled. He made a circular motion over his face, referring to the mask the stranger was wearing, as his eyes screamed, “*What the fuck?*”

The two men lifted their hands to their sides, indicating they were completely clueless, as they had the same bewildered look on their faces.

Taehyung glanced at the stranger behind him again, who still hadn’t moved an inch. He shook his mystification off and plastered an affable smile on his face. “Hi.” The said smile soon faltered at the stranger’s absence of any type of response or reaction. “Um, you, who’s lying in the top right bed. Hi. I’m Taehyung.”

Still, the stranger showed no sign of recognition of their presence.

“Yah. Is he dead?” Hoseok whispered.

Taehyung rolled his eyes at him. “He’s breathing, so no, obviously.”

“Then... Is he sleeping? Tap his shoulder. I have so many questions,” Jimin said with a silent giggle.

Taehyung twisted towards the stranger. He swallowed past his throat and licked his lips, drumming his fingers against his thigh. He dragged his hand up, feeling his heart notch up its rhythm for some reason.

“If you do that,” the stranger said with a deadly low voice, and Taehyung jolted back instantly, “it’s the last thing you’ll get to do. Alive, at least.”

“Aish,” Jimin murmured as he shivered at the bloodcurdling sound of his words.

“I’m sorry,” Taehyung breathed out. “We just wanted to introduce ourselves since we’ll be staying together.”

The stranger, named Jungkook, remained still and mute at his remark.

“Ignore him,” Hoseok said. “Look at the view!” He scuttled to the French doors, forcing out of his mind what had just happened.

The other two dragged their luggage further into the room and joined Hoseok, who was gazing out the French doors in amazement.

“The beach is right there. We don’t even have to take a bus to go for a swim,” Jimin chirped.

“We’ll have so much fun these two weeks.” Taehyung sighed in content mixed with eagerness, completely forgetting about the creepy — as he thought — stranger they had to see every day throughout their stay.

“So, which bed do you guys want?” Jimin asked.

Taehyung peeked behind him at the stranger, who was still in the same position. “Um, who’s going to... You know,” he whispered as he pointed with his head to the occupied bunk bed.

“I’ll sleep here. Don’t worry,” Hoseok smiled, patting his shoulder.

“Are you sure?” Jimin asked with prominent worry.

But Hoseok laughed his concern off. “Yes, Jimin-ah. It’s not like he’ll kill me in my sleep. Right, masked guy?” There was no reaction from him, even though Hoseok gave him plenty of time to answer. “I’ll take that as a no,” he chuckled, then dropped himself into the bed. “Wow, it’s comfortable.” He sat up and bounced continuously, testing the mattress.

“Really?” Taehyung sat in the opposing bed and copied his moves. “You’re right!” Soft chuckles escaped his mouth as he grinned.

“Yah.”

Every movement rested abruptly at the stranger’s irritated voice.

“Don’t jump on the bed. You shake the whole thing.”

Hoseok palmed his mouth to stifle his chortle. “Sorry.” He burst into a mute outbreak of laughter, with his two friends joining him in a heartbeat.

“Let’s get ready to go to the beach!” Jimin said, clapping his hands in uncontrollable glee.

“Yay!” the other two cheered and hopped off the bed.

They fished the necessary things from their luggage and took their turn to change into their beachwear behind the screen at the right corner of the room.

“Ready?” Hoseok asked.

“No, wait. I want to fix my hair,” Jimin said, already taking out of his luggage his straightener and cosmetics.

“Why? We’re going to the beach,” Taehyung pointed out with a half laugh.

Jimin sat in front of the mirror and plugged his straightener into the socket. “Yes, but we’ll pass from the reception again.”

Jungkook’s brows lifted slightly in interest, though the others couldn’t discern it even if they tried, since he had his arm still over his forehead.

Taehyung clutched his shoulder, smirking at him through the mirror. “Are you dolling yourself up for your precious Yoongi-ssi?”

Jungkook choked on a sharp laugh, and he did his utmost to muffle it. His exertion was proven futile since a tiny, stifled sound managed to sneak out of him.

Taehyung, who seemed to be the only one who picked up on that strange sound, tossed a glance in the unnamed man’s direction. He found him in the same stance and shrugged it off, thinking it was just a figment of his imagination.

“Yes,” Jimin smirked. “I’m telling you, he’ll fall head over heels for me in a week.”

Hoseok expelled a surprised snicker. “So the two weeks now became a week? You’re so sure about yourself.”

“Of course.” Jimin shot him a simpering smile, then started his facial and hair care.

“Let’s put some music on while we wait,” Hoseok suggested, but frowned as Taehyung got hold of his hand to stop him. He saw him nod towards the stranger and his confusion abated. “Do you mind us putting some music on for a bit, masked man?”

“Do whatever,” Jungkook sighed.

“Well, don’t say that, stranger,” Taehyung sneered lightly as he approached him. “We might start jumping on the beds again.”

“And I might end up killing you in your sleep if you do that.”

Taehyung tsked with a moue of condemnation. “You and your macabre remarks. It was a joke, you know.”

“I didn’t laugh.”

“You barely talk, so I’m not surprised. I’m not even convinced you’re human yet.”

“Just listen to your music and leave me alone.”

Taehyung pouted hard, lowering his head. “You haven’t even looked at us. And you didn’t tell us

your name. Do you want us to keep calling you masked man?"

"I don't care."

Taehyung huffed a disdainful sound. "Maybe we should call you asshole," he said under his breath, and even if the stranger heard him, he showed no reaction to his insult.

Hoseok played pop music from his phone, hoping it would lighten the charged atmosphere. They danced and sang the lyrics with smiles on their faces, as Jimin swayed to the beat, now straightening his hair.

"This song is so good." Taehyung whiffled, then turned to the stranger. "Masked man, do you like pop music?"

"I told you to leave me alone, kid."

Taehyung's head recoiled in shock blended with offense. "Kid? I'm twenty-eight!"

Shit, Jungkook thought. *He's really older?* "And you act like you're eight."

"Yah," Taehyung gritted out. "How old are you, then?"

"You don't have to know."

"I do, because if I'm older, you have to treat me with respect."

Jungkook scoffed, tilting his head to the side away from him. "We won't be socializing, so I don't have to talk to you at all."

"I'm ready," Jimin said in a sing-song tune as he turned off the straightener. "Tae, stop wasting your time with him. Let's go have fun."

Taehyung kept his stare locked on the stranger's form. "You're right." He reached for his backpack and headed to the door with his two best friends trailing behind him.

...

The next encounter Jungkook had with the three annoyingly outgoing men was later in the afternoon, but it was rather short. They only came to take a shower and change into formal clothes, then they took off again for drinks.

He did his daily exercise, took a shower, and waited until the clock struck eight. He climbed down from his bed and exited the room, dressed in his long-sleeved, black clothes and of course wearing his mask.

He strolled to the other side of the building with his hands stuffed in his pockets and stood in front of a closed door. He swept the hallway with a swift view to ascertain that no one was there and stepped into the storage room.

"Hey."

"Hey, guys," Jungkook said as he sat at the table with the other three. He grabbed a can of beer and opened it after shedding his mask, then took a big sip.

"So, how are your new roommates?" Yoongi asked with mocking sweetness.

“Annoying, like you right now,” Jungkook spat out. “I can’t believe you left me all alone in that room with them.”

“It’s just for two weeks. We already have a room we use for ourselves. We can’t occupy two rooms out of twenty,” Yoongi said.

“I could have stayed with you, guys.”

“How many times have we been over this?” Namjoon groaned. “First, do you really want to sleep in a room with other four employees and us? And second, the other employees are our people, yes, but we’re still not sure if they’re trusted. They’ll be here as long as we stay here while these guys will disappear in just two weeks. And you know about that annoying group of people who demanded to stay longer and forced Yoongi to put these three guys in your room since they had already paid for everything. So don’t bitch about it.”

“He’s right, Kook,” Seokjin said. “It wasn’t right to cancel their reservation last minute. And it’s better this way.”

Jungkook sipped his beer, still sulky about the situation. But then the corner of his mouth lifted as he recalled a certain remark from one of them. “What do you think about my roommates, Yoon?”

Yoongi narrowed his vision on him. “Why would I care about your roommates?”

“I heard one of them say he’ll make you fall head over heels for him in a week.”

Yoongi scoffed at the absurdity of the statement. “As if. Who the fuck said that?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t even look at them.”

“Kook,” Seokjin said with an undertone of reproach. “I know you don’t like socializing, but that’s just disrespectful. Don’t be an ass.”

Jungkook averted his eyes from the group and sipped his beer. “I just want them to ignore me. It’s bad enough that they know about my presence.”

“So what? You won’t tell them your real name and they won’t even see your face.” Seokjin shrugged. “But not even looking at them if they talk to you is a dick move, and you know it.”

“I don’t want them to talk to me.”

“They will. Because that’s what humans do. And especially these three. They seem too talkative, from what Yoongi said.”

“You have no idea,” Jungkook uttered with a light snicker. He chugged the rest of his beer and brushed his thumb over the can rhythmically. “Did you find anything?”

A heavy sigh rippled through the room from Yoongi. “No.”

Jungkook knew the answer before he even asked that question, but still, the frustration festered inside him like every time. “I knew it.”

“It’s only been four months, Kook,” Namjoon said in a soft tone, trying to comfort his nerves. “These things take time. We’ll find something soon. I’m sure.”

Jungkook only sighed in response. “How’s the business going?”

“Which one?” Yoongi snickered.

Jungkook cracked a slight smile. “The one back in Seoul.”

“Good. We have our people there, so you don’t have to worry.”

Seokjin’s eyes wandered around his friends, thinking back to everything they had lived and been through together. A saddened smile gleamed on his face at the messed-up situation they were plunged into. “How did we go from businessmen who were selling drugs to this?”



Chapter End Notes

The first chapter is out, and I'm so nervous about what you think! My heart was really pounding as I reread it to publish it☺

Please share your thoughts freely. Any kind of feedback is always welcomed. I really hope you enjoyed it

I haven't decided on an update schedule yet, but you'll have news from me again soon

You're Impossible

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The serene slumber cloaking Jungkook's consciousness dispersed by the constant whispers and muffled giggles that resounded through the room.

"Come on," Jimin grumbled. "It wasn't that bad."

"He didn't even raise his head from his laptop, Chim. You dolled yourself up for nothing," Taehyung mocked and burst into hushed chuckles with Hoseok.

"Yah!" Jimin hissed louder than he should, and the other two shushed him immediately. "Whatever. It was just the first day. I'll make him notice me today."

Hoseok smiled at his determination. "You can do it, Chim."

Taehyung agreed with a nod. "Of course you can. We're just teasing you. You know that."

Jimin shot a grin at them and spread his arms, silently asking for a group hug. The other two giggled and sneaked into his embrace.

With a husky groan, Jungkook snatched his extra pillow from beside him and slammed it over his ear to block their irritating chatter.

The three friends twisted their heads towards the exasperated sound, still holding each other. "Shit, we woke him up," Taehyung murmured.

"It's already eleven in the morning and he's still sleeping. It's his fault," Hoseok said loud and clear, lifting an indifferent shoulder.

"You can just go somewhere else to yap on about your embarrassing love life."

Jimin withdrew from the hug as his expression darkened in offense. "Embarrassing? What's embarrassing about trying to get what I want?"

"The fact that you were completely invisible to that guy," Jungkook quipped.

"Yah, you ass—"

"Chim!" Hoseok rushed to say as he clutched his biceps. "Remember. We should just ignore him. Don't bother answering him."

Taehyung gave a soothing pat on Jimin's back. "He's right. Let's just do whatever we want without caring about him."

Jungkook huffed in scorn and removed the extra pillow, since there was no way he could fall asleep again. Seokjin's words from yesterday crawled into his head, and he pondered on them, as the other three continued getting ready and chatting about things he didn't pay attention to. *It's too late to be nice to them. And I don't even want to be.*

A few minutes later of bantering without caring about the fourth presence in the room, Taehyung

slipped his folder with his drawings, blank papers to draw new ones, and his tablet into his backpack, and they were ready to go. They exited the room and sauntered along the hallway towards the elevator.

“I swear that guy is so weird,” Jimin said. “Why is he wearing his mask even in his sleep?”

“He probably wants to hide something,” Hoseok guessed. “Maybe he has a scar. Or a burn. I don’t know.”

“Or maybe he just wants to hide his face.”

Jimin glanced at Taehyung at his remark in puzzlement. “But why?”

“Who knows?” Taehyung sighed, but then his eyes widened at the remembrance of his pencils, which he forgot to take. “My pencils... Go downstairs. I’ll come find you.”

Once he received a nod from the two, Taehyung hurried back to the room. He unlocked it with the card key and burst inside, but the sight of the shirtless stranger sitting up sideways in his bed got him stuck to his spot.

Jungkook covered his right arm with his stout upper body and grasped his pillow to use it as a shield. His owl eyes stared at the floor, his heart stumbling over its rhythm in extreme anxiety. He could discern the intruder was still gaping at him frozen stiff with the corner of his eye. “Yah, turn around, you creep.”

His frantic words ripped Taehyung out of his entrancement, and he twirled to face the wall at once.

Jungkook put on his long-sleeved shirt in a hurry, hoping — praying — that guy didn’t manage to see anything. “I thought you guys left.”

Taehyung cleared his throat, still deep in a state of shock and stupefaction. “Um, I—I forgot my—my pencils.”

Fuck, why is he stuttering like that? He saw it, right? Fuck, fuck! Jungkook screamed in his head as his face wrung with frustration. “Just take them and leave. And next time knock first.”

Taehyung ducked his head and scuttled to the nightstand where he had placed his pencil case. “Sorry. I won’t tell anyone about it.”

“About what?” Jungkook shot back, round eyes boring into his profile.

“Um, about seeing you, you know... shirtless.”

The tension from Jungkook’s muscles subsided. “Good.”

Taehyung, still with his chin tucked into his chest, bolted out of the room. He shut the door and leaned his back against it with a trembling sigh, arms hanging on each of his sides as if they were lifeless. *Ink. He has tattoos on his right arm. And on his back... Was that a scar?*

He screwed his eyes closed as he endeavored to make out what that mark was. But he soon realized he was too mesmerized by his well-built muscles and too busy drooling over them to pay attention to anything else. *After seeing that, I can die in peace. I don’t even care.* His lips curved into a blissful smile as the image of his mouthwatering muscles jumped around in his head.

The sound of a door opening near him had him jolting, and he resumed his way with long-legged

strides and a spellbound smile inscribed on his face.

I wonder how hot his face is, Taehyung thought, sighing lightly. *Why does he have to wear a mask? So annoying...*

Taehyung arrived at the ground floor and trod towards the reception. His steps faltered upon finding Jimin leaning against the counter and chatting with Yoongi. He stood there, gazing at the scene in sheer amazement.

After Taehyung went back to the room, the two friends headed to the reception. Before making their presence known to the man behind the counter, Hoseok held onto Jimin's hand. "Yah, this is a good chance to chat with him. I want to use the bathroom, anyway."

Jimin's eyes gleamed in glee. "You're right! Go, go."

"Good luck." Hoseok winked and gave him a pat on his shoulder before bundling off.

Jimin brushed his hair back, giving them the natural messy look he wanted. He squared his shoulders and advanced, keeping his eyes locked on his target. "Hello, Yoongi-ssi."

The said man, who was seated behind the counter, didn't tear his gaze away from his laptop, nor showed any change in his blank expression. "Hello, have fun," he said so mechanically, as if it were a recorded message.

A pout attempted to sink the corners of his mouth, but Jimin forced it away. "I'm not leaving yet. I'm waiting for my friends."

"Oh, okay."

Jimin made a moue of rage at his failure to make the man simply glance at him. He pasted a kittenish smile on his lips and leaned against the counter. "So, are you from around here?"

Yoongi's movement of scrolling down the page ceased at the question, and for the first time, he glided his eyes up to his. He reclined in his seat and rested his elbows on the armrests, his view narrowing on him. *This is the guy Jungkook mentioned yesterday, huh?* Without wanting to, his mouth twitched into a slanted smirk.

"Oh? You're finally looking at me."

"Yeah, I wanted to see who's bothering me, so I can make up an excuse to avoid him next time."

"Yah," Jimin grunted, his affable smile now long gone. "What did I even do? I just wanted to chat a bit."

"Exactly. I don't want people to talk to me."

"You know, you're not so kind to your guests. You can get fired for being rude."

A chuckle broke out of Yoongi as he rolled his head to the side and then aimed his eyes at him again. "Why would I fire myself?"

Jimin didn't have to examine his words too much to comprehend their meaning. "You own this place?"

“Yes. And I can kick you out if you keep harassing me.”

Jimin gasped in affront. “Harassing? I just talked to you!”

“It’s the same for me.”

Jimin’s irritation melted away as he decided to go all in on his last attempt. He smiled sweetly, batting his eyelashes. “I’m sure you have a nice side as well somewhere deep inside you. Why don’t you surface it by yourself and save me the trouble, hmm? Don’t be an ass without a reason.”

Yoongi copied his smile. “No, thank you,” he sneered. “And tell your friends to come here already. They’ve been watching us from the start.”

Jimin glanced behind him and indeed saw his two friends partly hide in the hallway. “Guys. Let’s go.”

The two spurted forward with awkward smiles. They bowed their head to Yoongi and dragged Jimin out of the hostel.

“It didn’t go well, huh?” Taehyung asked with a sympathetic smile.

And Jimin could only sigh and narrate what happened with a pout on his lips.

Yoongi entered the storage room at eight sharp and found his three friends already seated there with beers in their hands. “To answer your question, Kook, no, we didn’t find anything, and everything is going well in Seoul.”

Jungkook stared at the seemingly annoyed Yoongi, who snatched a beer and plopped down on his chair. “I... didn’t say anything?”

Yoongi’s riled-up nerves soothed a fraction at the first sip of his beer. “Sorry.”

“Why are you so pissed?” Namjoon asked.

“I don’t know. I’m having a bad day.”

“You sure nothing happened?” Jungkook questioned, maintaining a straight face of nonchalance.

“Yes, nothing happened.”

Jungkook nodded slowly and nipped at his drink in the fragile silence that ensued. “Yoon. That guy who said he’ll make you fall head over heels for him. Remember him?”

Yoongi tensed at the mention of him, though he strove to obscure it. “What about him?”

“He was bitching about how he got rejected again by you. And I took a glimpse of him. He’s hot enough for you. Don’t you think?”

Yoongi expelled a bitter sigh, then chugged his beer. “He’s more than hot. But especially you, you know where we come from. You know what we are and the shit we’re going through right now. How can you suggest making a move on him?”

Jungkook allowed a smile to take over his face, even though it was small and highlighted by a glimmer of sadness. “Is it so bad to have a little fun while we’re in this shitty situation? He wants to

play with you. Play with him too. He'll disappear in a few days, anyway."

Yoongi reflected on his short speech, gazing at his can of beer. "What if I put us in danger?"

"The only one who can do that is me. And I'm not planning to reveal my face or have fun with anyone. I can only stay in that damn room and hide. You, on the other hand, can have as much fun as you want. I'm just saying don't let the opportunity go to waste."

Yoongi's eyes flew to him and narrowed to a pinprick. "You just want him to stop bitching about me because it annoys you. That's why you're saying all this. Right?"

Jungkook's lips sprawled into a grin, then he broke out laughing. "Was I too obvious?"

Yoongi slapped his shoulder, laughing with him like the other two. "Yes, you were, you little asshole."

As their cackles quieted down, Jungkook regarded Yoongi with genuine fondness. "I mean it, though. We've been stuck here for four months because of me, and I don't know for how long we'll have to stay here. I want you three to at least enjoy your time. And not feel imprisoned like me."

Everyone felt the heaviness that poured into the atmosphere at his last remark, and it pained them, truly, to see their dongsaeng go through this torment.

"It's for your protection, Kook," Seokjin uttered. "And it's not your fault we're stuck here. We chose to come with you."

"Of course," Namjoon said with a nod. "We would never leave you alone in this. And we'll protect you with our lives if we have to."

"Yah," Jungkook snarled. "Thank you for caring, but don't do anything stupid. I want all of you to be careful. And if you reach a dead end, just give me up. I'll get away somehow and find another place to hide."

"That's not happening," Yoongi snickered. "We'll stick together. Always."

Jungkook gazed at his friends with fond gratitude, and his face split with a warm smile. "Cheers." He held his can out, and the other three clinked their drinks together as similar smiles decorated their faces.

After their two-hour gathering, Seokjin headed down to the reception for his night shift, Yoongi went to sleep, Namjoon reviewed the pending payments, and Jungkook retreated to his room.

The said room was thankfully empty, and he spent his time like he did the past four months in these four walls; playing games on his phone that didn't contain a sim card.

He did nothing else than exercising and playing games, really. There wasn't anything more he could do, anyway.

It was about an hour later when the beep of the door unlocking rippled through the room, and he turned to face the wall, continuing his game time.

"That was a long day, but we had so much fun!" Hoseok chirped as they entered.

“Yes, if we take out my humiliating rejection, this day was fun indeed,” Jimin said with prominent sarcasm.

Jungkook rolled his eyes skywards, smacking his phone on the pillow. *Not again, for fuck’s sake.*

“You can’t give up, Chim.” Taehyung rubbed encouraging lines on his back. “I think we all expected his curt behavior, judging by his frosty persona.”

“Oh my fuck,” Jungkook snapped, unable to contain his nerves any longer. “I feel like I’m watching the same damn movie over and over again.”

The three trained a quizzical view on him. “What?” Taehyung asked.

“Weren’t you here just a few hours ago saying the exact same things? Yoongi was a jerk, he rejected you, and you’re embarrassed. Okay, deal with it, and try again, for fuck’s sake.”

A charged hush spread through the room as the three friends exchanged glances of utter confusion. “Did... Did you just give me advice? Or are you lashing out at me to make me shut up about it?” Jimin asked.

“Both. So talk about something else or please, I’m begging you, *shut up.*”

Taehyung cracked a smile as he approached his bed and propped his forearms against it. “That was cool of you. You know, to give Jimin advice. Maybe you’re warming up to us?”

“Are you leaning against my bed?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t. Go away.”

Taehyung tsked, straightening his posture. “Or maybe you’re not,” he murmured with a sigh.

The three bantered some more about their day as they put on their pajamas and slipped into their beds.

“I’m wasted,” Hoseok breathed out. “Goodnight, guys.”

“Me too. And we have to wake up early to go diving, so set your alarms,” Jimin reminded.

“But we’ll wake up... You know,” Taehyung pointed out, feeling just a tiny bit bad at the thought.

“Then what are we going to do? We have to wake up somehow,” Jimin said.

“Just set your alarms,” Jungkook cut in, indifferent. “I don’t care.”

“Thanks,” Taehyung smiled. “One alarm is enough. I’ll wake you guys up if you don’t hear it.”

Both agreed and said their goodnights before closing their eyes. Taehyung faced the wall and curled into a ball, sighing softly. It was quite early for him to sleep, to be honest, and they didn’t go for drinks this time to feel tired enough.

He tried his best nonetheless to empty his mind of any thought, but even half an hour later, he kept rolling from side to side, clutching his extra pillow. At last, he remained on his side, facing the stranger across from him, and regarded his back.

The image of the shirtless stranger bloomed in his head once again, and he swore there wasn't a way to banish it. It lingered there, toying with his sanity and bringing goosebumps along his spine.

Light breaths echoed in the room for a while now from his two friends, who seemed to have fallen asleep in minutes, and he focused on these sounds in his attempt to understand if the stranger was asleep as well.

He soon concluded he was right; these breaths that sounded like muted snores came only from Jimin and Hoseok. He cleared his throat, pushing down his anxiety about the thought of talking to that man, and unfolded his mouth. "Um, masked man? You're not sleeping, right?" The silence after his question went on strong, making him doubt himself. *Was I wrong? Is he sleeping?*

No, he's probably ignoring me.

"You know, I hate calling you that. Masked man. It feels rude. And so distant. Can't you just tell me your name?" Still, no kind of response sounded from the opposing bed. The tips of his lips drooped in defeat and his eyes darkened with gloom at the realization that he was all alone in this battle with his raging thoughts.

This will be a long, sleepless night. Taehyung could only sigh and accept his doom.

"No."

Taehyung's eyes grew double their size, and a gasp exploded out of his mouth in gleeful surprise. *He answered! Okay, okay, calm down. Play it cool.* "Um, what should I call you?"

"Maybe don't call me at all?"

"Come on," Taehyung snickered. "I don't like referring to people with such nicknames."

"If I remember correctly, you wondered if you should call me an asshole yesterday."

"That was because you pissed me off. Sorry."

Jungkook stayed mute once more since he had nothing else to say. He wasn't even sure why he answered him in the first place.

"Um, so why—"

"Do you always start your phrases with um? It's annoying."

Taehyung fought the pout that desperately wanted to reign over his features with a vengeance. "I... It's just awkward. You're not even looking at me. I feel like I'm talking to a ghost or something."

"Then you should probably stop talking to me."

Taehyung tsked and rolled on his back, fixing his gaze on the ceiling. "You're mean," he whispered, but it was loud enough for the other to hear. "I can't sleep. I need something to distract myself so I can sleep."

"You slept just fine yesterday."

"Because I was almost drunk. I couldn't think, even if I wanted to."

"Then drink again and sleep."

“I’ll end up an alcoholic if I get wasted every night. And I don’t like the morning headache.” A long sigh rang from the opposing bed, and Taehyung’s features gave in this time; they forcefully accepted a deep pout that even had his gaze filling with sorrowful bitterness. “I’m bothering you. Sorry.”

Jungkook slammed his eyes closed as his face wrung at the sudden fight between his logic and an unknown feeling that broke out within him. He sucked his bottom lip between his teeth as he held his breath. He vacated his lungs with a sharp, sonorous sigh, and reluctantly embraced his overriding defeat.

He turned on his back and positioned his gaze on the ceiling as he held his hands together, letting them rest on his belly. “Why can’t you sleep?” His voice was small, as if he had to force it out of his mouth.

Taehyung twisted his head and stared at him in absolute amazement. He didn’t question his sudden change of heart and instead answered him. “Because I keep thinking about stuff.”

“About?”

“Life, I guess.”

“Then... don’t think.”

He held back a caustic remark about how he hadn’t thought of doing that before. “That’s why I want to distract myself. So I won’t have to think until I get sleepy enough.”

“Why don’t you wake up one of your friends? You know, since they like to talk so much.”

“I can’t do that. We came here to rest. They need their sleep.”

“Then I don’t know what else to say to you.”

Taehyung shifted to his side again, facing him. “You know, your mask makes you suspicious.”

Jungkook stiffened a tad, though with the darkness of the room he was sure the other didn’t notice. “What do you mean? It’s just a mask. Everyone wears one.”

“In their sleep? I don’t think so,” he chuckled quietly. “But seriously, why are you hiding your face?” A gasp spewed from his lungs at the possible reason that sprang into his head. “Are you a celebrity?”

A crooked smile cut across Jungkook’s face. “Why would a celebrity stay here?”

“Hmm, you’re right. Then... Did you come to South Korea illegally with a fake ID?”

“How would I have booked this place? They ask for a bunch of information.”

“You’re right again.” Taehyung contemplated about other possible reasons. “Did you cheat on your wife and she caught you and you’re hiding here?”

“That would be a reasonable explanation.”

“Yeah, but it’s not reasonable for the mask you’re wearing all the time,” Taehyung pouted. “Did you scam someone?” Another gasp left his mouth as his eyes widened. “What if you’re a criminal? That would be so much fun.”

With a frown of sheer confusion, Jungkook turned to look at him for the very first time. Only the table lamp illuminated the room, but he could still make out that man's gorgeous characteristics. Finally having a visual with that husky, rich voice felt fulfilling, although the baby face he encountered wasn't what he expected from the said deep voice of his.

He snapped his head away as he blinked on repeat. He strove to discard any shred of shock and awkwardness with a slight cough. "Why would that be fun? Are you crazy?"

Taehyung paid no mind to his once again bizarre behavior. "I don't know. My life is so boring. I've never met someone dangerous. I've never been in danger, never did anything illegal, never fought with anyone. I've done everything perfectly right in my life."

"That's boring indeed. So why did you do that?"

"Because I was raised this way. My father is a surgeon and well-known in Seoul. He taught me from a young age to always behave myself, so I won't embarrass him."

"And you never caused trouble? Really? Not even once?"

"No. Never."

"Did he force you to follow his profession?"

"No, thankfully. My mother tried at first, but I'm just not made to be a doctor. They fought about this a lot. My father knew I wouldn't be successful as a doctor because I didn't want to be one. So he let me do what I love. As long as I make my own money and I'm successful, he doesn't care."

"Are you?"

"What?"

"Successful."

Taehyung smiled bitterly to himself. "No, not yet. Maybe that's why I haven't seen him in a year now. He doesn't think I'm worthy of being his son."

Jungkook scoffed. "Why? Just because you're not successful yet?"

"That and... some other reason."

Jungkook rotated his head in his direction at the hesitant hue of his voice. "Which is?"

Taehyung wavered. "Don't be mean." He peeked at him multiple times, debating with himself if he should share something personal with someone he met just yesterday — with someone who hadn't even told him his name yet. "I'm gay."

Jungkook returned his eyes to the ceiling, as if he had heard the most common thing ever. "A gay, unsuccessful man isn't worthy of being a surgeon's son. Sounds about right in this messed-up society."

Under the bitter irony of his words, there was something soothing and encouraging that painted a warm smile over Taehyung's features.

"Anyway, are you sleepy yet?"

"You didn't answer me."

“What?”

“Why are you wearing a mask?”

“I’m ugly.”

“Yah, no one is ugly. Everyone is beautiful in their own way.”

“Really, I’m so ugly people can’t stand looking at me. So I’m practically doing you a favor that I wear this mask.”

“Come on,” Taehyung snorted. “There’s no way you’re ugly.”

“How do you know?”

“Because no one is ugly. Just let me see your face. I’m so curious.”

“If I was planning to do that, I wouldn’t be wearing a mask from the start. So no.”

“Tsk. You’re impossible.”

“I know. Now let me sleep.” Jungkook turned his back to him and squeezed his hand between his head and his pillow.

Taehyung’s only response was a sigh. Thinking he had already annoyed him enough for the night, he drew his limbs closer to his body and closed his eyes.

Although he still wasn’t sleepy enough, he had the conversation he just had with that stranger to keep him company and occupy his mind instead of his self-deprecating and dark thoughts that often tortured him.

And for some reason, it felt more soothing than he could ever imagine.



Chapter End Notes

So many exciting things are coming! It feels so good to update again. I missed it so much

I decided to update every second day until I finish writing, and then you'll get daily updates

You're Delusional

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The three friends started their day early as they had planned, and thankfully, they didn't wake up the stranger this time.

They were amazed to see how Jimin completely ignored Yoongi this morning when they walked past the reception and a bit baffled as well.

"How come you didn't greet him?" Taehyung asked as they strolled along the sidewalk. "Don't tell me you gave up."

"Of course not," Jimin scoffed. "I opened my cards to him. He obviously knows I like him. Now I'll act like he doesn't exist, he'll be confused and curious about my behavior, and he'll come to me on his own."

"Wow, that's a very thorough plan," Hoseok chuckled. "But what if it doesn't work and he just, you know, ignores you like you do?"

A contemplative frown budded on Jimin's features. "I haven't thought about that, so I hope my plan works."

The three men chuckled and off they went to enjoy their morning with diving.

For their first try, they did pretty well and were left mesmerized by the extraordinary beauty of the sea. Taehyung took a ton of inspiration for his upcoming drawings and truly couldn't wait to return so he could start.

They headed back around noon as they chatted about their experience. Taehyung noticed a young man's presence that wandered near the hostel, and his brows pulled together in cogitation. He had the impression he had been seeing that young man since day one, but he shrugged it off with the conclusion that he was imagining things.

They soon entered and bowed their head to Yoongi, except Jimin, who ignored his existence.

"Hi," Taehyung smiled.

"Welcome back." Yoongi's expression remained steely as usual, though his eyes tracked Jimin's figure until he was out of his sight. He huffed as he sank back in his seat. *He's ignoring me, huh? So childish.*

Yes, Jimin was indeed childish, but the problem was it *bothered* Yoongi when it shouldn't. And that meant something he didn't really want to admit.

"I'm impressed, Chim," Taehyung said as they trod towards the elevator. "You didn't even glance at him."

"Yes, and Yoongi had his eyes glued to you."

Jimin grasped Hoseok's forearm, gaping at him with hopeful surprise. "Really? Are you sure?"

“Yes, I saw him too,” Taehyung chimed in.

“Oh my God, my plan is working!” Jimin shrilled in a whisper on repeat as he clapped his hands in tiny.

His two friends erupted into giggles at his overly cute demeanor, and they resumed their way with an exhilarated Jimin who couldn’t stop smiling.

They stood in front of their room, and Taehyung searched for the card key. A muffled voice from the other side of the door silenced their casual banter and ceased Taehyung’s movements in curiosity. He drew nearer to the door and pressed his ear against it.

“No! We can’t wait for something to magically happen. You have to send more men to speed up the process.”

More men? What the hell does this mean? Taehyung thought at the brief silence that followed.

“Every day that passes by with no results is a risk. And especially for me. It’s been four fucking months already. My sanity is reaching its limits.”

Another wave of silence crawled by.

“Never mind, I’ll do it on my own. I’ll risk my fucking life—”

Jimin pulled Taehyung away from the door gently, a disapproving frown adorning his traits. “That’s enough, Tae. It’s not right to eavesdrop.”

Although he was dying to hear more, he knew Jimin was right. He continued the search for the card key and located it in his bag’s pocket. He unlocked the door, and they stepped into the room with an awkward atmosphere surrounding them.

Taehyung examined the unnamed man, who was sitting sideways in his bed. His eyes slid down his form, and then narrowed on his hand that was clutching something. “What’s... that?”

Jungkook’s body was on the brink of shaking by his infuriated nerves — so infuriated indeed he forgot to hide his big button type phone beneath the mattress. “It’s a phone.”

“That’s ancient,” Taehyung snorted.

“I like simplicity.”

“That’s not simplicity, it’s *garbage*.”

Jungkook’s menacing eyes slashed through him in a scowl Taehyung had never seen before. “Do I seem like I’m in the mood for your jokes?”

It was the first time Taehyung saw the stranger’s eyes clearly and from an averagely close distance. He thought he would be magnetized at the sight of them, but they exuded such viciousness at that moment he couldn’t maintain eye contact for more than a second. “Sorry.”

Jungkook flopped down into his bed and threw his forearm over his forehead.

Taehyung slouched towards the table and sank down into the chair. He took his folder and pencil case out of his bag and set them on the table with a slight pout dancing around his countenance. The stranger’s behavior was overall curt, but seeing him this enraged because of his joke brought an itching gloom within his chest.

Jimin didn't have to glance at his friend to understand he was sulking. He could perceive it just by the darkened aura that oozed from him. "Tae, what do you want to do? Should we go for a walk?"

"No. I want to draw everything we saw in the sea."

Jimin settled a delicate hand on his shoulder and smiled down at him. "Okay. Don't be sad, though. He doesn't deserve it," he whispered close to his ear.

Taehyung mirrored his smile. "I'm okay, don't worry."

"Should we cook lunch here today?" Hoseok suggested.

"Yeah, we've already spent too much money," Jimin sighed.

"I prefer spending our money touring the whole island than eating," Taehyung said, then giggled, tossing aside whatever happened with the unnamed man.

No wonder he's skinny. Puzzlement cracked through the impassive facade on Jungkook's face at his nonsensical thoughts. *Why do I even care?*

"Okay then, let's go shopping," Hoseok said.

"You guys can go."

Jimin tilted to Taehyung's ear again. "You sure you want to stay alone with him?"

Taehyung laughed his inquiry off. "Yes. I'll be fine."

"Okay. What should we cook?"

"Noodles. Easy and cheap." Hoseok shrugged.

"Noodles it is, then. Let's go!" Jimin chirped, and the two said their goodbyes to Taehyung before heading off.

Taehyung turned sideways to aim his eyes at the stranger. He craved, for some damn reason, to call his name, and it frustrated him immensely that he couldn't. "I still don't know how to call you."

Oh? He's not sulky anymore? Jungkook corked up a snort and instead gave his words a thought. He wouldn't be able to bear having that guy asking for his name every single day until he would leave. "Call me Jay."

"Jay," Taehyung uttered through gently smiling lips. He knew, of course, it wasn't his real name, but it was enough for now. "So Jay, what do you eat around here? Do you cook?"

"Why do you care?"

"Just curious."

A low groan bubbled at Jungkook's throat. "I order."

"With your ancient phone?"

Jungkook tsked at his pointed scorn and reciprocated it. "Yes, with my ancient phone."

Taehyung shot a moue of pure mockery at him, even though Jungkook couldn't see it, since he still had his arm over his forehead. *At least he doesn't seem so angry anymore.*

Taehyung focused on the blank paper in front of him and began drawing; from their diving suits to the enthralling seashells and rocks, he drew them all.

He admired the results with a satisfied smile on his lips and brought one more blank paper in front of him. He braced his elbow on the table and dug his chin into his palm as he absently drew the outline of a face with smooth brushes of his pencil. A pair of hazel eyes followed that had a notion of viciousness and messy, ebony forelocks.

The haze he had fallen under dispersed on its own with the halt of his hand, and he scrutinized the sketch he made. He breathed a subdued chuckle at the recognition of Jay's characteristics. *I'm crazy. I'm daydreaming about a man who hasn't even shown me his face.*

He shook his head subtly, and with a sigh, he drew the black mask Jay always wore to complete the sketch. He placed his pencil down and set his other elbow on the table to support his chin in both palms. *I'm so curious to see his face...*

"What the fuck?"

Taehyung jumped in his seat as a booming sound of shock thrust out of his mouth. He stared at Jay's wrathful expression as his chest fluctuated with jerky breaths. "Um—"

"Why the fuck did you draw me?"

"I—I didn't... I mean—"

Jungkook snatched the paper and crushed it in his fist. He shoved it in his pocket, then grabbed Taehyung by his collar to corner him against the desk. "Why did you draw me?"

Terrified, Taehyung opened and closed his mouth dumbly. "It—It was... I didn't realize I was drawing your face. Really. I just... I started drawing and then I saw what I actually drew." The grip on him seemed to loosen, and his traits saddened, discarding every dreg of fear. "I think it happened because I really want to see your face. I'm so curious," he uttered, raising his eyes to his, "to see what you look like."

At the merging of their eyes, each one of Jungkook's muscles went rigid, as if his breath got caught in his lungs for a moment. The enraged harshness in his gaze fizzled into mind-bending enthrallment, and he fought against it with a vengeance.

Taehyung watched the change in his view fixedly and was left throughout rapturous at the ray of emotion he found in his cool eyes. They didn't embody even the tiniest amount of viciousness like before, and his stomach fluttered at his instant yearning to draw him again.

Another desire, even more consuming that even blurred his mind from any rational thought, was to finally complete the image of his face, and his hand ventured closer to that damn mask of its own will.

Jungkook caught the ascending hand with the corner of his eye and seized it at warp speed as his brows curved into two high bows of shock. "What the fuck are you doing?"

Only then the realization of what he was about to do slapped Taehyung across his existence, and he frantically wriggled away from him. "Oh God, sorry. I'm so, so sorry. I'm fucking crazy," he spluttered while he surged towards the exit, then he shut the door without giving Jungkook a

chance to comment on his delirium.

Jungkook gazed at the closed door as a frown carved vertical lines on his forehead. He stuffed his hand into his pocket and slithered out the crushed sketch of him. He flattened it with his palm against the table and let his eyes analyze it. *He's good at drawing, though. Crazy indeed, but good at drawing.*

And so effortlessly, without even realizing it, admiration raised the corner of his lips that always hid behind that damn mask he was forced to wear.

Taehyung hurried down the stairs, still in a frantic state, and thankfully encountered his two best friends when he needed them the most at the entrance.

Worry rapidly took over Jimin's face as he examined his condition. "What happened?"

"Guys, I almost pulled his fucking mask down. Without his permission. I've gone crazy!"

Hoseok scoped the place to check who was around and listening to them, and only found Yoongi behind the counter, who stared at them through squinted eyes. "Let's go upstairs to the lounge."

They took off right away, not bothering to wait for the elevator.

"Tae, why did you do that? You know you don't have the right to remove his mask if he doesn't want to," Jimin said.

"I know, of course I know. What I don't know is what the hell got into me. He was just so close and staring at me with his hazel eyes, and I wanted so much to at least glimpse at his face. I didn't realize what I was doing until he grabbed my hand to stop me."

Creases of bafflement spread across Hoseok's face. "Why were you two so close?"

"I... I drew him. His face with the mask. But I did it unconsciously," he rushed to defend himself. "He saw it and got mad and... pushed me against the desk."

"What? Did he hit you?" Jimin asked as his brows clumped together in a scowl.

"No! No, he didn't do anything. When our eyes met, we both kind of froze, you know. His anger seemed to melt. And my damn brain broke down."

Jimin's worried gaze lingered on Taehyung as they arrived at the lounge. "Tae. He sounds dangerous. I mean, we don't know anything about him. Maybe we should keep our distance."

A shivery sigh cartwheeled from Taehyung's mouth. "Maybe that's why I'm so drawn to him. He is dangerous. And I never had anything dangerous in my life."

"Tae," Hoseok said with a thread of light scolding. "You sound as if you like the guy and you haven't even seen his face yet."

"I don't know if I *like*, like him. I'm just... drawn to him. I'm curious about him."

"It's because he's a mystery guy," Jimin said. "I'm sure it'll pass. You should keep your distance either way."

The saddest of smiles emerged on Taehyung's features as he laid his eyes on his friends. "That's the thing. I can't. I can't keep my distance. I want to know more. And I will."

Jungkook and his three friends gathered as every day at their usual spot and fixed time. They had a bottle of soju each in their hands and enjoyed each other's company, even if silence prevailed over them here and there.

Yoongi supported his forearm on the table and locked his eyes on Jungkook. "What's going on between you and that Taehyung guy?"

The unexpected inquiry clenched at his muscles, though he concealed it as he shifted in his seat. "What do you mean?"

"I heard him talk to his friends. He said he almost pulled your mask down without your permission. And that he has gone crazy."

"What?" Seokjin let out as he jerked forward, alarmed. "How did that happen?"

Jungkook released a nasal sigh, looking away from them. "Nothing happened, guys. Don't worry."

"Jungkook, they can't see your face," Namjoon warned. "They're looking for you. And not only in Seoul. If someone shows them your picture—"

"Joon. They won't see my face. Listen, we need to find Ji Hoo. And we need to do it now." Jungkook leaned on the table and sent a grave glance at them in turn. "I'll go look for him."

"Yah. I just said they're looking for you—"

"You think I don't know that?" Jungkook snapped. "I just can't wait anymore. I need answers."

"We said we'll handle it, Kook," Yoongi sighed. "You don't trust us?"

"Of course I trust you."

"Then why do you want to endanger yourself?" Seokjin's downcast eyes rested on him. "Let us find him. You can't go outside, and you know it."

Although displeased by the situation, Jungkook nodded. "I talked to my father on the phone today. I asked him to send more men, but he said it's better not to because they may suspect something."

"Who? Ji Hoo?" Yoongi scoffed. "Because we haven't found even one of his men."

"He has to have someone with him. His father would never leave him alone in this fucked-up situation," Namjoon said.

"Where will you be searching tonight?" Jungkook asked, then sipped his soju.

"Gapa Island. Someone will wait for us at three to take us there," Seokjin said. "Hyeon Min will work the night shift for me, so I can go."

"I have to work the morning shift, though, so I won't go with them," Yoongi informed.

"Okay. Do you think you'll find him there?"

"I don't know," Yoongi said. "I mean, we've been searching for four months, and we haven't found anything. Maybe he isn't here."

“You know my father said after what happened he fled to Jeju Island. He has to be here.”

“Shouldn’t we be looking for Kang Soo, though?” Seokjin questioned. “He’s probably the one who did this. Not his son.”

“Yeah, I know. But we still have no information about where Kang Soo could be. Please bring me something tonight. I can’t do this for long.”

Namjoon gave a comforting squeeze on Jungkook’s shoulder, along with a slight smile. “Don’t worry, Kook. We’ll get through this.”

“Of course.” Seokjin raised his bottle to the center of the table, and the other three followed, clinking their bottles together.

Jungkook returned to his room a while later, and to his dismay, the three chirpy friends had stayed inside tonight. He found them in their beds chatting and laughing without caring about his entrance, and likewise, he climbed up to his bed silently and lay down, facing the wall.

He endured their bubbly banter for about an hour, playing games on his phone, but there was something that baffled him when they said their goodnights to each other. Throughout their chat, they didn’t mention Yoongi, and they didn’t talk to him at all. Not even Taehyung, who usually tossed off some questions here and there out of curiosity.

And there was Jungkook, staring at Taehyung’s back while lying in his bed in the dimly lit prison-like room. He considered that newly found urge, which coursed through his system, to talk to him, and he truly couldn’t pinpoint its origin. It was just unexplained, unprecedented, and... so, *so* annoying, he concluded.

Jungkook dipped his face into his pillow as it screwed into a frown of pure frustration. Clutching the said pillow, he expelled a groan and twisted his head to glance at the opposing bed. “Yah.” The lack of Taehyung’s response only puzzled him more. “I know you’re not sleeping. You didn’t go for drinks tonight.”

Taehyung swallowed, unsure about what to do. To be honest, he told his friends he would try to ignore Jay, despite him saying he wanted to know more about him. He was kind of forced to say it since he didn’t want to worry them, but now Jay talked to him first and even insisted on a reply. “Well, I’m about to sleep, so...”

Jungkook snorted. “No depressing thoughts about life tonight?”

Taehyung tried. He tried to keep his word. But it appeared he didn’t have that much self-control when it came to Jay, and it was simply insane how much he longed to chat with him. “No. Because I keep thinking about... what happened.”

“What happened?”

Taehyung rolled on his back and risked a peek. “You know. Between us.”

“Nothing happened between us.”

“I almost pulled your mask down, Jay.”

“When? I don’t remember anything,” he responded nonchalantly, then his eyes glinted with a spark

of strictness. “And you better forget it too and never do it again.”

Taehyung turned his head an inch away to dissemble his deep pout, as if he were a little child who received the scolding of his life. “Sorry.”

Jungkook picked up on the pout in his voice, and any tittle of sternness vanished from his gaze, leaving a slight, just a tiny bit sheen of remorse. “It’s just better this way,” he uttered in the gentlest of ways, unconsciously wanting to eradicate his sulky state.

“If you don’t want anyone to see your face, why are you staying in a hostel with strangers?”

Jungkook maintained his silence as his throat suddenly felt too constricted. “I can’t answer that.”

Taehyung shifted to his side and sneaked a hand between his head and the pillow for support. “How old are you? You sound young.”

Jungkook cleared his throat in his attempt to diminish some of the constriction. “Twenty-six.”

Taehyung’s expression stretched into a mask of shock, a subdued gasp flying off his mouth. “You’re younger than me!”

“Yes. So?”

“Tsk. You shouldn’t be rude to your elders.”

“Age doesn’t matter. For example, you’re twenty-eight, but you never act like it. You talk too much, you don’t know about boundaries, you can’t control yourself. Immature, I would call it.”

“Yah,” Taehyung grunted. “Did you start this conversation to insult me? I’m just being friendly. As for the other things, I have lived with boundaries my whole life. I don’t want to control myself anymore. I’m tired. I want to do whatever I want, the moment I want it, and however I want it. Is it so wrong?”

Jungkook meditated on his words as he withdrew behind a wall of silence. It was so ironic how different their lives were. Jungkook had lived his life doing whatever he wanted and never cared about what his parents would say. Maybe because they let him do anything he wanted once he came of age, but still. He never had boundaries or restrictions.

And now, for the first time in his life, he was forced to stay in a room, hiding his face and existence, actually, from everyone. It was as if he were in prison, but even the prisoners knew when they would be released. He, on the other hand, had no idea. And that was what drove him insane the most every day.

“Never mind.”

Taehyung’s whispering words restored his lucidity, and only then he comprehended he took too long to respond. He caught him shifting, probably wanting to turn his back to him, and a hurried ‘um’ spewed from him. Detecting he had his full attention again, an askew smile lifted the corner of Jungkook’s lips. “It’s not wrong. It’s what you should have been doing for years now. So just do it.”

Taehyung heaved himself to a sitting position and crossed his legs. “Are you telling me to do whatever I want?”

“Yes. What do you want, Taehyung?”

His eyes wandered around the bed as everything he wanted to do for years now started springing up into his head. “There are so many things...” he breathed out, then his gaze crept up and zoned in on him. “Should I tell you what I want right now?”

Jungkook recognized a flame of eagerness meandering across his dimly illuminated face that triggered a bubble of muted anxiety in his belly. “What do you want right now?”

“To know you. To learn your story. Can you tell me your story? In eleven days, you’ll never see me again. And I promise. I won’t say anything to anyone. Not even to my two best friends.”

Jungkook expected him to ask to see his face, but what he actually wanted at that very moment was rather... bewitching. No one had ever asked to learn his story. He was in a type of business that relationships and feelings in general didn’t have a place. And especially now, creating a bond with someone was strictly prohibited. Not only from his father and hyungs. But from himself as well.

Jungkook perceived he had stretched his silence for too long again. He forced a half chuckle and rolled to the other side. “Goodnight.”

Taehyung’s shoulders sank with defeat, his mouth drooping at the sides. He inflated his lungs with air and blew out a long sigh as he lay down, facing his way. “Everything was so clear in my life until now. I only met kids of lawyers, doctors, businessmen. That’s the people I interacted with my whole life. It’s the first time I went on vacation with the two people I love the most. The first time I can really do whatever I want. I don’t want everything to be clear, determinate, or by the rules. All that is boring. Maybe that’s why I like you. Because you’re a mystery.”

The muscles in Jungkook’s face hardened by the flash of sheer bewilderment that crossed it. “What the fuck do you mean you like me?” he questioned in a harsh undertone. “You don’t even know what I look like.”

“It’s not about your face,” he said at once, as if he had reflected on the matter for hours. And he had, to be honest. “It’s about you. About what you’ve shown me until now.”

“You’re delusional,” Jungkook sneered with an edge of irritation. “I didn’t show you anything. Now shut up and let me sleep.”

Taehyung smiled sadly to himself. Even if Jay hadn’t realized it, he had changed since the first time they met. He could see it and even feel it. Even if the change was faint, it was there. And Taehyung clung onto that with a vengeance.



Chapter End Notes

I'm so curious about your theories ☺ I hope it's interesting enough for you! Thank you for reading

Thank You

Taehyung had the memory of his conversation with Jay engraved in his head since the very moment he woke up. That damn itch to know his story gnawed at his chest and brought wave after wave of frustration within him.

It wasn't about just seeing his face anymore. He wanted to see him. His soul.

He was the only one who said goodbye to Jungkook before they left the room, and even though he received the coldest goodbye possible, he didn't regret it. If he wanted to get to know him, he had to talk to him in every chance, and maybe, *maybe* Jay's walls would soften sometime.

Yoongi's dull expression glistened with expectancy when the three familiar friends entered his vision, and he straightened his posture with a jerk.

"Good morning," Taehyung smiled.

"Good morning," Yoongi said, his eyes locked on a certain blonde who didn't bother to even glimpse at him. "You're going to the beach?"

The unexpected question brought the three to a stop. Jimin sucked his bottom lip between his teeth to contain his wild, victorious smile, as the other two seemed rather surprised at the turn of events. They truly couldn't believe Jimin's plan had worked after all.

"Yes, we are," Hoseok said as he approached the counter. "We haven't met properly. I'm Hoseok."

Yoongi dipped his head, then his gaze shifted to the other two when they neared him as well.

"I'm Taehyung."

An awkward silence shrouded them as everyone stared at Jimin, and judging by the duration of the said silence, he wasn't planning to say something.

"Yah. Don't push it," Taehyung whispered to Jimin's ear and released a titter as he redirected his eyes to Yoongi. "He's Jimin. You know, the guy you treated like shit when he just wanted to talk to you."

Yoongi received the scathing quip resignedly. "Fair enough. I'm sorry for my shitty behavior, Jimin-ssi. It's just... Never mind. I can't really explain. I was a jerk. You're right. Let's make a new start."

The austere veneer on Jimin's face burned off at his words and instead, a flirty glint flared up in his eyes. "You're buying me a drink tonight."

"Okay," Yoongi agreed right away. The recognition of Jimin's suggestive gaze pulled the corner of his lips into a slight smirk. "I'll be waiting for you here at six."

"I'll doll myself up for you. I hope you'll appreciate it this time," Jimin said with such an innocent look it only inflamed Yoongi's oppressed desire for him.

"Trust me. I appreciate it every time."

Jimin's smile grew into a grin, unable to hide his elation. "See you at six."

The three headed out of the hostel with Jimin on the lead, and they could only gape at his friend in amazement. “Did that really just happen?” Hoseok asked.

Jimin’s response was an extended shrill of ultimate excitement as he held tiny fists in front of him.

Taehyung giggled at his overly adorable reaction. “You have a date, Chim! With Yoongi. You did it. You defrosted his icy persona. I can’t believe it.”

Jimin sighed in bliss as he draped his arms over his friends’ shoulders. “I’m so fucking happy, guys.”

“And we’re happy for you,” Hoseok said. “What will you do if he makes a move?”

“You mean to have sex?”

“Yes.”

“Of course I’ll have sex with him,” Jimin chirped. He perceived a few bizarre glances from the passersby and lowered his head, embarrassed. “You think I shouldn’t, right? Because it’s the first date. But I haven’t had sex in almost a year now. I need some action.”

Taehyung snorted. “That’s just a stupid rule. Why shouldn’t we have sex on the first date? Why shouldn’t we have sex just because we want to have fun? If it’s something you both want, do it.” He lifted a shoulder in a shrug and positioned his gaze ahead. His vision squinted on a certain man who stood at the corner of a large building. *It’s the same guy. Why is he here again?*

Taehyung scrutinized him as they strolled past him; he had black, curly hair, a set of brown eyes that seemed rather probing at that moment, and rough characteristics. He perceived he was about as tall as him, despite that his shoulders were hunched.

He overall appeared to be fidgety and in complete vigilance, as if he were waiting for something, but he was also awkward with a tinge of fear, as if he weren’t supposed to be here.

“Tae. Are you listening?” Jimin gently set his hand on his shoulder.

“Hmm? No.”

“What were you staring at so intently?” Hoseok asked, brows pulling together.

“Nothing, don’t worry.” Taehyung presented a faint smile, and he blotted out the stranger’s image for the time being to savor his time with his friends.

...

Jungkook couldn’t believe his ears when he found out from an exhilarated Jimin who couldn’t shut up that he had a date with Yoongi, one of his best friends since birth. He had never heard the words Yoongi and date in a sentence before.

That applied to Namjoon, Seokjin, and himself, of course, since they never had a normal life.

Jungkook’s life consisted of managing a nightclub, a casino, and an undercover drug manufacturing business. His family had more businesses, but these were solely on his name, and he managed them with the help of his hyungs. Yoongi worked at the nightclub, Namjoon at the casino, and Seokjin at the billiard center, which they used as a coverage to run the drug business in the basement.

It was a life that was given to them by their family. Their fathers were friends even before they were born, and they were raised together. But even if it weren't a family business, they couldn't picture themselves doing anything else.

They were at their peak, the best of the best. Each one of their businesses made excessive amounts of money, and their low-risk pills had the highest demand they could get. Everything was going so perfectly well.

Until that one night that led them to this prison-like hell.

Jungkook slid the door to the storage room open at eight sharp. As expected, one of his hyungs wasn't there yet, and a subdued snort burst out of him as he grabbed a can of beer and plopped down onto the chair. "Yoongi's still on his little date, huh?"

"Yes," Seokjin chuckled. "I don't think he's ever been on a date before."

"Being a drug dealer and having normal dates don't really go together," Namjoon said.

"We never were just drug dealers," Jungkook said, faint condemnation coating his words. "We were businessmen. The best in the industry."

"Why are you talking in past tense? We still are. We're just taking a break to sort this out." Seokjin nipped at his drink and reclined in his seat. "Our lives aren't over just because of a setback."

"That setback can end my life, though."

A sparkle of gloom shimmered in Namjoon's eyes as he fixed them on Jungkook. "It won't. I promise. We're close, Kook. We found a guy who had seen Ji Hoo a week ago. That means he's here."

"Where did he see him?"

"At Gapa Island. That guy saw him walk around."

"What?" Jungkook muttered as a frown of sheer mystification popped up onto his face. "Why was he walking around? He isn't hiding?"

"We don't know," Seokjin sighed. "Something just feels off."

Jungkook withdrew behind a veil of silence as he meditated on the strange situation. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't conceive of a possible reason why Ji Hoo would walk around freely while he was supposed to be in hiding.

They drank another beer, enjoying each other's company, until it was time for Seokjin to start his night shift.

Jungkook returned to his surprisingly empty room and settled down into his bed. As usual, he spent his time playing games on his phone, and that was what he was still doing when the door flew open about an hour later and the three friends hurried to sit in Jimin's bed.

"Spill everything," Taehyung said, then sniffled. His throat felt a little weird since the moment they returned from their fixed morning swim, but he was too eager to know how his friend's date was,

so he disregarded it.

“Guys,” Jimin sighed in utter content, dreamy eyes staring at an empty spot in the air. “It was amazing. He was so sweet and nice. We went for drinks to a bar. We flirted all~ the time. He paid for everything. One thing led to another, and we ended up in a hotel room.”

Hoseok’s eyes enlarged in pleasant shock. “You had sex?”

Jimin gave continuous tiny nods as a grin cut across his face.

“How was he?” Taehyung asked.

“I don’t even have words. Everything was so hot about him. From the way he cared for me and was worried about hurting me, to the way he grasped my hair and fucked me rough, like there was no tomorrow.”

Jungkook screwed his eyes shut in aggravation. No, he didn’t want to hear any details about his hyung’s sex life. That was one thing the four of them never shared with each other. “Don’t go into details.”

“Oh?” Jimin threw his eyes at the voice. “I forgot you were here.” He giggled with his friends, but as his smile faded, his concerns about a few things leaped into focus. “There was something weird, though.”

“What?” asked Taehyung.

“When we got to the hotel. He asked me to book the room, but he said he’ll pay for it.”

“And? He didn’t pay for it?” Hoseok frowned.

“He did. I just didn’t understand why I had to book the room since he would pay for it. He said he didn’t have his ID with him.”

“It happens, I guess.”

“No, not really,” Taehyung disagreed. “I never go anywhere without my ID, for example.”

“Yeah, same,” Jimin said. “You don’t think... he’s hiding something, right?”

“Chim. Don’t be suspicious just because he didn’t have his ID with him,” Hoseok said.

“It’s not just that. I think he doesn’t have a car. I mean, he owns this hostel, so obviously he has money. I suggested going to his house to be more comfortable, and he said it’s too far from here. He finishes his shift at five, and we met up at six. If his house is really that far, when did he have the time to go home, shower, get ready, and return?”

Although Taehyung reflected on his words, he couldn’t conceive what his friend was suspecting exactly. “I’m lost here. So what are you saying? That he didn’t take you to his house on purpose or that he doesn’t have one?”

“I’m just saying something isn’t right. Maybe I’m overthinking this because it’s my nature as a lawyer.”

A heavy hush rose in the room as the three sank into their thoughts.

“Aren’t you just looking for a good fuck?”

They snapped their heads at the sound of Jungkook's low voice. "Why are you joining our conversation?" Hoseok asked.

"I have nothing better to do. And I'm a little tired of listening to this bullshit. So Jimin-ssi, answer me. You're just looking for a good fuck, right? Just to enjoy your time until you leave. Right?"

Jimin expelled a long breath. "Yes. That's what... I had in mind."

"So, why do you care so much? You take all the fun away with your overthinking. Who cares if he's hiding something? We all do. Just enjoy it."

Taehyung glanced at his friend's contemplative countenance. "He's kinda right, actually. It's okay even if you don't know everything about him. He treated you perfectly, he was sweet, he was a gentleman in every way. That's all that matters. Don't pester him to tell you everything about his life. You'll only push him away."

"I agree." Hoseok nodded. "It's better to enjoy your limited time with him than interrogating him."

"Both of you are right," Jimin uttered.

"What about me?" Jungkook asked as he perked his head up.

"Tsk. You're right as well, masked man."

Jungkook smirked behind his mask and let his head fall back onto his pillow. "Jay."

"Jay?" Hoseok parroted in bafflement.

"You can call me Jay. You know, instead of masked man or stranger."

"I thought you didn't care how we called you," Jimin snickered.

"I changed my mind. Calling me masked man bothers me more."

"Okay, Jay. I'm Jimin—"

"Don't introduce yourselves. I know you already."

Jimin sent a reproachful grimace his way, even though the recipient couldn't see it. "Still rude. Jeez."

"That won't change so easily," Jungkook sneered. "Anyway. I want to sleep now, so stop talking."

"Yah. You can't tell us what to do in our own room," Hoseok spat out.

"It's late, anyway, hyung." Taehyung patted his back to assuage his riled nerves. "Let's sleep."

"Okay." Hoseok embraced both and retreated to his bed. "We're going hiking tomorrow to Hallasan, so sleep well. We'll need a lot of energy."

"I can't wait," Taehyung said, smiling. "Goodnight, guys."

The other two said their goodnights in turn and lay down in their bed.

Taehyung reached for his water bottle from beside him and took two big sips. There was a constant burning in his throat that pained him more every time he swallowed, and the water wasn't of any

help. *Please don't tell me I'm getting sick. Please, please, please not now.*

He coughed lightly and lay flat in his bed. The room felt scalding hot, but after patting his cheek with the back of his hand, he realized he was hot instead.

He fought with his need to turn on the air conditioner since he knew he shouldn't leave it on throughout the night and endeavored to sleep.

His consciousness ebbed away sooner than he expected. It probably was because of the sudden exhaustion that overtook him and that feeling of mild dizziness.

He was awakened a while later by an outbreak of coughs that spewed from him. He felt for his water bottle blindly, and once he got hold of it, he supported his weight on his elbow to swig it.

His eyes split open. Through the relentless pounding in his head, he took in Jay's empty bed. He swept the dark room with a hazy glance, but didn't find anything. He flopped back down and shut his eyes, groaning softly.

Although all he craved at that moment was to sleep, he couldn't. His head buzzed with a maddening headache and his mouth felt too dry again.

He didn't know how much time passed when the beep of the door unlocking rang in his groggy senses. An urge to inquire Jay about his absence climbed up his chest, but he was in no state to do so. He waited to hear him get into his bed, pretending to be asleep. At least a minute passed, though, and nothing else was heard after the sound of the door closing.

His stubborn curiosity forced him to crack an eye open to inspect. Through the darkness of the room and his increasing dizziness, he descried Jungkook's face right in front of him and flinched from his scare. "What the... What the fuck?"

Jungkook, being in a similar startled state, panted as he stared at him moon-eyed. "You—You're not sleeping?"

Taehyung mustered up any fraction of his strength and slowly pulled himself to a sitting position. "Were you staring at me?"

"No," he tossed off right away, avoiding his intense stare.

"Yeah, right. Do you know how creepy that was? It looked like you're a murderer who was thinking about how to kill me."

Jungkook scoffed. "I was just surprised because you weren't snoring this time. I was checking if you were dead or something."

Taehyung gasped in sheer offense, but then broke into coughs. "I don't snore," he croaked out.

Jungkook's narrowed vision examined him in depth, ignoring his remark. "Why do you sound like that, by the way?"

"I got sick."

"When? You were fine a few hours ago."

"I was feeling a bit weird when we came back from the beach, but I didn't pay attention to it. I

didn't think I would get sick in the summer. Who gets sick in the summer?" Taehyung sniffled twice, then cleared his throat.

"You, apparently."

Taehyung could only sigh because he was right. "Do you have an aspirin or something? My head is about to burst."

"No. Your friends don't have anything?"

"No, they rarely take pills. Anyway, I'll try to sleep through it." Taehyung lay back down, facing him. His eyes roamed around his figure, analyzing his outfit. "Why are you wearing shoes? Were you out?"

Jungkook avoided his stare. "Not your business."

"It's almost four in the morning. Why were you out so late?"

His repetitive question stopped Jungkook's movement of climbing up the ladder. "Not your business," he stressed on every word. He halted once again at the sound of Taehyung's coughs and an unconscious sigh poured from his mouth.

Without another word, he exited the room and went down to the reception.

"Yah. I told you—"

"Yeah, yeah," Jungkook grunted, cutting Seokjin off.

He had actually tried to sneak out earlier so he could look for clues about Ji Hoo, but the older was overly adamant and didn't allow him to go out.

"I'm not here to sneak out again. Do you have an aspirin?"

"Aspirin? Why? Do you have a headache?"

"Yes, you're giving me one right now," Jungkook quipped with prominent scorn. "Stop with the questions. Just give me any medicine you have."

Seokjin grimaced at his irony, though he shrugged it off and opened the last drawer from the left. He took out a medium-sized box and placed it on the counter. "Take whatever you want."

Jungkook slid the box closer and squeezed it against his arm and the side of his body. Then, he rotated and headed off.

"Yah, you can't take the whole box!"

Deaf to his protest, Jungkook took the elevator to go to the second floor. He soon reached his room and entered, his eyes immediately searching for Taehyung. He found him in the same position with his eyes closed and crawled nearer to his bed. "Are you sleeping?"

"I can't."

"Take this." He set the box on his bed and retreated to the other side.

Taehyung viewed the item through half-closed eyes, then sat up. Surprise lifted his brows when he removed the lid and analyzed the content of the box. "Where did you find this?"

“At the reception.”

Beside his surprise, fondness etched its way into his weary features, and he was left gazing at Jungkook’s back in awe. “Thank you.” He rummaged through the box until he found a pack of aspirin. He swallowed the pill with the little water he had left and placed the box on top of the closet, too tired to get off his bed. “You saved me, really. I wouldn’t be able to sleep with this headache.”

“Don’t worry about it. Just rest.”

Taehyung’s lips curved into a weak smile. “Goodnight, Jay. And sorry if I wake you up with my cough.”

“I can fall asleep in seconds again, so I don’t mind. Goodnight.”

Taehyung was a tiny bit thankful for his sudden illness at that very moment, despite that he was suffering because of it. Because he realized Jay cared enough to find medicine for him. And that simple fact brought a new type of warmth within him and a gentle smile on his face.



What Am I Doing?

The sound of an alarm clock booming across the room made Taehyung flinch awake. A hammering pain slopped through his head right away, his body feeling achingly hot and sore. He swallowed past his burning throat, which was more constricted than yesterday, and a series of hoarse coughs erupted from him.

“Tae?” Jimin sleepily called as he rose to his feet. The sight of his friend in that wrecked condition had his eyes swelling in consternation. “You got sick? When?”

“I was feeling a bit weird yesterday,” he said, voice overly low and croaky. “It got worse during the night.”

“Why didn’t you wake us?” Hoseok cut in as he approached his bed. “What do you feel? Should we go to a hospital?”

“No.” Taehyung wiped his sweaty forehead with his shirt, and he realized the said shirt was drenched in sweat as well. “My throat hurts. And I definitely have a fever.”

“I’ll go buy medicine,” Hoseok said, then hurried to slip into casual clothes.

“He has medicine.”

Taehyung glanced at the opposing bed through his hazy vision. “That’s the hostel’s medicine. And I need cough drops, anyway.”

“I’ll help you change your clothes. You’re covered in sweat.” Jimin headed to the closet and picked shorts and a shirt. He also grabbed a towel, then climbed up into the bed.

Hoseok scurried out of the room, as Jimin started wiping his wet face and collarbones. “Why did you have to get sick now?” Jimin sighed quietly.

“Sorry for ruining our trip.”

“Yah. I didn’t mean it like that. I said it for you. You were so excited about this trip. And I’m sad you’ll miss a few days staying in here because of your cold.” He delicately heaved him into a sitting position and helped him shed his shirt.

“I know... Me too. I hope it’ll pass quickly.” Taehyung changed his shorts as well and lay back down.

“Are you cold?”

“No. The room feels like an oven.”

“I’ll bring you a wet towel.” An extended beep rang in the room, and Jimin scowled at Jay at once. “Why did you turn on the air conditioner?”

“Because I’m sweating as well. It’s too hot.”

“He’ll get worse, Jay. Turn it off.”

“I’ll leave it on for ten minutes, okay?” Jungkook snarled. “Just for the room to cool a bit.”

Jimin nailed him with another glare, then turned to his friend. "I'll be right back." He descended the ladder and exited the room.

"Thanks."

Jungkook, still facing away from him, furrowed his brows. "For what?"

"For caring."

A huff cartwheeled from Jungkook's mouth. "I didn't do anything. Shut up."

"Don't be mean to me. I'm sick."

"You'll live."

Taehyung's weary features brightened a notch with the smile that shone over them. "Yes. And I'll finally get to see what you're doing all day in here."

"I won't be staying here that much since you'll be here as well. I want my peace and quiet."

"Tsk. You're so secretive. I hate it."

Jimin entered the room then with a wet towel in his hand. He got into Taehyung's bed and laid the towel over his forehead.

"It's so cooling," Taehyung whispered, closing his eyes at the palliative feeling.

Hoseok didn't take too long to return either, and he gave Taehyung the bag with the medicine, along with two water bottles.

"Guys. Don't stay in here for me. I want you to enjoy our vacation."

"Yah. There's no way we'll leave you alone," Hoseok said in a strict tone that didn't give Taehyung too much room for debate.

"We're your friends. We want to take care of you."

"But I'll really feel like shit if you stay in here until I get better. All I'll do is sleep, anyway. I don't want you to miss the hike today. Go have fun."

The two gazed at Taehyung with saddened eyes, and Jimin smoothed his hand down his shoulder in soothing caresses. "Still, it doesn't feel right."

"He won't be alone. Just go."

Hoseok glanced over his shoulder at Jay. "You'll take care of him?"

"No. I'll just make sure he doesn't die."

A condemnatory moue gleamed in Jimin's face. "I don't trust him, Tae."

"Go for a few hours at least. I want to sleep now."

"Chim, we should let him rest. Let's go hiking for two hours and then we'll buy ingredients for soup on our way back. And if he needs anything, he can call us right away. Okay, Tae?"

Taehyung nodded weakly. He removed the wet towel from his forehead since it grew warm and

passed it to Jimin. "I'll be fine. Have fun."

"We'll go hiking again when you get better, Tae." Jimin offered him a warm smile and another pat on his shoulder. He got off the bed, and the two got ready to leave.

After making sure Taehyung had everything he needed close to him, they took the box with the medicine and exited the room.

"Are we bad friends for leaving him alone?"

Hoseok snorted lightly. "You know how he is. He would really feel awful if we stayed all day in the room with him. I'm not that much in the mood to have fun while Taehyung is sick, but I didn't want him to feel guilty."

"You're right." Jimin's pout remained deep-rooted on his face even until they reached the reception.

Yoongi picked up on their sulky aura and rose from his seat, creases of puzzlement adorning his forehead. "Hey. What happened?"

"Hey," Jimin uttered. "Taehyung is sick. We wanted to stay and take care of him, but he didn't want us to miss out on our hiking."

"Oh. That's why you're sulking." Yoongi reached out to brush Jimin's locks back, bringing a glimmer of a smile over his pout. "And you'll leave him alone with a stranger?"

"Jay is a jerk, but I know he'll help Taehyung if he needs anything," Hoseok said as he set the box on the counter. "He brought him a whole box of medicine at four in the morning."

Yoongi's brows flicked upwards. Only a half-surprised chuckle could emit from him in his dumbfounded state as he stared at the box.

"What?" Jimin questioned when he perceived his surprise.

"Um, nothing. I just didn't think a stranger would do that."

"Oh. Yeah, me neither. Anyway, we have to go because we'll miss our bus."

"Bye, Yoongi-ssi," Hoseok smiled.

"Wait."

The two watched with curious eyes as Yoongi walked around the counter to near Jimin. He engulfed him in a hug and positioned his mouth to his ear. "After my shift, I'll take a quick shower here and wait for you. Sounds good?"

"Joining you in the shower sounds better."

Yoongi buried his face into the crook of his neck to obscure his smirk from Hoseok. "Okay then." He meshed his fingers into his hair and tugged him in a long, savory kiss. "See you later."

Jimin stole another peck and withdrew. "Bye."

...

Jungkook had been peering into Taehyung's sleeping face for a while now as he was seated in his

bed with his back propped against the wall. The sick man often shivered, and muted, pained hums spilled from him.

He had covered his lean body with the sheet that was thrown beside him during his sleep, as if he were cold, and that puzzled Jungkook. *The air conditioner is off. How can he be cold? He's sweating.* He tracked another bead of sweat that dribbled down his forehead, and a sigh thrust out of his mouth.

He got off his bed and took a towel from his closet. He stood still, viewing Taehyung in a moment of hesitation. He forced his legs to advance, and he halted in front of Taehyung's bed. He rolled to the tips of his feet and braced his forearm on the mattress. He dabbed delicately at his forehead with the cottony towel, drying off the dampness, as his eyes followed his ministrations.

What am I doing? A notion of a smile ghosted around his lips with the tacit snort that leaked from him. He successfully finished his task without waking him up and placed the towel close to him in case he needed it. He grabbed the edge of the sheet and carefully pulled it over his left leg that wasn't covered.

What was that thing Yoongi's mother made us when we were sick? His eyes slid to the top left corner in thought. *I'll ask him later.*

With a shrug, he returned to his previous position and continued watching the man across from him suffer with a twinkle of gloom in his eyes.

Jungkook hastened to lie down when the beep of the door unlocking reached his senses a couple of hours later.

Jimin and Hoseok entered with an anxious atmosphere surrounding them about their friend's condition.

"He's still sleeping," Jungkook whispered, indifferent. "Be quiet."

"I'll go make the soup," Jimin said, and Hoseok passed him the bag with the groceries before he took off.

"He didn't wake up at all?" Hoseok asked as he gazed at his friend.

"No."

Hoseok removed his backpack from his shoulders and sat on his bed with a sigh. A few minutes of pure silence and stillness later, he heard Taehyung shift in his bed and darted his eyes at him.

Taehyung supported himself on his forearm to gulp down another aspirin with big sips of water. His need to relieve himself prompt him to sit up and crawl towards the ladder.

"Tae. Where are you going?" Hoseok approached him, ready to help him.

"I need to go to the bathroom," he croaked out. The mild dizziness wandering around his head and his weakened body made his attempt to descend the ladder more difficult.

"Let me help." Hoseok signed him to lean his torso towards him, and he fastened his arms around him when he complied. A groan spewed from him as he took his whole weight on him, his legs almost giving in, but he managed to land his friend to the floor safely. "Do you want me to come

with you?”

Taehyung held onto Hoseok’s shoulder until he stabilized himself. “No. It’s okay.” He dragged his feet towards the door and soon disappeared.

“Just go with him,” Jungkook muttered, forehead puckered in a scowl. “What if he collapses?”

“He said no,” Hoseok fired back, irritated. “He hates it when we pressure him. So shut up. You don’t know him.”

Jungkook’s only response was a vexed sigh.

Although it took longer than usual, Taehyung made it back to the room. Hoseok opened the door since he didn’t take the card key and ushered him to his bed.

Taehyung attempted to climb up to his bed, but an unexpected flash of dizziness had him sagging against the ladder.

Jungkook jolted to a sitting position in alarm, as Hoseok rushed to steady him. “Lie down in my bed, Tae.”

“No, I can’t sleep under another bed. It feels suffocating. I’m okay,” Taehyung breathed out, then faced the ladder again. He was most certainly not okay, and he needed to lie down before that dizziness would steal his consciousness.

He put his foot on the first stair and held onto the bars. Light groans fell from his lips as he crept up a single step.

“Help him get in that bed,” Jungkook snarled, impatience oozing from his rumbling voice.

“Do I look strong enough to you?” Hoseok shot back, then spurted forward as he saw Taehyung fall back down, exhausted.

“I can’t... I can’t do it,” Taehyung murmured. He dropped his head as sweat trickled down his face, along with another type of liquid that burned his eyes.

Muted whimpers waved across the room, accompanied by sniffles, as Taehyung broke into frustrated tears. And Jungkook’s patience and self-restraint crumbled at once.

He hopped off his bed and landed in a deep squat to lessen the pressure on his knees. With two strides of his long legs, he was standing behind Hoseok, who held the crying man. “Move.”

Hoseok twisted his head to aim an inquiring stare at him. “What?”

“Move,” Jungkook repeated crossly, and shoved him aside himself. He crouched down behind Taehyung and tapped the inside of his left calf. “Open.”

“Uh?” Taehyung’s disoriented state didn’t help at all to the comprehension of his request.

Jungkook forced his leg to the side. “I’ll lift you.”

“Yah! What if you drop him?” Hoseok asked in disquiet.

“He’s what? Sixty kilos? I don’t even lift sixty for warm up because they’re that light for me.” He sneaked between his legs and looped his arms around his thighs, clutching them. His very naked, svelte thighs with a skin so smooth as a rose petal. “I’ll, um, lift you now.”

Taehyung's big doe eyes locked on the top of his head, which was between his legs. With no idea what to say, he gently settled on Jay's shoulders. The next moment, he lost the earth from beneath his feet, and the top bed came to the level of his knees.

Jungkook neared the bed as much as possible and released his hold on his thighs. His palms tingled — the feel of his tender thighs lingered on them. "Get off now."

Taehyung bended over the bed and supported his weight with the minimum strength he had left. A sharp breath escaped him as he sat on his butt. "Thanks."

The sound of his voice sounded rather distorted in Jungkook's ears. His mind couldn't function anymore. Because right in front of his eyes, just inches away from him, were Taehyung's bare thighs. Sure, he had seen them before, but only from afar. He hadn't touched them until today. And fuck, something utterly strange was happening inside him.

An absurd urge to run his tongue all over them and mark them hazed even more his blinded senses. Electricity surged down his limbs in an overriding torrent, warming his blood and sending heat in his groin.

He was lost — his brain fell out of touch with reality and raw desire conquered every single conscious thought.

And Taehyung saw it. Despite his exhaustion by his fever, he could easily discern where his gaze was so fixedly focused on.

He slid down the bed carefully, and his shorts rode up his thighs, revealing more of his skin. Yes, he did it on purpose. And he didn't regret it at all, not even when Jungkook jolted back and bolted out of the room.

Hoseok gaped at his friend, trying to let everything that had just happened sink in. "Did he... Did he eye-fuck your thighs, or am I delusional?"

Taehyung chuckled meekly as he lay on his side. "I don't even have the strength to be happy about it."

"Why would you be happy? You don't even know what he looks like."

"Doesn't matter." Taehyung curled into a ball and closed his eyes, a tiny smile embellishing his traits. *If I make him want to have sex with me, I'll see his face, right? He can't fuck me with his mask on. And I'll learn a bit more about him. How do I make him want me?*

With the nonsensical thoughts that spiraled in his head, his consciousness slowly withered, but Hoseok didn't let him fall asleep again.

"Chim is making soup for you. Eat first and then sleep if you want. We also bought fruits."

"Thank you, guys." Taehyung located the towel beside him and used it to wipe the drops of sweat that emerged on his forehead again.

"Whose towel is this?" Hoseok questioned.

"Isn't it yours?"

"No. And I'm sure it's not Jimin's either."

Taehyung eyed the unfamiliar towel through his squinted vision, but he felt too tired to mull over it more.

Jungkook gave light slaps on his cheeks as he strode towards the private bathroom, which only he used with his three hyungs, cursing himself internally. He unlocked it and shut the door, then bumped his head against it. His hand came to squeeze his aching erection, and his eyes fell closed with a throaty moan of bliss at the simple touch.

It had been months since the last time he had gotten hard because of someone, and even more months since the last time he had sex. During the past four months, he didn't even think about sex, and the only times he got hard was when he woke up with the usual morning wood.

Fuck, the image of Taehyung's mouthwatering thighs drove him insane. He imagined sliding his cock between them and cumming all over them, and his hand started rubbing his erection absently.

"Shit, I want to fuck him so bad," Jungkook released in a drunk murmur. He shed his clothes and mask on impulse and entered the shower. He let the warm water run beside him as he leaned against the cold wall with his back.

He wrapped his fingers around his veiny cock and gave it a few tight pumps. He smoothed his thumb over his slit, smearing the drops of precum around the bloated head. His stifled moans resounded through the shower as he imagined having Taehyung on his knees in front of him with his mouth wide open and his tongue lolling out, waiting to get stuffed.

Jungkook would praise him for taking his cock so well in his throat, and Taehyung would moan around him and leak a puddle at the praise.

The movement of his hand increased, just like the rhythm of his heartbeat. The next imaginary scene his brain invented was dragging his mouth all over his thighs and massaging them. He couldn't even envision how heavenly it would feel to fill him to the brim with his cock, but the fantasy of cumming on his smooth thighs and then licking them clean surged him over the edge.

His face screwed into a frown of utter rapture as he kept thrusting into his hand, his legs shaking by his looming release. That dream-like sensation soon crashed over him, and he moaned as cum spurted from his reddened cock, painting the wall across from him.

Jungkook grunted throughout his release, which seemed endless for a second, and squeezed the head, watching the last beads of cum drip down. His whole body burned at the ecstatic aftermath of his orgasm, heart still hammering in his ears.

He slid under the running water to cool his flared up state and brushed his now wet hair back. He took a hold of the shower head and aimed it at the wall to clean the sticky liquid. After he was sure it wasn't visible anymore, he put the shower head back in its place and reached for the shampoo.

The only thing in his mind throughout his shower and even when he headed to the reception was how the hell could he fuck that gorgeous man without revealing his face? Because at that very moment, he craved to bury his cock balls-deep in his mouth and hole more than he craved anything else.

Forcefully pushing back his lewd thoughts, he stood in front of the counter and greeted his hyung with a nod. "What was that thing your mother made us when we were sick?"

Yoongi raised a brow at his bizarre question. "Why?" His eyes gleamed in understanding a second

later, and a loaded smirk dangled on his lips. “So you can make it for your precious Taehyung?”

Jungkook’s dour expression registered his discontent at his crisp mockery. “Shut up. I just can’t hear him cough anymore. It’s so annoying.”

Yoongi snickered, shaking his head. “It was a medicinal herb. Remember the taste, right? Disgusting, but at least it worked miracles.”

“Do you have it?”

“Of course not,” Yoongi scoffed.

“Go buy it.”

“Yah. I won’t leave my post just to go buy that for a stranger.”

“Should I go then?”

Yoongi pressed his lips into a thin line, his gaze filling with opprobrium. “Don’t you dare.”

“Then go.”

Yoongi muttered a curse as he snatched his wallet and phone and shot a piercing glare at Jungkook before leaving.

It only took him about eight minutes since the pharmacy was close, and he was soon entering the hostel again. He shoved the bag into Jungkook’s chest, and the other grinned teasingly.

“Thanks,” he said in a feigned sweet tone and bundled off.

“You’re acting weird, and you know it!”

Jungkook paid no mind to his hyung’s whisper and resumed his way to the elevator. Upon reaching the second floor, he walked along the hallway, but he slowed to a stop at the recognition of Jimin’s voice that came from the kitchen.

“He really did that?”

“I don’t know,” Taehyung sighed. “Now that I think about it, I had the notion that someone wiped my forehead while I was sleeping. You know, that moment when you’re partly conscious but not enough to open your eyes and you just fall asleep in seconds.”

“It sounds too good to be true,” Hoseok sneered. “I mean, he’s a jerk to us. Even the box thing was too hard to believe. And when he helped you get to your bed? I couldn’t believe my eyes.”

“He probably doesn’t want us to know he cares. He doesn’t want to seem soft.” Taehyung stuffed his mouth with the delicious soup Jimin made for him and cleared his sore throat.

Their attention swung to the presence that swept in from nowhere, and they all watched intently as Jay threw the bag he was holding onto the table.

“Drink this. Twice a day until you feel better.” Jungkook detected the fondness that bloomed in Taehyung’s eyes and obliterated it a second later. “And before you start with your delusional thoughts again, I only gave you this because your cough is annoying as fuck.” He then vanished

before anyone could make a sound.

He was unreasonably uncouth to him, and he was well aware of that. Minutes ago, he was fantasizing about all possible ways he could fuck Taehyung, and now he was fortifying the wall he had built between them with his behavior.

It was because there wasn't a way to gain what he craved without revealing his face. So the only thing he could do was be harsh to him and pray that his sudden want for him was temporal.



Unless If You're Offering

Taehyung's condition was just a fraction better, he perceived, as he stretched his sore body. His throat still burned, but its constriction wasn't that severe. His head ached and his cheeks bore a warmth that indicated his low fever. The vertiginous coil around his senses had worn off enough to allow him to climb down from his bed without help.

His friends prepared for him a fruit salad yesterday after his lunch and also made him the medicinal herb Jay bought for him. It was one of the most disgusting things Taehyung had ever tasted, but the soreness in his throat soothed a notch right after.

Taehyung thanked Jay for bringing him that icky green thing, as he had called it, but his frigid response wasn't what he hoped for. He couldn't comprehend what had happened so suddenly. They had started talking here and there, even if Jay was still a bit curt, and now he didn't even acknowledge his existence anymore.

After Jay had helped him get to his bed and then stormed out of the room in a daze, he had returned a totally different person. And it bothered Taehyung a ton.

...

Taehyung strolled into the room with a cup of the magic remedy and sat at the table. His two friends had gone for their usual swim after he pestered them to enjoy their time again, and he was left alone with Jay. Although it felt like he was completely alone since Jay didn't bother to turn around and face him, let alone talk to him.

He slid a blank paper in front of him and picked his favorite pencil. His fever had dissolved after the aspirin he took, and only that annoying burning in his throat remained, so he felt strong and focused enough to begin drawing again.

"Can you turn on the air conditioner?" Taehyung asked.

"Your friends took the controller."

Taehyung searched around the room and located the wanted item on Hoseok's bed. He bended forward between the two beds and reached it with a groan. As he drew back, his head slammed against the upper bed, and he crumbled in pain as he whined continuously.

Jungkook sat bolt upright and glanced down with frantic eyes. He found the man on his knees, rubbing the back of his head and spilling muted profanities. "Yah. Are you okay?"

"I have to almost die to make you talk to me?" Taehyung muttered with obvious scorn. He heaved himself to his feet and laid his watery eyes on Jay, his features still slightly contracted in pain.

"Stop overreacting."

Taehyung registered he was about to lie down again and made haste to hold on to his wrist.

"Seriously, what's wrong? Did I do something? Because after gawking at my thighs, you became a completely different person."

Jungkook yanked his arm out of his grip, his dour eyes piercing through him. "You don't know what you're talking about."

“Trust me, I know. What I don’t know is what happened to you. Did you realize you’re gay and freaked out? Did I make you gay?” Taehyung asked with taunting joy, and a string of hoarse giggles dripped from his lips at Jay’s unamused countenance.

“You’re so full of yourself, really,” he snarled. “I was gay even before I met you, just so you know. So stop being delusional.”

“Hmm. Was I delusional when I saw you gawk at my thighs?”

“Yes. Now fuck off.”

Taehyung huffed as he watched him lie down with his back facing him. A devilish glint sparked off in his weary eyes, and his lips tilted into a sly smile with the words his brain conceived. “You know, it’s been over a year since the last time I had sex. If you want to see my thighs from up close, just say the word. Maybe touch them as well. And kiss them.”

His connotative words went straight to Jungkook’s cock, pumping blazing blood through it. “You’re willing to let a stranger fuck you? You don’t even know what I look like.”

“You have a hot body, and you’re strong. It’s enough for me. I bet you like manhandling your partner in sex. And I love being manhandled.”

“Shut up! Just go away,” Jungkook roared. His muscles strained with his exertion to blot out his bawdy words and calm his raging erection.

Taehyung released hushed chuckles and returned to the table. “Relax. I’m messing with you.”

No, he wasn’t, actually. But he had to laugh it off, since Jay didn’t seem like he wanted to fuck him.

Jay’s stiff stance betrayed his discomfort, though Taehyung wasn’t sure what was its origin. Did he go over the line? Did his words offend him? Whatever it was, he gazed at him with genuine remorse, even though Jay couldn’t see it. “I’m sorry, really. I didn’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

Minutes crawled by, and only the sound of the air conditioner vibrated in the atmosphere. Until Jungkook hurried down from his bed and stormed off.

He sneaked into the private bathroom and palmed his cock, shutting his eyes at the contact. He did his utmost to constrain his erection, but his want to cum reigned over anything else.

And there he was once again in the shower, thrusting his aching cock into his hand while dreaming about Taehyung’s bewitching thighs.

The three friends spent their evening in their room, watching a movie on Taehyung’s tablet seated at the table. Jimin and Hoseok drank beers and ate chips, as Taehyung had his medicinal herb and fruit salad.

Jay hopped off his bed at some point and disappeared without a word. They redirected their attention to the movie, not caring about his strange behavior anymore.

About thirty minutes later, the movie ended, and they shared their impressions, which were mostly good.

“Should we watch another one?” Taehyung suggested.

“Or Jimin can tell us how is it going with Yoongi now that Jay isn’t here.”

“That’s better!” Taehyung grinned in excitement and locked his focus on Jimin, who had a similar smile on his lips.

“We fucked so good, guys,” Jimin sighed in content. “He took me to the private bathroom on the second floor at the end of the hallway. He said only the owners use it, so that means Namjoon, Seokjin, and Yoongi. I had the most amazing shower sex I ever had. After that, we went to the rooftop and talked. I asked him if he lives alone, and he said yes, but he spends most of his nights here with the other owners and some employees because he hates waking up early in the morning and driving for forty minutes.”

“So he stays here in a way,” Taehyung said. “That’s why he got ready so fast on your first date. And he has a car. See? You were worried about nothing.”

“Yeah, thankfully,” Jimin chuckled. “Because I really like him.”

“You like him as in you like the sex or... you want more?” Hoseok’s gaze dug for the answer Jimin hesitated to give.

“I... I’m not sure. I think... I’m in love.”

Two pairs of eyes bulged simultaneously at Jimin’s hushed words. “Chim,” Taehyung breathed out in a daze. “You haven’t been in love in three years. Are you sure? Maybe you’re just excited.”

Jimin buried his face in his hands as frustration cut across it. “Everything just feels different with him. I can’t explain it.” He flopped back into his chair and let his head hang back. “What do I do?”

“For now, just see how it goes,” Hoseok uttered, giving him an encouraging smile. “Learn more about him. And go with the flow.”

“Every time I ask him something personal, he changes the subject. He hasn’t even told me where he’s from.”

“Maybe he’s not ready to open up. Don’t pressure him. Get to know each other naturally,” Taehyung said.

Jimin nodded. “You’re right. Thanks, guys.” He rose from his seat and enclosed the two into his embrace.

...

Jungkook joined his group of friends at eight sharp. They had a bottle of soju each in their hands, and he took one as well as he seated himself on the empty chair. “You know, Yoon, ditching us to fuck that blonde is unacceptable, and you already did it twice.”

Yoongi’s brows tilted in two dull bows of surprise. “What’s up with the uncalled-for tantrum? What got into you?” he snickered.

“I can only hang out with you guys for two hours every day. And you don’t give two shits about me. You prefer fucking your new toy.”

Seokjin’s eyes seesawed between Yoongi’s rowdy scowl and Jungkook’s stubborn one. “Yah. Cut

it out, Kook. It's not funny."

"I wasn't trying to be funny. I'm serious."

Yoongi set his soju on the table and lowered his head. He gathered every tittle of his fragile composure and positioned his eyes on Jungkook again. "I know we're friends. But I'm still your hyung. You don't get to talk to me like that, in that tone, and with that gaze."

A disdain-filled sound exploded out of Jungkook's mouth as he rolled his head in exasperation. "Don't play the hyung card. You don't deserve it when you act like that."

At once Yoongi leaped up, as though someone had yanked him from his seat, and grasped Jungkook's shirt. "You ungrateful piece of shit." The words spewed from his lungs in a tight murmur, like a roll of thunder. "I know you since you were a baby. I was always next to you. Did you forget everything I did for you?"

Namjoon approached the two and attempted to pull Yoongi away. "Stop it, guys."

Jungkook surged to his feet, shoving his two hyungs away. Creases of fury marked his forehead, an overwhelming intensity clenching at his muscles. "And you threw everything away to fuck that guy! We're here for a reason. We agreed to meet here for two hours every day to share the information you collect and keep me company so I won't go fucking insane."

"You were the one who told me to go for it and have fun. What's your fucking problem now?"

"That you're not here the two hours I can see you!"

"Kook. Lower your voice," Seokjin uttered in disquiet.

"Alright," Yoongi spat out. "Fair enough. You're right. Why are you attacking me about it? Just say it nicely."

Jungkook's clenched fists trembled at his sides in his endeavor to tame his ranting nerves. The reason for his hostile behavior was none other than Taehyung. He wanted to have fun, too. He wanted to touch him in every way and devour him. But he couldn't, and his frustration kept piling up inside him. There wasn't a way he could explain this to his hyungs, so he chose to flee instead.

The three stared at the door after it banged closed. "What the hell is happening to him?" Yoongi expelled a gruff sigh as he sank down into his seat.

"I don't know," Seokjin muttered. "Maybe he reached his limits? He's been staying in that room for four months with nothing to do all day."

"I don't feel like that's the reason," Namjoon reflected. "He would just say it if that was the case. Didn't you see how hard he tried to control himself before he stormed off? The reason is something he can't tell us."

Seokjin truly hated seeing the younger in that condition, whatever the reason, and he couldn't suppress the turbulent worry that coiled in his gut. "Yoon, don't be mad at him. He'll want to apologize tomorrow for sure. Listen to him. And try to make him talk."

Another long sigh slipped from Yoongi's mouth, then he sipped his soju. "Okay."

Jungkook stamped into the room and immediately climbed up into his bed. All he wanted was his peace and quiet, but he couldn't lock himself in the private bathroom, and of course, he couldn't go outside. So he lay in his bed and faced the wall, hoping the other three would ignore his presence.

Jay's vehement movements hinted at Taehyung his furious state, though he didn't dare to comment on it. His mind drifted away from the conversation he had with his friends and dove into an intense contemplation of how he could attenuate Jay's rage.

"Yoongi texted me. He said to meet him on the rooftop." Jimin celebrated, holding tiny fists in the air, then hurried to take his toothbrush before heading off to the bathroom.

Hoseok giggled at his behavior even after he left the room. "He's so in love."

Taehyung snorted gently. "I know, right?"

The words entered Jungkook's brain, and it took him a while to process them. Jimin was in love with Yoongi? When and how did that happen? Just yesterday, Jimin had said he wanted a good fuck. Now he was in love? Jungkook shook his head absently.

Feelings. He could never understand them.

Jimin soon returned, changed his clothes, and disappeared again with an exhilarated smile engraved on his face.

Taehyung swung his mind back to the search for a way to lift up Jay's mood. He turned in his seat to glance at him. "Jay. Do you want to watch a movie with us?"

"No."

Hoseok tugged at his sleeve to attract his attention. He gave him a what-are-you-doing grimace in sheer bafflement, but Taehyung dismissed him with a wave of his hand.

"Are you hungry? We have noodles we can make together."

A sigh shuddered out of Jungkook's chest. "No."

"Come on. Let's do something together. All you do is lie in your bed. Aren't you bored?"

"Right now I'm annoyed because you keep talking to me."

Taehyung's lips sank at the corners. "You were annoyed since the moment you walked into the room. I'm just trying to cheer you up," he admitted in a murmur.

"Don't bother."

Unlike before, Taehyung didn't detect that vexed hue in his voice this time. "Hyung, can you make noodles for me? My appetite is back."

"Of course, Tae." Hoseok ruffled his hair, smiling, and exited the room.

Taehyung nibbled his bottom lip as he sent a row of tentative glances at Jay. He cleared his throat to disperse some of the hoarseness it bore and lifted from his seat. "Do you want to see something?"

Jungkook's brows clumped together. "What?"

“An elephant.”

His bewilderment only surged at his words. “What are you talking about?”

“Just look.”

Jungkook slowly rolled over and propped his left forearm against the bed. He watched as Taehyung pinched a spot on his upper arm that had two moles above it, creating the face of an elephant.

Taehyung met his eyes, and a grin exploded on his face. “See?”

Jungkook dropped his head with a sudden half chuckle that escaped him. “Yeah. I have one too.”

Taehyung gasped. “Really? Where? Show me.”

“It’s on my thigh.”

“Oh.” Taehyung’s elation cartwheeled as fast as it skyrocketed. “I’m guessing you don’t want to show me then.”

Jungkook tore his gaze away and fell into a contemplative silence. After a moment’s internal struggle, he descended the ladder and sat on Hoseok’s bed. He held onto the hem of his sweatpants and pulled it up, revealing his thigh. He pinched his skin under his two moles and raised his eyes to Taehyung.

A fog of stupefaction veiled Taehyung’s gaze as he absorbed his muscular thigh. The face of the elephant was invisible to his view because all he could see was *muscles*.

Jungkook picked up on his trance and reveled in it. He braced his palms on the mattress and leaned back, a mischievous smirk dancing on his lips. “Who’s gawking at *my* thighs now?”

His saucy voice cleared the smog of Taehyung’s captivation and restored his complete clarity. He fidgeted, striving to come up with something to say, but he gave up rather quickly, accepting his doom. Honesty was better, anyway. “Okay, fine. I was gawking at your thigh. It’s so muscular,” he uttered, his lucidity threatening to surrender under his wild thoughts again, but he resisted with a vengeance. “And I like muscles.”

Jungkook’s gaze passed over his face, then dropped to the right corner. “Can I ask something?”

“Yes.”

“How many one-night stands have you had until now?”

“Um... None.”

Jungkook’s brows flicked upwards. “You’re not a virgin, right?”

“No, of course I’m not!” he retorted peevishly.

Jungkook threw his head back with the outbreak of chuckles that pushed out of his throat. “Okay, okay, chill. My point is, why did you imply you want to have sex with me when you never had a one-night stand before?”

Taehyung sank down into the bed beside him, sighing softly. “I want to have lots of firsts from now on. Just do whatever I held myself back from doing in the past, or try things I was scared to do.”

“You held yourself back from having a one-night stand before?”

“No, I was actually scared to do it.”

“Why?”

“Because you don’t know the other at all. What if they like things I don’t like? I’ll feel uncomfortable. What if they don’t like the things I like? I won’t enjoy it.”

The tip of Jungkook’s lips tilted a half inch upwards. “You can discuss these things beforehand, you know, for example, when you head to the hotel. The key is to talk freely about the stuff you like in sex. Some people don’t like to talk about it. I find it hot.”

Taehyung’s eyes locked on his profile. “And say what, exactly?”

Jungkook shot him a sidelong glance. “You know. Things like what you said before.”

“What did I say before?”

Jungkook realized what he was trying to do, and his eyes automatically rolled skywards. “You’re a dork.”

Unable to keep a straight face any longer, Taehyung giggled. “I’m messing with you. I know how to talk about the things I like in sex. Do you want to hear them?”

“Why would I want that?” Jungkook scoffed in his attempt to hide his flaming interest at his words.

“Maybe... you like them too.”

Jungkook stiffened. No, there was no way he would sit there and listen to the things the guy he wanted to fuck liked in sex. His self-restraint wasn’t that strong, and he would probably devour him before he even finished talking.

He fixed his forgotten sweatpants and rose from his seat. “I don’t think so. You probably like mellow stuff. I like it rough.”

“Is choking on a cock mellow?” Taehyung *swore* the words rolled off his tongue of their own will — his brain never allowed them to come out. But they were already out there before he could try to stop them and floated through the galvanic silence that poured into the room.

Jungkook’s whole body grew as solid as a rock, and he stood there, repeating the unholy words in his head. Fuck, he loved cute little men like Taehyung choking on his cock. And at that very moment, the fantasy of Taehyung on his knees with his mouth stuffed with his cock dominated every inch of his mind.

Taehyung couldn’t stand the suffocating awkwardness between them anymore. “Forget what I said. I just wanted to say I like it rough as well. Let’s leave it at that.”

Jungkook forced his body to continue the movement of creeping up the ladder. “If you want to have sex so bad, why don’t you find someone at the bar or something?”

“I will. When I get better.”

His remark sounded vile in his ears. He wanted to be the one fucking Taehyung in every way he desired and doing all the things he liked. And it frustrated him more than anything that he couldn’t.

“Unless if you’re offering.”

Taehyung’s additional statement, on the other hand, sounded like music to his ears. The words ‘fuck yes’ itched his throat, begging him to vocalize them, but he swallowed them. “I can’t. So don’t mention it again.”

“Your body seems like it wants to say yes, though,” Taehyung chirped as he stared at his prominent bulge.

“Go away,” Jungkook grumbled, hurrying to face the wall. “I just haven’t had sex in a while. Don’t get the wrong idea.”

“Okay. But seriously, why can’t you? Because you have to hide your face? Or am I really that awful to you?”

“Awful?” Jungkook repeated in a whisper. A myriad of praises flickered in his head about that ravishing man, but none of them dared to jump out of his mouth. “It just can’t happen. Drop it.”

“Okay.” Taehyung shrugged off his failed attempt to receive a proper response. “But remember. You have seven days to change your mind.” He stepped out of the room when he comprehended Jay wouldn’t say anything more and went to his friend in the kitchen.

Jungkook vacated his lungs with a long, heavy breath. *Seven days. Taehyung will disappear in seven days. And it’ll be like I never met him. I just need to hold out until then.*

The lies he fed himself with assuaged his nerves, though they did little to his uncontrolled hormones. His self-restraint wouldn’t survive a day if Taehyung continued tossing off those inflaming remarks with that obscene mouth of his, and he was sure of that.



I Hate It More

Despite the faint feeling of hoarseness that persisted in his throat, Taehyung joined his friends at the beach. He didn't go for a swim since he was afraid his condition would worsen and instead enjoyed the scenery while drawing sketches of random people.

"Tae," Jimin uttered as he tilted towards him. "That guy has been glancing at you nonstop."

Taehyung followed his friend's eyes and located a young-looking man, who was reclined in the sunbed close to them. He had mellow characteristics, short black hair, and a lean figure. He was cute — he couldn't deny that, but nothing sparked inside him at the sight of him. "He's okay."

Hoseok tossed his head in Taehyung's direction as his eyes popped. "Okay? *Just* okay? He's hot. Go for it."

Taehyung laughed his suggestion off. "He seems... too nice. I'm tired of nice. I want a challenge."

"Oh, so you're hung up on Jay. That's why you don't want to make a move on that guy."

Jimin's face distorted with a baffled frown at Hoseok's words. "What does this mean? Do you seriously like Jay?"

Taehyung lowered his gaze to the drawing in his hands. "I'm having weird thoughts, guys. I don't know what's wrong with me."

"What thoughts?" Jimin asked.

"Highly inappropriate thoughts. Not to say horny."

The two exchanged a surprised look, and Hoseok was the first to register the meaning of his words. "You want to have sex with him? You still haven't—"

"Yeah, yeah, I haven't seen his face yet, whatever," Taehyung snarled. "I don't care. Looks aren't everything in life. All I know is he has muscles and I want to lick them."

Jimin choked on a laugh. "You're so lewd, Tae," he teased. "What are you going to do about it?"

"What do you mean, Chim?" Hoseok asked, brows drawn together. "Nothing. He will do nothing. We don't know anything about him. He's been an ass since day one. Don't get involved with him."

"It's too late for that," Taehyung breathed out as his eyes saddened. "I want him. And he's not that bad. He took care of me in his own way. We've gotten a bit close, even if he doesn't want to admit it."

A long nasal sigh sounded from Hoseok, intense disapproval written all over his face. "I told you what I think. Do whatever you want. Just be careful."

Taehyung nodded. He brought a blank paper in front of him and browsed the place for the next face he could draw. His eyes caught that guy he had been seeing since day one around the hostel and rested on him. He began drawing the outline of his face as his two friends bantered about something he didn't pay attention to.

He soon finished the sketch and observed it, sighing. *Why is he keep coming here?*

They headed back to the hostel a while later. After a brief stop at the reception to chat with Yoongi, they resumed their way to their room.

“Oh?” Jimin eyed the empty room with slight surprise. “Jay isn’t here.”

Taehyung shrugged his absence off and took out the sketches he made earlier to analyze them. A faint smile pulled at the corner of his lips with a glimmer of pride.

“Let’s go shower,” Hoseok said, already holding a casual outfit in his hands and his towel.

“Wait for me,” Taehyung said in a sing-song tone. He placed his drawings on the nightstand and grabbed his towel and clean clothes before he exited the room with the other two.

...

Jungkook strolled back to his room after refilling his bottle of water. Confusion swept across his traits at the scattered papers he found all over the floor. *What happened?* He sensed a gust of air strike his form that blew the papers further away, and his eyes flew to the open French doors.

With a disgruntled sigh, he threw the bottle of water on his bed and picked up the papers. He glimpsed at the sketches of faces, items, and drawings of the sea, low key feeling amazed by his skills.

The next drawing he collected had his eyes bulging and his blood freezing in his veins. The rest of the papers slipped through his hold unconsciously, and he brought that drawing closer to his face.

He spurted towards the exit and hurried down the stairs to get to Yoongi, who was at the reception. He slapped the drawing on the counter, panting, his eyes still rounder than normal.

Although perplexed by his frantic behavior, Yoongi maintained a stern expression at his presence. “Do you have something to say?”

The little fight he caused yesterday between them was lost somewhere in the agitation that consumed him, and he was reminded of it by his hyung’s steely eyes. “Later. Look at this.”

Yoongi wordlessly glanced at the paper and his brows shot up at once. “What... the fuck?”

“That’s him, right? I’m not delusional. Right?”

Yoongi reached for the drawing and inspected it from up close. “Yes. That’s definitely him. Where the hell did you find this?”

“Taehyung drew this.”

“Why? Does he know him?”

“How would an innocent little boy, who’s never broken any rules, know a scumbag like him?”

“Wait, how do you know that? Are you guys talking?”

“That’s not important.” Jungkook took the drawing and gazed at it as a wicked, contented smile sprawled on his face. “I’ve been looking for you all over, Ji Hoo-yah. You came to me and I had no idea.”

“Yah. Stop with this crazy look. What are going to do?”

“I’ll go ask Taehyung about it.” A tinge of hesitation crept into Jungkook’s eyes as he glanced away. “Let’s talk later about... everything. Okay?”

Yoongi gave two little nods as his chest fluttered to a slow drop. “Okay.”

Jungkook aimed a tight-lipped smile at his hyung and shuffled upstairs. He found Taehyung in the room, though he didn’t expect the dour stare he pierced him with the moment he opened the door.

“Yah. Did you mess up my sketches?” Taehyung growled with an undertone that highlighted his enraged state.

Jungkook scanned the papers in his grip; a few of them seemed rumpled, so his fuming anger was justifiable, he concluded. “The wind blew them away. Now, question time. Who is this?” He presented the drawing he was holding, an eager glint dancing in his eyes.

Taehyung’s gaze crisscrossed between the sketch and his face. “Why do you ask?”

“He’s pretty. Now, who is it?”

Taehyung huffed, as if he had just heard the most ridiculous thing ever. “Just a guy I’ve been seeing since the day I came here.”

“What do you mean? Where do you see him?”

“He’s just wandering around the hostel. It’s so weird, you know. He looks like he’s waiting for someone. Or like he’s monitoring someone.” He investigated Jungkook’s cogitative look, and a shallow crease formed between his brows. “Why are you asking, though? Do you know him?”

“Can you tell me one more thing without asking anything?”

“Hmm, no,” Taehyung chirped with feigned sweetness.

Jungkook tsked. “Do you see him every day at the same time?”

Taehyung decided to give him the information he asked for, although his persistent questions about that guy baffled him more and more. “Yes. He comes around noon. I’ve also seen him a few times around eleven at night, when we come back with my friends.”

Jungkook nodded slowly, as if realization sank in. “I’m keeping this.”

“Why?”

“I told you he’s pretty.” He made a step towards his bed, but Taehyung’s voice caused him to stutter into stillness.

“Prettier than me?”

A twinkle of amusement reinvigorated Jungkook’s cool eyes as he locked them on him. “Do you want me to say no to praise you? Are you really asking for praises?”

Taehyung’s face cut wide open with a playful grin. “Yes. I love praises.” A sultry notion seeped into his fixed gaze on him as his smile reshaped into a sly smirk. “So tell me. Is he prettier than me?”

Those flirty, innocent-looking eyes of his did things to Jungkook he couldn't control. While he knew he shouldn't play along and instead he should cut any intimacy between them, his mouth tossed off the words his brain crafted before he could stop them. "I want to say yes, but... that would be the biggest lie I've ever said."

Taehyung threw a hand over his chest as his face brightened with a spark of blissful fondness. "That feels so good," he released on a breath. "Thank you for the praise. I'll do anything you want to get more from you."

Jungkook snorted, rolling his eyes. It was the only thing he could do. Scoff at his words. Because if he took them seriously, he would push him down to his knees right then and there and feed him his cock in no time. "You're impossible."

The beep of the door unlocking interrupted Taehyung's answer before he could let it out.

Jungkook jolted away from him at once and shoved the drawing into his pocket. He ascended the ladder and slipped into his bed, facing the ceiling.

"Tae." Jimin glanced between the stranger and his friend as he walked inside with Hoseok. "How about we go out for lunch?"

"I don't know. I'm a little tired."

"Come on," Hoseok said, smiling. "We can't go for drinks yet since your throat still hurts, so let's go for lunch at least. Maybe you can meet a guy who's your type this time."

Jungkook's consideration about Ji Hoo ceased abruptly as Hoseok's mystifying words entered his brain. *What guy? Where? When? Fuck.* His fingers dug into his palm absently with the suffocating surge of frustration that tumbled over him.

"I don't feel like I want to meet someone."

Jungkook's clenched muscles mellowed a fraction.

"You know, because I'm still a little sick."

And with Taehyung's additional remark, his boisterous reproach about the matter boiled over so much it smothered him. He rolled on his side to face the wall, his brows set low over his incensed eyes.

Taehyung espied his movement and inspected it, though he didn't comment on it. "But you're right, hyung. Let's go for lunch. I can sleep later."

"Yay," Jimin cheered. "We can go to the restaurant down the street, so you won't have to walk a lot."

"Okay."

With Taehyung's smiling response, the three friends only needed to wear their shoes since they were already dressed in casual clothes after their shower, and they were ready to go.

Taehyung cast a glance at Jay as he trailed behind his friends, who trudged towards the exit. "Bye, Jay." He slowed to a stop at the absence of any kind of response to his goodbye. He stood there, holding the door open, as his eyes remained focused on his back. *What happened now again?* A gruff outflow of breath leaked out of his throat as he dropped his head and left the room with

sunken features.

Jungkook sauntered along the hallway with his hands buried in his pockets and his eyes monitoring his heavy steps.

Although he wouldn't admit it even to himself, he was still salty about the thought of Taehyung meeting another guy, talking to him, touching him, taking his cock in his holes instead of his. It was so fucking unfair, he thought. He could be having at that moment that svelte, sexy body of his underneath him, devouring it, giving it ultimate pleasure, but he was instead heading to the storage room while Taehyung was at a small event at the beach with his friends.

Jungkook stepped into the room and shed his mask, then reached for a can of beer before he sank into his seat.

"Yah." Seokjin pitched forward, owlish eyes staring at him. "Did you really find Ji Hoo?"

"Yes. He's been under our nose for a week now, if not longer. Taehyung said he looked like he was waiting for someone or monitoring someone. And I'm confused as fuck." He raised his gaze to his friends, showing them the said confusion that was inscribed in his traits. "He's supposed to be hiding. And especially from me. Why is he wandering around the hostel I'm staying at? And how does he know I'm here? Because he has to know. It can't be a coincidence."

Namjoon meditated on the situation for possible reasons. "There's definitely something we don't know. We have to talk to him."

"Exactly. We have to catch him."

"We?" Yoongi scoffed at Jungkook's statement. "Not you. You're not going outside."

"Then bring him here, I don't care," Jungkook flung back with a thread of exasperation. The pending apology he owed to his hyung dispersed any dreg of his hostility and gloomed his eyes. "I have to talk to him, hyung."

"Oh, so now I'm your hyung again."

"Yoon," Seokjin uttered, faint disapproval cloaking his tone.

"No, it's fine," Jungkook said. "He's right to be mad. I crossed the line. I shouldn't have talked to you like this, Yoongi hyung. I'm sorry."

Yoongi's harsh features didn't soften and his arms stayed folded over his chest. "I'm waiting for an explanation. Because no matter how mad and frustrated you were about this situation, you never talked to us like that. I want to know what's wrong. So talk. Now."

Jungkook's gaze plummeted on the table. He knew he was cornered and had to confess his unholy, suffocating thoughts to his hyungs because they wouldn't stop asking about his behavior. He took a swig of his beer and vacated his lungs with a long sigh. "Can I be completely honest?" He paused, gazing at their attentive eyes on him. "I want to fuck Taehyung. Like, really. Like, so much I get hard just by thinking about him. And it's driving me crazy."

The air in the room grew taut with a deafening silence. His confession was surely something they didn't expect, but the desperation they detected in his eyes was what left them throughout speechless.

Seokjin swept the other two with a swift view and easily concluded they wouldn't talk anytime soon. "Kook," he breathed out, a fog of sorrow wandering in his gaze. "You know you can't show your face to anyone."

"I know. And that's why it's driving me crazy. But I really, *really* want to fuck him, guys." His face wrung with a moue of whiny frustration, and he bent forward to rest his forehead on the table.

Yoongi's cheeks bloated with the chortle he suppressed. He palmed his mouth in his exertion to stifle the waves of snickers that bubbled in his throat, hoping no one would notice him.

But Namjoon did, and he punched his shoulder in sheer disapproval. "Yah. How can you be laughing? This is serious!"

And the outbreak of laughter Yoongi strove to conceal exploded out of him at once.

Jungkook huffed at his hyung's reaction and straightened his stance to peer at him, shaking his head.

"It's ridiculous, Joon, not serious," Yoongi said through his now diminished chuckles. "Kook, you're not fifteen. You're a grown ass man. Just control your hormones."

"I'm trying, okay? The point is, it's the first time I can't get what I want, and I took it out on you. Sorry about that."

"It's okay. I get it," Yoongi said. "Jokes aside, be careful. If you show him your face, he'll be in danger. We may even have to kill him, Kook. And Jimin loves him too much. I don't want to do that to him."

"But what if he doesn't talk?" Jungkook voiced out in a tentative tone that hid a hopeful whisper behind it. "He doesn't know anything, so he won't suspect anything. Maybe I can fuck him just once?"

"No," Yoongi stated.

"Maybe I can fuck him without showing him my face?"

"That's just not right," Seokjin said. "He has to know what you look like. He can't have sex with a guy who wears a mask."

"Then maybe I—"

"Kook."

Jungkook took in Seokjin's condemnatory look through droopy eyes, and he could only sigh. "Fine."

"Let's get back to the main issue," Namjoon said, bracing his forearms on the table. "What are we going to do about Ji Hoo?"

"Do we know what time he comes here?" Yoongi aimed the question at the still sulky Jungkook.

"Um, Taehyung said he has seen him around noon and sometimes around eleven at night."

"Okay. I'll keep an eye outside tonight," Yoongi offered. "If I see him, I'll take him to the garage and call you."

As the two of them nodded, Jungkook's mind floated in clouds of bitter exasperation about the simple fact that there was no way he could have Taehyung underneath him and fuck him deep and good.

The three cheerful friends traipsed back to the hostel after the dance event that took place at the beach.

As they approached the building, Taehyung perceived the dark figure of that familiar stranger he had been seeing. He just stood at the side of the hostel, partly hiding and glancing at the entrance.

Jimin and Hoseok shot perplexed looks at Taehyung as he walked past the entrance.

Taehyung drew nearer to the stranger on impulse. He plastered an affable smile on his face and halted in front of him. "Hi. Is everything okay? I saw you here earlier as well."

The unnamed man twisted around and took off without a word. His jerky steps slowed seconds later until he stilled. He crept closer to Taehyung again, keeping his eyes on the ground. "Um, actually... can I ask something?"

Taehyung nodded hesitantly.

He slipped his phone out of his pocket and tapped a few things before he turned the screen to him. "Have you seen this man?"

Taehyung analyzed the full-body picture of an extremely gorgeous man who was dressed in a black suit. "No."

"Are you sure he doesn't stay here?"

Taehyung gave another scrutiny to the man's face in the picture. "Yes." He recognized the glimmer of disappointment that sparked in the stranger's eyes, but he didn't dare to question him about it.

"Okay. Thanks."

Taehyung's gaze lingered on the unnamed man as he shuffled off, and he trod back to his friends.

"Who was that?" Jimin asked.

"A guy I've been seeing around here often."

Yoongi burst out of the hostel, causing the three friends to flinch.

He had been keeping an eye outside in case Ji Hoo would appear, but the moment he spotted the three, he hid inside so they wouldn't suspect anything. At the sound of Taehyung's words, though, he couldn't stay hidden any longer, afraid he would lose his only chance to catch Ji Hoo.

Yoongi's eyes roamed around in search of his target. "Where did that guy go?"

"He left," Taehyung muttered with obvious bewilderment at his anxious behavior. "Why?" Another realization that brought him even more confusion thundered down on him a second later. "How do you know about him? I only talked to Jay about it."

"I've seen him around here as well," he lied casually. "I didn't manage to question him before, and

I want to do it now. Where did he go?"

"He went towards there." Taehyung pointed to his right, and Yoongi hurried away. "I'm so confused."

"Me too," Jimin sighed. "What did that guy say?"

"At first he took off. Then he turned around and showed me someone's picture, asking if I knew him. I said no, and he left."

"Weird," Hoseok said with a suspicious grimace. "Let's just stay away from him."

The two nodded, and they continued their way to their room after greeting Seokjin, who was at the reception.

Seokjin stared at his phone with frantic eyes, waiting for Yoongi's call. But instead, a few minutes later, Yoongi stepped into the hostel with intense defeat adorning his features.

"I didn't find him."

Seokjin released a heavy sigh. "It's okay. Namjoon will keep an eye outside tomorrow at noon."

"Okay." Yoongi presented a slight smile and retreated to his room.

Taehyung and his two friends entered the room, and he instantly looked towards Jay's bed. He found him lying there, facing the wall as usual. "Hi, Jay." The silence he received in response again tugged at his lips, dragging them down in a pout. "Why aren't you talking to me again?"

"Just fuck off. Don't talk to me."

"Yah!" Hoseok snarled. "Don't talk to *him* like that, asshole."

"Hyung," Taehyung whispered as he held on to his forearm. "Just let him. It's my fault for being nice. I won't waste my time with him anymore."

His words bothered Jungkook more than he thought, even though he obviously deserved them. They sat heavy on his chest, along with his forbidden yearning for him, crushing it more and more until he felt like he couldn't breathe.

Despite the stranglehold around his form, he didn't say a word to him, not even after his friends fell asleep. He heard him roll from side to side often, which could only mean he had trouble sleeping again.

"Jay."

His eyes split open at the whispering call of his name a while later.

"I wish you would stop being a jackass for no reason. I don't know why, but it makes me sad. And I hate it."

Jungkook's chest bloated with a deep inhalation, and he emptied his lungs with a silent, controlled sigh. *I hate it more.*



But I'm So Much More

A brume of dark melancholy dangled around Taehyung's existence since the moment he opened his eyes, and it grew thicker and thicker throughout the day as Jay didn't make a single effort to talk to him.

They didn't exchange a word, not even a glance, although Taehyung's eyes lingered on him often.

Jungkook was in a similar state; he felt a new type of dejection grip him that robbed him of his ability to focus on anything else. Even Ji Hoo seemed to be secondary in his mangled thoughts. He had no shred of agony about if Yoongi found him yesterday, or if Namjoon did at noon.

The protagonist of the mess that was his thoughts was Taehyung, his sulky mood, which bothered Jungkook more than he believed, and his absurd longing for him.

It shouldn't be this way. Jungkook was supposed to push him away by being a jerk and not give a shit about him anymore. He never thought that glancing at Taehyung's tenacious pout would awaken a newfound urge to wipe it away and replace it with his boxy smile.

What the hell was happening to him, seriously? Jungkook, who slept with another guy every other day, barely exchanging their names first, was now so hung up on the same man he was on the threshold of going berserk.

It didn't make sense, no matter how much he reflected on it.

After returning from their lunch and sightseeing, the three friends gathered in Jimin's bed to relax for a few hours before their night out. They had their backs propped against the wall and their phones close to them to answer to the spontaneous messages they received from their family.

"Ugh, I swear my father doesn't want me to have a good time. Ever." Jimin slapped his phone on the mattress, his jaw clenched tight.

Taehyung aimed a tight-lipped, sympathetic smile at him. "He's pestering you about work, huh?"

"Yes. Like, I'm on vacation. Don't talk to me about work, old man!"

The two giggled at Jimin's gripe, and Hoseok gave a squeeze on his shoulder. "I feel you. My father keeps telling me how busy he is and that he needs me back."

"I think I'm lucky that I don't work under my father," Taehyung said. "He hasn't contacted me at all since I left. He was kind of against this trip. He had said I don't need a vacation. I could be dead, and he would have no idea."

"Don't say this," Jimin uttered. "I bet he asks your mother about you. Maybe there's a gap between you two, but he cares for you. He's your father."

Taehyung sucked in a chest-swelling breath and smiled sadly to himself as he released the air with a deep sigh. "He never acted like one. But I guess it's my fault as well. I couldn't be the son he wanted."

A flutter of rage spiraled up Jungkook's form at the sound of his words. Oh, how much he wanted to tell him he was an idiot for believing something like that. But he could only hope his friends would do that for him.

"You shouldn't feel guilty for being yourself," Hoseok let out in a soft tune. "What your father wants you to be is nothing like what you want to be."

Well said, Jungkook thought, sighing mildly.

"You're right. It just saddens me sometimes when I think about it."

"We know," Jimin smiled, offering him an encouraging look. "By the way, did you see that creepy guy again, Tae? I forgot to ask."

"No. Do you think I scared him off?"

"Why? Because you talked to him?" Hoseok snickered. "I don't think so. He probably realized whoever he was looking for wasn't here."

With hard creases imprinted on his forehead, Jungkook heaved himself to a sitting position and slashed Taehyung with a dour stare. "You talked... to that guy?"

Taehyung glanced away from the viciousness of his eyes. "Um, yeah."

"Are you fucking stupid?" he snarled, his sharp face conveying his fury. "That guy has been coming here every day, obviously looking for someone, and you thought it was a good idea to talk to him? What if he had hurt you because you noticed his presence?"

A sulky heaviness clutched at Taehyung's features at the infuriated scolding he received. "But he didn't seem dangerous..."

An exasperation-filled snort burst out of Jungkook as he shook his head in sheer condemnation. If he knew all the things Ji Hoo and his father had done, he would run away from him as if he had seen the devil. "He is dangerous. Even more than you think. So if you see him again, pretend you didn't for your own good."

"How do you know that?" Hoseok asked with apparent mystification.

"That's not important," he flung back at once. That damn tide of dread about Taehyung's safety that rose within his chest compelled him to open his mouth and warn him against his will. They could make the connection that Jungkook knew that guy easily, but only at the thought of Taehyung getting hurt, he didn't care one bit about it. "Just stay away from him," he uttered with no grain of hostility this time, and lay on his back.

A beep rang in the room that broke the simmering silence, and Jimin took his phone in his hands to read the new message. "Yoongi wants to meet, but he says only for a couple of hours. Weird," he muttered and texted him back, asking what did he have to do later.

"I hope you're not interrogating him." Hoseok raised a knowing brow at him.

"I'm not," he responded with a slightly affronted frown and turned his attention to his phone as another message appeared. "He says he has to be somewhere at eight. I'll seem nosy if I ask something more, right? Since he didn't tell me about it on his own."

"Yes, Chim." Taehyung nodded. "Let him have his privacy."

Jimin smiled his curiosity off and hopped off the bed to get ready.

“You want to watch a movie, Tae?” Hoseok suggested.

“Yes, but can we go to the lounge?”

“Why?” Hoseok tracked his eyes that seesawed between Jay and him, and realization soon settled in. “Oh, okay. Let’s go.”

Taehyung grabbed his tablet from his bag and exited the room, leaving Jimin behind, who was still fixing his hair.

“Are you still sad about the way Jay talked to you yesterday?” Hoseok questioned as they perched on the large couch.

“Yeah, kind of. I thought we were getting somewhere. And now he doesn’t even look at me again.”

“You thought you were getting where, Taehyung?” The faint frustration his voice carried punctuated his displeasure about the matter. “You shouldn’t get anywhere with him.”

“I mean... Never mind.” He gave up on explaining his convoluted thoughts with a heavy exhalation. “Let’s watch a comedy.”

Hoseok ruffled his hair and scooted closer to scan their options for a movie on the tablet.

...

Jungkook, seated at the storage room with his hyungs, was already at his second beer just fifteen minutes after they gathered there. The grim aura he radiated was highly legible to the other three, and Yoongi, specifically, couldn’t stand it a minute longer.

“Are you still sulky because you can’t fuck Taehyung?”

Discontent spewed from his glare as he nailed it on Yoongi, though not a single word escaped his mouth. He gulped more sips of his beer instead, seeking for a solace he couldn’t find anywhere else.

“You haven’t even asked if we found Ji Hoo,” Namjoon pointed out.

“Well, did you?”

“No.” Namjoon dropped his eyes to his beer. “He didn’t appear at all.”

“I know.”

“How?”

“Jimin asked... that guy if he saw him, and he said no.”

“That guy?” Yoongi scoffed, eyes flaring with mockery. “Taehyung? You can’t even say his name because you’re scared you’ll get depressed or something?”

“Yoon,” Seokjin released in a reprimanding grunt. “Stop making fun of him. It’s serious. Try being in his place. Would you be able to end whatever you have with Jimin and never talk to him again?”

The devilish gleam in Yoongi’s gaze darkened until it dispersed, leaving uncertainty and a touch of

remorse in it. "Fair enough."

"What do you feel about Jimin, anyway?" Jungkook asked as he braced his forearms on the table, tapping his can of beer rhythmically.

"I don't know." A half shrug of his shoulder accompanied his hurried response. "Haven't really thought about it."

"From what I hear, he's in love with you."

Yoongi's breath froze in his lungs, as if his heart paused for a split second. He projected none of his overwhelming shock on his face, though his body seemed stiffer than normal. "No, he's not. We're just messing around."

"That's what his friends said," Jungkook snickered weakly as that bitter wistfulness girdling his figure didn't feel like it would subside anytime soon.

A chuckle, highlighted by awkwardness, poured from Yoongi's mouth. "That's just bullshit. We only know each other for eight days, and I was a jerk at first. He'll leave in six days, anyway."

"You haven't thought about going with him?"

Yoongi regarded Jungkook as if he had just said the most absurd thing ever. "We're here for a reason, Kook. I would never leave you to go with some random guy."

"If you didn't have to stay here... If we weren't in this situation, would you go with him?"

Yoongi dragged his eyes to the table as he meditated on his question. "No, I don't think so. We do have fun together. But I don't really know him that well."

The faintest and saddest of smiles surfaced on Jungkook's face as he kept gazing at his beer through a wisp of bitter blankness. "I would go with Taehyung, though. If he asked me. And if I weren't in this situation. I would go anywhere with him."

The unforeseen confession glaciated the other three and rendered them speechless. It was the least dreadful to realize that Jungkook, who got bored of his partners in a single day, was willing to follow someone anywhere just to be with him.

Seokjin cleared his throat, forcing away some of the sudden constriction. "Kook. You... You don't know him. How can you say that? Once you get what you want, you'll get bored of him. You're just obsessed with him because you can't have him."

Jungkook wished it was just that. He truly did. And that was what he thought it was at first. Just his selfish desires that couldn't get fulfilled. But it wasn't. And that fact struck him with a typhoon of new emotions that terrified him, confounded him, and filled him with frustration all at the same time.

He guzzled the rest of his beer, then an attempt of a smile shone over his traits. "You're probably right."

The same detestable wistfulness weighed down upon Jungkook's shoulders as he trudged back to his room. He found it empty as he had expected, but the sense of loneliness the walls exuded was a surprise for him he didn't enjoy. He couldn't bear being in that room alone, for some reason.

He searched for a towel in the closet, grabbed clean clothes, and headed off to the private bathroom. He took a long, soothing shower without paying attention to the chaos that dominated his mind.

After brushing his teeth as well, he reluctantly returned to his room. He pushed the door open but got stuck in his spot a second later. Taehyung was standing right in front of him with a gloomy look of awkwardness, holding a towel and his pajamas in his hug.

“I was about... to take a shower,” Taehyung explained in a murmur, then nibbled his lower lip as he risked a peek.

Jungkook’s eyes remained locked on him as he neared him with two slow-paced steps. He stood for a moment so close their chests touched before he brushed past him to get to his bed.

A frisson of something unfamiliar crept up Taehyung’s spine, and he let his eyes fall shut at the tingling aftermath of their light touch.

Jungkook hung his towel over the chair to dry, put his clothes in the small laundry basket, and swiveled to his bed. But he froze again as he found Taehyung still standing in front of the open door. “You’re not leaving?”

His mellow voice acted as a wake-up call, not only to his reverie, but to his bottled-up longing for him as well. “Jay—” Determination empowered the call of his name and the step he took towards him, but Jungkook’s presence a few inches behind him stole his words as he collided with his chest.

Jungkook grasped his svelte waist on instinct to steady him. His eyes, which were rounder than usual, instantly took in all the astonishing beauty of Taehyung’s face from such a proximity it numbed his brain.

Taehyung melted at the warmth that poured from him, and his stomach lurched with anxious excitement. The same feeling brisked the tempo of his heart enough to hear it thump in his ears.

Through the blur of his enthrallment, Jungkook picked up on the approaching chatter that came from Taehyung’s friends, and he constrained himself to draw away with a jolt.

He hastened to climb up to his bed, and he had just enough time to lie down before the two chirpy men entered.

“Tae?” Jimin called, bewildered at his stock-still state.

“Um, I’ll go take a shower.” Taehyung presented a feigned smile and scuttled out of the room.

Hoseok placed his toothbrush in its case and cast a suspicious glare at Jay’s back. “You better didn’t say anything mean to him again.”

Jungkook comprehended right away that the stern remark was directed at him. “I didn’t.”

The two friends crawled into their beds and scrolled on their phones, chatting here and there.

It wasn’t long until Taehyung knocked on the door since he forgot to take the card key with everything that happened, and Jimin rolled off his seat to let him enter.

Taehyung dried his hair with his towel as much as possible and threw it over a chair. “We haven’t planned anything for tomorrow,” he observed as he slipped into his bed.

“Right. We can go for some more sightseeing,” Hoseok said.

“So we don’t have to wake up early, right?”

“No, Tae. We can sleep as much as we want. Let’s go in the afternoon again.”

“Okay,” Taehyung smiled. “Goodnight.”

His friends parroted him, and Jimin turned off the lights as the light switch was the closest to him.

With only the table lamp illuminating the room now, Taehyung shifted to his side and rested his eyes on Jay’s back. The scene when their bodies crushed against each other swirled in his head on repeat, making little flutters scatter across his stomach.

He was pining to feel him so close again and touch him, something he forgot to do before, as his trance by the simple contact of their bodies had prevailed over every fraction of his clarity.

Somewhere between his wandering thoughts, his friends’ muted snores finally seeped into his senses. Jay hadn’t moved an inch this whole time, he perceived, and he could only hope he wasn’t sleeping. He had so much to say to him. He would go truly insane if he didn’t give vent to the thoughts oppressing his existence.

He cleared the hesitation from his throat with a subdued cough. “Jay.”

Jungkook maintained his stillness and silence at the whispering call of his name. The feeling of his slim waist lingered in his palms, itching him to touch him again, but he repressed it by clenching his fists. He had to keep his distance. He had to lease his craving for six more days until Taehyung would disappear. He could do it. He had to...

“I don’t know what happened again and you’re not talking to me,” Taehyung’s doleful voice released, eyes still riveted on him. “I don’t know why you’re being an ass. And I don’t know why despite all that I keep wanting to talk to you. Why the more you push me away, the closer I want to get to you. It doesn’t make sense. It’s scary sometimes. How much I want to know you. How much I want to... touch you. Feel you close. Even with your mask on. I’m crazy, right?”

Jungkook listened to his sadly spoken words with ultimate focus. They instigated a sense of gloom within his chest — such gloom he hadn’t felt before. It drove him to a point where the chains around his desires got obliterated, and the said desires sprang out, conquering every inch of him. “Yes. You’re crazy.” His voice came across as fragile as his sanity. “But I’m so much more.”

Taehyung pushed himself to a sitting position as he observed Jay climbing down from his bed through squinted eyes. He stood in front of him, giving him a look Taehyung couldn’t quite decipher. He saw him nod gently towards the door, then shuffle out of the room.

Taehyung made haste to get off his bed and sloppily wore his slippers before he followed him outside. A rush of exhilaration blended messily with anxiety coursed through his body as he found him standing outside of the door.

Jungkook advanced without a word again. They plodded along the silent hallway until they reached a closed door on the other side of the building. Jungkook slid the door open and turned on the lights. He waited for Taehyung to enter as well before he shut the door and *locked* it.

Taehyung absorbed the spacious room with the lined-up shelves and the round table with four chairs at the front. Then, his gaze slithered back to Jungkook. Each one of his heartbeats grew harsher and louder as he considered his complete standstill and his lowered head.

There was a thick sort of tension in the surrounding air, palpable and daunting by the promises it hid. It raised the hair at Taehyung's nape and sliced his back with goosebumps of restless anticipation. He didn't dare to speak, nor do anything about it. He waited, tensely waited for Jungkook to say something.

Jungkook's brutal battle with his rationality kept raging within his chest. The said chest waved speedily by his increased pulse, and his throat tightened with dryness, holding the words he wanted to let out hostage.

But it soon dawned on him. He had already lost the battle with his rationality the moment he led him into this room. The muscles at the back of his throat softened with the realization. The fluctuations of his chest calmed, though his heart preserved its pounding against his ribcage. And with a steadying breath, he lifted his head.

"You said you didn't mind touching me and feeling me close, even with my mask on." His low voice, gentle as a rain breeze, seemed to echo at the silence he allowed to overrule them. He twisted to face him and lost his line of thought at the interlocking of their eyes. He could see so much in them it daunted him. Attention, gloom, surprise, confusion, desperation. He focused on the desperation the most. Because he felt it to the bone as well for him.

"I want to make you feel good. But I can't do that with my mask on. So, will you let me make you feel good with your eyes closed?"

There was a lull in Taehyung's mind as his dream-like words reached his senses. Although his wish to see his face hammered his chest aching, it was enough for some messed-up reason he didn't know to have a taste of him even with his eyes closed. Maybe he had indeed gone insane. Maybe he was just stupid. But he craved this. Like he hadn't craved anything for years.

"Turn off the lights."

Jungkook didn't expect his immediate agreement without questions or without trying to persuade him to shed his mask, to be honest. His surprise mitigated the longer he gazed at the gleam of eagerness in his eyes. "I want to see your body, though."

"I don't even get to see your face. You can't have everything."

Jungkook's mouth tilted with the askew smile that pulled at the corner. "Just let me blindfold you. I'll show you my body too when I'm done with you."

Taehyung didn't have to think about it. He wouldn't miss the heavenly chance to gawk at Jay's body in no event. "Deal. But what do you mean when you're done with me?"

Something saucy twinkled in Jungkook's eyes that hinted at the lewd words he was about to spew. He dragged his feet closer to him, impelling him to move backwards until he reached the wall. "I mean, when I make you cum in my mouth so hard you'll have tears in your eyes."

A sharp breath fell from Taehyung's lips as his stomach knotted in cock-twitching excitement. "You'll only make me cum once? Boring."

Jungkook huffed, amusement radiating from his hooded gaze. "You'll take what I give you. Trust me, it'll be more than enough."

"I love how dominant you are," he expelled in a breathy undertone. He gripped his waist and pressed their crotches together, his mouth falling open around a mute moan at the hardness of his cock. "I want to kiss you so bad." He brought his mouth to his neck and planted a row of kisses

towards his ear. “Everywhere. Want to suck your abs. Want to suck your cock. I want it to fill me to the brim.”

Jungkook smacked his palm on the wall as his head lolled to the side, giving room for Taehyung’s wet kisses. The grinding of their lower bodies carried on, steadily becoming more intense. “We won’t spend our whole night here. We’ll just get each other off and that’s it. There will be no fucking, got it?”

Taehyung whined against his neck and gave him a particularly harsh suck before he drew back. “Why? We already started this. Let’s go all the way.” He dipped for another round of kisses on his neck.

But Jungkook twined his fingers around his neck and pushed his head against the wall, immobilizing him. “You’ll take what I give you. Don’t forget this. So either let me suck you off or get the hell out.”

Taehyung’s want for him only amplified at his rough treatment. Especially his long fingers gently holding him in place brimmed his mind with the bawdiest of thoughts, which spilled from his mouth before he could stop them. “I wish you could fuck me while you hold me by my neck like this. I would cum so hard for you.”

If only he knew how much Jungkook longed to do that as well. But he couldn’t explain anything at that moment, even if he wanted to, because Taehyung’s sultry words stole every part of his coherence. He grabbed the hem of Taehyung’s shirt and flung it off his head, an urge of stimulation hurrying his moves. “I’ll wrap this around your eyes, okay?”

“Okay.”

Jungkook used the baggy shirt as a blindfold and tied it around his head tight enough to secure it without hurting him. “It’s not too tight, right?”

“Yes, it’s fine.”

Jungkook peered at his half-covered face as searing doubt flooded his chest. *This is crazy. And so wrong. I can’t do this to him.*

“Why aren’t you doing anything?”

At Taehyung’s question, he perceived he had stretched his silence more than he intended to. “Are you sure about this? Do you really want it, even like this?”

Taehyung placed his hands on each side of his neck. “I want it more than anything right now. Of course it would be perfect if I could see your face, but I’ll take what you give me. Because I want it that much. I want *you* that much.”

Doubts now muted by his reassuring words, Jungkook removed the mask from his face and slipped it in his pocket. He cradled his nape and brought his mouth to his jaw. He stroked it with light kisses until he reached his chin and slid his mouth to his lips.

He wished he could see his eyes as he let their breaths tangle and their lips barely graze against each other. The eyes always spoke louder than words and conveyed the things the mouth couldn’t let out. He would love to see the desperation in his gaze again and his whiny frustration when Jungkook would tease him and edge him.

But maybe it was better this way. Because he could hide how much he thirsted for him in a way he

hadn't felt before. He couldn't show that vulnerability to him.

Taehyung mewed at his stillness and sneaked his hands under his shirt, leading them to his back to press him against his body. "Kiss me," he breathed out against his mouth.

Jungkook withdrew only to toss his shirt over his head and united their naked chests again. The first caress of their mouths was short, just for testing, and maybe with the intent to tease him.

Taehyung still moaned at the faint touch. His hands waltzed all over his stout back, feeling the hard muscles with pleasurable pressure and little squeezes. Unable to handle his teasing any longer, he mouthed at his lower lip and sucked it roughly before releasing it with a wet pop.

As much as his action titillated Jungkook in ways that had his cock jolting, he gripped his chin and pinned his head to the wall. "Be patient." He dabbed his mouth at the corner of his lips. "And behave for me, hmm?"

"Yes," Taehyung whispered at once. His dominant behavior truly flared him up so much the distention of his cock became dizzying.

"Good boy," Jungkook rasped through faintly smirking lips. He smoothed his hands down his sides as he merged their mouths in another slow but brief kiss. The said hands dared to go lower and cup his ass, his palms delightfully filling with the juicy muscles.

He kissed him again and licked along his bottom lip to savor the softness it held. He felt Taehyung widen his mouth, then his tongue prod his. He could scold him for his impatience again, but he hankered for more as well. So he tilted his head and shoved his tongue in the warmth of his mouth while groping his asscheeks harder.

The room echoed with their wet sounds and muffled moans, their heads spinning at the intensity. A desperate urgency guided their moves, as if they had to take as much as they could right then and there because they wouldn't see each other again.

Their hands were everywhere, caressing, squeezing, pulling each other closer, their puckered mouths brushing harshly and opening to let their tongues swirl with numbing pressure in turn. The air from their lungs kept lessening and their moans for each other increasing in volume. The grinding shift of their hips grew more demanding, their cocks drenched on the head by spurts of precum.

Breathless, Jungkook ended the kiss and attacked his neck, as if he were a starved lion. His ministrations were rough, though careful enough not to paint any mark on his skin. His hungry mouth lowered to his collarbones and carved a row of slick kisses along them.

He luxuriated in the meek gasps that burst out of Taehyung's throat as he took his hardened bud in his mouth and toyed with the other with his fingers. He could sense the thumping of his heart beneath his palm while he rubbed his chest, and a notion of amazement came about him at the comprehension of his own similar pounding.

He yearned to take his cock in his mouth, taste him, pleasure him, bring him to his limits. And so he shifted downwards as he sank into a squat, leaving open-mouth kisses on his stomach and gentle nips. He dropped to his knees and hooked his fingers on his shorts. His eyes rolled up his lean figure and set on his face as he nuzzled his bloated erection.

God, his urge to rip the clothing off his eyes drove him into a frenzy. He craved to see his expressions, the pleasure in his gaze, and any other emotion they could project. But he contented

himself with giving him ultimate rapture and finally having a taste of him.

He dragged his shorts along with his boxers down to his ankles, and a shiver of excitement crawled down his spine at the wetness he detected on the head of his angry-looking cock. "Fuck, so wet and I haven't even touched you yet."

Taehyung moaned at the rasping words, his head falling against the wall behind him. His blind state made his body more sensitive to Jungkook's touch as each one of his moves was a surprise he didn't know where it would strike him.

He jolted at the sudden feel of tender fingers wrapping around his length and broke out whining at the attention he finally received down there. "Mouth," he babbled and strove to gather his inebriated mind to articulate what he wanted to say coherently. "Take me in your mouth. I'll cum too fast if you keep playing with me."

Jungkook smirked as he squeezed his cock, watching more precum pool on the head. "Who said I'll let you cum that easily?" He stretched his mouth wide to accommodate the girth of the swollen head, and he sucked the bittersweet substance with a drawn-out moan. He twirled his tongue, then pressed it on the slit, tightening his grip around the base.

Taehyung's hands flew to his hair and held onto it as his stomach clenched with pure delectation. Persistent whines for more escaped him, though he didn't show his desperation with actions; he waited for Jungkook to give him anything he wanted.

His mouth drew away with a suck, and Taehyung's body tensed in stimulating anxiousness. Another spasm slashed through his fragile body as his warm mouth engulfed his balls in turn.

Jungkook flattened his tongue and trailed it along his cock to the tip. He allowed his length to pierce past his lips in a slow glide until the head nudged his throat, and he suctioned his mouth as he pulled off him. He mouthed over the throbbing cock, smirking at how often it twitched.

He enclosed his lips snugly around him and sank down, then started a steady, slow rhythm of bobbing his head. His hands clutched his ass on repeat, mildly shoving his cock deeper in his throat.

Taehyung's pathetic sounds waxed at the hot, strong slide of his tongue over his rock-hard length. He could feel Jungkook's avidity to pleasure him in his fierce ministrations, and he desperately wished he could have a glimpse of the heavenly sight. "Fuck, you're good. Don't stop. Please don't stop."

Jungkook notched up his speed, guzzling his cock harsher and savoring its smooth feel and extreme hardness. It was so wet and messy he sensed a string of drool trickle from his lips, and he brought his fingers to rub the excessive wetness over his balls.

He breathed heavily through his nose, disregarding the burning in his lungs, and he forced his legs to widen a bit more with a demanding tug on his calf. He clutched his asscheek again without stopping the bobbing of his head and dragged his wet fingers to his rim.

He was aching hard for a while now, but the breathy, ecstasy-filled moan that exploded out of Taehyung at the brush of his fingers made his cock leak dumbly. With an animalistic groan, he kept the length in his mouth and nudged it further in his throat as he pulled on his asscheek fiercer and dipped the tip of his finger into his hole just barely.

"Yes, fuck, fuck me with your fingers, I'm so close," Taehyung mewled, as his face screwed into a

frown of overwhelming relish.

Jungkook withdrew with a breathless moan. His mouth, that held a numbing sensation, hung open in deep pants, his lips reddened and saturated with spit, just like his chin. “Yeah? You want my fingers inside you?” he asked as he circled his finger over his rim.

“Fuck yes, please, please. And why the hell did you stop?”

“I told you,” he uttered against the head and cracked a smirk as he saw it twitch a second later. “I won’t let you cum that easily.” He gave gently sucks on the tip, his finger still tinkering with his hole.

“Please let me cum, Jay,” he begged shamelessly. His muscles were so strained by the delay of his orgasm they could snap at any moment.

Jungkook sensed the desperation in his voice to his bones. He believed he was on the verge of crying, but he couldn’t verify it with the clothing that covered his eyes. “How do you want to cum? Only by my mouth or by my fingers too?”

“By your cock would be so much better,” he let out in a weak attempt of teasing. “But I’ll take mouth and fingers for now.”

“You’re dreaming about my cock splitting you open, hmm?” Jungkook purred, then cloaked his cock with ravenous kisses.

“Been dreaming about it for a while now,” Taehyung confessed on a shaky breath.

“Keep dreaming about it. Because it won’t happen.”

Before Taehyung could question his adamant stance about that matter, Jungkook swallowed his cock to the root and forced the tight muscles of his hole open with a slick finger. He moved the digit in sharp jabs, his head matching the brisk rhythm.

“Yes, fuck, so good,” Taehyung murmured between his gasping moans. “Wish it was your cock so bad.”

And fuck did Jungkook wish that too. His hole was extremely warm and tight, making him wonder for a moment how the hell he had taken a cock in it before. He couldn’t fit a second finger in him — just the tip slipped in and the resistance grew impossibly.

He groaned his frustration about the prohibition to fuck him around the cock thrusting against his throat. His cheeks ached as he kept sucking his length avidly, and the more Taehyung’s sinful sounds increased in volume, the more desperate he became to have his cum fill his mouth.

“So close, so fucking close,” Taehyung released in a drunk mutter, and just seconds later, the burning heat in his stomach exploded. His body rolled through the waves of rapture as ropes of cum spurted from his twitching cock, and he carried on grunting while Jungkook ground his finger in tight circles.

Jungkook swallowed everything he gave him with a bit of struggle, as the amount of his hot cum was bigger than he expected. He slowly drew his mouth and finger away and wiped the spit from his chin with his hand. He could descry Taehyung’s thighs trembling at the aftermath of his release as he panted for breath.

He was so lost in his urge to pleasure him he forgot to give any attention to his thighs as he so

much thirsted to do. He laid his hands on the back of his legs and etched sweet kisses on his left thigh, as if he wanted to ease its shivering. He repeated his ministrations to his other leg, mouthing along the tender flesh of his thigh as his hands brushed up and down rhythmically.

“You were gawking at my thighs then and you lied about it.”

Jungkook’s lips formed a little smile against his skin. “Yes. I love your thighs. I wish I could fuck them.”

Taehyung’s stomach fluttered at the bawdy words. “Do it. Fuck my thighs, my mouth, me. Do anything you want. Please.”

Jungkook paused, then heaved himself to his feet. Something somber carpeted the intense exhilaration he previously felt, though he didn’t let it obliterate it throughout. He cradled his cheeks in two tender palms and strung their mouths together. The clashing of their tongues was softer this time, and no crazed urgency underlay the brush of their lips.

The taste of Taehyung’s mouth was addicting, and he would probably keep kissing him until all the air from his lungs would disappear if his still ridiculously hard cock didn’t jump in his pants.

He broke the kiss and leaned their foreheads together. “Make me cum now like the good boy you are. It won’t take long.”

Taehyung nodded instantly. “Wear your mask. I want to see your body.”

Jungkook pressed another long kiss on his plush lips and stepped back. He put his mask on and wore only the right sleeve of his shirt to conceal his tattooed arm. He untied Taehyung’s blindfold and rested his back against the wall.

Taehyung blinked to adjust his sight to the light of the room. He drew his boxers and shorts up, then turned to Jungkook. He had seen a glimpse of his body before, but having his hard muscles right in front of him to marvel at them as much as he wanted was a whole other level of bliss.

He didn’t comment on the concealment of his right arm and dove right away to devour him. Continuous moans spilled from him as he feasted on his robust chest and then his abs. He truly took his time to suck on each muscle, savoring the moment as much as possible.

“Hurry,” Jungkook groaned. He was so hard and for so long he was a minute away from bursting into flames.

Taehyung obeyed at once, despite his consuming want to kiss every inch of him some more. He yanked his pants down and fastened his fingers around the mouthwatering cock. “You’re so fucking big,” he uttered, unholy thoughts of having that cock inside him raging in his head.

“Suck me or I’ll fuck your mouth.”

A twinkle of eagerness sparked in Taehyung’s gaze. “Please do.” He looked up at him with his desperate, innocent eyes and opened his mouth, sticking his tongue out.

Only the sight had Jungkook choking on a moan. The sight he had dreamed of so many times before was now right in front of him, toying with his sanity. And it razed it to the ground rather effortlessly.

Jungkook gripped his cock and plunged into his waiting heat. His mind floated in ecstasy as that magical mouth tightened right away around him, creating the perfectly narrow hole to fuck. He

held the sides of his head with both hands and fed him his cock in quick, sharp thrusts, grunting in ultimate pleasure.

Taehyung relaxed his jaw, craving to take him further down his throat, as his choking sounds blasted through the room. He maintained his tongue flat and steady to rub against the delicious length that fucked his mouth with such fervency it made his soft cock twitch alive again.

Jungkook was true to his words; he reached his limits only minutes later by the pent-up hardness of his cock, and his groans spewed harsher from his mouth as his whole body got engulfed in flames at his oncoming release.

“You have the best mouth, fuck. Are you ready for my cum? Will you be a good boy for me and drink it all up?”

Taehyung could only moan pathetically with a mouth full of cock.

“Take it then. Choke on my cock, angel.” The movement of Jungkook’s hips became jerky as cum squirted from his spurting length into his warm mouth.

Taehyung flinched as a certain string of cum landed right in his throat, threatening to indeed choke him, but he swallowed it speedily. He sucked on his cock as Jungkook slowed to a stop and kept mouthing at the head in search of another drop of his cum.

Jungkook marveled at the sight, hoping he could engrave it in his head forever. Having Taehyung on his knees with a blissful expression adorning his messy face and his reddened lips suckling his cock, as if he wanted more... It was truly an image he wouldn’t be able to forget.

He dipped to grip his shoulders, and he pulled him to his feet, bringing him face to face. He tilted with the intent to kiss him, but the remembrance that he was wearing his mask ceased his movements. His chest fell with a sharp exhalation, and disappointment glimmered in his eyes as he leaned his head against the wall again.

Taehyung found the left sleeve of Jungkook’s shirt hanging between their bodies and used it to cover his eyes. “Kiss me.”

The gentlest of smiles bloomed on Jungkook’s features as he admired him through a fondness he never thought he had inside him. He lowered his mask and held onto his nape as he joined their lips in a slow, savory kiss. The knowledge that this kiss had to be the last awoke a gloomy desperation within his chest to take as much as he could.

And so he did. He kissed him hard and long enough to feel his heart batter against his ribcage by the lack of oxygen. Enough to feel a reinvigorated spark of want pump through his cock. Enough to feel his lips get numb and for his mind to wander away from reality. But definitely not hard and long enough to satiate the unreasonably immense longing for him.

He didn’t think there was a way to achieve that. And it terrified him more than anything else.



Get Out

As soon as Taehyung's consciousness rushed back to him from the best sleep he had in years, it sought Jay automatically.

He rolled over with a faint smile tugging at his lips, but the said smile froze on his face as he took in Jay's empty bed. A quick scan of the room told him he wasn't there, and his bafflement only amplified.

"Good morning, Tae," Hoseok chirped from his lying position.

Taehyung forced his confusion away and smiled at his hyung. "Good morning." He dipped his head to glance at Jimin's bed, but didn't find him there. "Where's Chim?"

"In the bathroom."

"Oh. And... Jay?"

"I don't know. He wasn't in his bed when I woke up."

A contemplative brume cloaked Taehyung's features. After the longest and most passionate kiss he ever had yesterday, Jay dressed himself, reminded him that whatever happened was a onetime thing, and left the room before Taehyung could object or question him more.

He returned to the room and found him lying in his bed. He told him how much fun he had and that he would love to repeat that night if Jay changed his mind. Jay told him he had fun as well and then turned his back to him and slept.

Why he wasn't in his bed the next morning was a mystery to Taehyung, and it filled him with a churning of emotions he loathed. He wanted to see him, talk to him, make sure they were okay, maybe even tantalize him enough to make him want another round with him.

But Jay wasn't in his bed even after Taehyung came back from his usual morning swim with his friends and their lunch.

Taehyung was seething with unease. He couldn't understand where he could have gone so suddenly and for so many hours. He knew he barely left his room, so the possibility of him going outside was null. Then a thought burst upon him like thunder. The storage room. He had to be there.

Taehyung descended the ladder of his bed in haste. "Um, I'm going to grab something to drink from the store," he lied as he wore his shoes. "Do you guys want anything?"

"No. I think I'll sleep for a couple of hours," Hoseok said.

"Me neither. Thanks, Tae." Jimin aimed a smile at him and continued watching the random movie he had picked on his phone.

Taehyung shoved his wallet in his pocket and stepped out of the room. He scuttled down the hallway until he reached the desired location. He brought his fist to the closed door and knocked gently. In the absence of any response, he pulled the handle down, only to find the door locked.

What the hell? He thought as frustration edged into his gaze. He knocked once more and waited in vain. His shoulders slumped with defeat and his anxiousness went through the roof. *Where are you? Fuck.*

He slouched back towards his room, but Jimin's words sprang up into his head, ceasing his steps. *"He took me to the private bathroom at the end of the hallway." Maybe he's there?*

Taehyung swiveled and walked further down the hallway. He located a door as he had hoped and gazed at it, nibbling his lower lip. *It'll probably be locked.*

With little expectations, he pushed the handle down. He glaciated at the click of the door opening, owlsh eyes staring at his hand. His heart thumbed against his chest so hard it dizzied his senses. He crept into the bathroom, and his gaze met with Jungkook's. But it was only for a moment because Jungkook snapped his head away in panic.

Jungkook wasn't fazed when he heard the door open since he thought only his three hyungs knew about the bathroom's existence. But the moment Taehyung slid into his view, an all-consuming terror punched his chest repeatedly. Because he was standing in front of the sink shirtless and *without* his mask, his wet forelocks sticking to his forehead.

Taehyung managed to glimpse at his face. He finally glimpsed at his face. And he was left speechless — his brain was unable to form words and his throat was too closed off with shock to vocalize anything.

He assimilated his beautiful tattoos that covered his right arm and the few scars that marked his back as Taehyung stood there with his muscles frozen stiff. A gnawing impulse to near him exhorted him to take an unconscious step forward, but Jungkook's menacing voice got him stuck on his spot again.

"Get out."

Taehyung's eyes wandered in a circle of contemplation of what was the right thing to say or do at that moment. He probably had to respect his boundaries and secrecy and leave. Yes, that was the right thing to do. But fuck, something seemed to pull him closer and closer to that astonishing man, as though he had unwittingly tossed a hook that snagged on Taehyung's heart and dragged him towards him always.

"I've already seen your face." Taehyung's voice traveled through the narrow room in a gentle wave. "Your tattoos. Your scars. It's useless to keep hiding your face from me. Because I know what you look like. That second I saw your face was enough to etch your characteristics in my head. And there's nothing you can do about it."

Jungkook felt his frustration fester within his gut because he was right. Taehyung had seen his face, and there was nothing he could do about it. He raised his head slowly and gazed at his reflection in the mirror. "You wanted to see my face so bad. Here you go. See it. See *me*." He rotated to face him, giving him the clearest view of him.

Taehyung's eyes caressed every inch of his ravishing face without wasting a second. They crawled down his neck and broad shoulders, then explored his sculpted chest. He gulped hard as they feasted on his solid abs and his V line that was visible because of the lowered waistband of his sweatpants. The lust-filled, spellbound examination concluded its journey with tangling with Jungkook's thoroughly focused gaze on him.

God, he was gorgeous. He had seen his body just the night before, but having the complete image

of him right in front of his eyes was different. Everything on him screamed sexy, and Taehyung was left drooling over him at the extended silence that ensued.

The stare Jungkook received was like no other. Pure hunger prickled beneath his skin, and his lucidity threatened to abandon him at its beguilement. The forgotten fact that Taehyung could get in danger because of him breached the fog of his trance and restored a part of his rationality.

“There. You saw me. You can even draw me now. But know it won’t be my fault if you end up dead.”

Taehyung’s glazed gaze by his extreme entrancement became focused at his mystifying words.

“Why would I end up dead?”

“Because if you open that pretty mouth of yours about this to anyone, you’ll get yourself killed in minutes. And this is not one of my macabre remarks, as you had said. I’m serious. If my location is found, you’re the first person I’ll think of. And my friends won’t let you live for long.”

Right there, hearing his lowly spoken speech, it dawned on Taehyung. The guy who had been wandering around the hostel had showed him Jay’s picture. He was too out of it to make the connection sooner, but his eyes enlarged in realization when it settled in.

Jungkook huffed a bitter sound at the recognition of his surprise. “Scared, huh? I told you—”

“No,” Taehyung breathed out with an increasing edge of panic. “You—You’re in danger. That guy who was wandering around here showed me a picture of you. They have already found you.”

A crooked smile raised the corner of Jungkook’s lips as he examined the agony in his chocolate eyes. “I’ll handle that.”

“How? Will you... kill him?”

Jungkook broke into light chuckles, then drew in a deep breath. “I really could be a murderer, and you’re still talking to me. There isn’t even a fraction of fear in your eyes. I’m telling you you can end up dead for seeing my face, and you’re still here. You even told me I’m in danger, as if you wanted to help me. What’s wrong with you?”

Taehyung let his head hang as his chest deflated with a long exhalation. “I really don’t know,” he whispered. “Whatever you are... you took care of me when I was sick. You kissed me so gently. You made me cum so hard. Even if you are dangerous, I feel like you won’t hurt me.”

A sudden severity fell like a curtain over Jungkook’s features, eradicating any glimmer of a smile. “I wasn’t planning to do that. You’re so curious to know my story you wouldn’t tell anyone about me because then I would be forced to leave. But don’t worry. I’m not a murderer.”

An unconscious smile blossomed on Taehyung’s face. “I knew it.” At the silence that stirred in the room, a sudden awakening reached a coherent part of his mind that still reeled by Jungkook’s beauty and flooded his forehead with creases. “This bathroom is used by the owners of the hostel. That’s what Yoongi-ssi had said to Chim. So how can you be here?”

“Don’t ask things you shouldn’t know, Taehyung. And leave. How long are you going to stand there talking to me while I’m half naked?”

Taehyung pushed aside his curiosity to know more and allowed a smirk to surface on his lips. “I can do more than talking while you’re half naked, if you want.”

Instant interest flared in Jungkook’s eyes. “Like?”

“Run my hands all over you,” Taehyung’s husky voice released in a sultry undertone. “Or maybe my pretty mouth as well.”

Jungkook’s focus dropped to the said mouth that looked more kissable than ever. “You don’t know when to give up, huh?”

“Why would I give up a fight I know I can win?”

Jungkook’s smirk intensified, and he dragged his tongue over his lower lip, his eyes merging with his again. “You think I want to fuck you?”

“Yes.” Although Taehyung’s response was immediate and exuded abundant confidence, his heart hammered against his chest in apprehension. “Wasn’t it obvious from what you did yesterday? And how loudly you moaned for me when I choked on your cock? I can tell you don’t have that much self-control. With a few words, I can have you pinning me against the wall and taking me right there.”

A light huff dripped from his lips as he darted his head down. He approached him with dragging steps and tilted closer to his ear, letting his mouth hover above it. “Don’t be so sure. I never said I wanted to fuck you.”

His hot breath fanning against him made Taehyung’s knees feel weak and his cock swell at its limits. “You want to. You can’t *not* want to.” Unable to resist the temptation any longer, he set his hands on each side of his neck and smoothed them down his robust chest. The heavenly feeling didn’t last long, though, as Jungkook’s fingers fastened around his wrists seconds later.

“I didn’t give you permission to touch me.” A slightly taunting tune underlay Jungkook’s low, breathy voice.

Taehyung’s face wrung into a frustrated frown. “Why are you torturing me? Just let me touch you. Kiss you. Like you did last night to me. And finally let me take your cock however I want it.”

Jungkook clamped his teeth into his lower lip, truly striving to contain himself. He released his hold around his wrists and drew back, his smirk now replaced by a set expression. “It was fun playing with you. But you need to understand no means no. We can’t fuck.”

“We can. We just shouldn’t. And I can’t understand why. What’s stopping you?”

My fucked-up life. Jungkook lowered his gaze to the floor. “Whatever it is, respect it. And leave.”

“Then what about what happened yesterday? What did it mean? Why did you take me to the storage room?”

“Obviously, it didn’t mean anything,” he snickered. “I just felt like it. That’s why I did it. I got what I wanted. And now we move on.”

“I can’t move on. I want more.”

“I don’t.” He made a step towards his shirt that was hung on the hook beside the sink, but Taehyung seized his hand.

“Why are you lying? You want more too. You want to fuck me.”

Jungkook held his chin and guided him back with slow, steady steps until his back collided with the wall. His eyes devoured his parted lips, then crept up to meet his. It took every single dreg of

his self-restraint to yank the door open and shove him outside forcefully, since Taehyung didn't take no for an answer. If he stayed just a minute longer with him, he would truly yield and fuck him in every way Taehyung wanted.

He couldn't let Taehyung get more involved with him than he already was. What he did yesterday was stupid enough. And he regretted it. He regretted it so much. Because now that he got a small taste of the perfection that was Taehyung in every aspect, his yearning for more only festered.

That was why he had locked himself in the storage room since early in the morning. He couldn't face him again so soon. His forbidden, outrageous feelings were still simmering on the surface of his rationality, and he needed to bury them as deep as possible to be able to see Taehyung again without fearing that they would pour out and overtake every inch of him.

Taehyung stared at the door that shut in his face through puppy-like eyes and hunched shoulders. Even if he wanted to resist when Jungkook threw him out, he didn't have the physical strength to do so. He manhandled him so effortlessly. He would be so turned on if he manhandled him to get him underneath him. But he instead threw him out, and his saddened exasperation smothered him.

With the click of the door locking came the realization that Jay was serious and wouldn't let him enter again. So he trudged back to his room with an aching boner which, thankfully, his baggy shirt concealed.

Taehyung did his utmost to secrete his sullen state so his friends wouldn't question him. His eyes jumped to the door a while later as it opened and tracked Jay's figure like a hawk. His pout deepened as Jay lay in his bed without even glancing his way.

His thoughts meandered and flickered like the smoke of a lit cigarette as his eyes remained at a standstill on his back. He was avoiding him. That was why he didn't come to the room at all. And when he found him, Jay didn't have a reason to avoid him anymore. He couldn't conceive of a reason Jay would want to avoid him.

Okay, Taehyung was a little pushy and pathetically desperate when he begged him for his cock, but it wasn't like he would do anything about it if Jay didn't want to. He just needed to know the reason they couldn't fuck. Was that too much to ask? Didn't he deserve an explanation after the fiery night they had, which, by the way, Jay initiated?

How could Jay want to suck him off but not fuck him? It made absolutely no sense, and the longer Taehyung mulled over it, the more his chest itched with maddening aggravation.

It was a little while later when Hoseok woke up from his early afternoon sleep. Taehyung sat up on his bed, and with a quick look, he verified that Jimin wasn't sleeping either. "Guys, let's go sightseeing and then for drinks. I want to find a guy who will want to fuck me so good I won't remember my name."

Jungkook's eyes popped open. The *nasty* sound of these words drove into his senses like a spike, clawing at his chest and bringing a harsh scowl over his traits.

"Wow, Tae," Jimin chuckled. "Didn't expect it, but finally! Let's find a hot guy for you to have fun with."

The three friends got off their beds to doll themselves up for their night out. Of course, what Taehyung said was on purpose. Just for Jay to hear and hopefully show any kind of reaction, or

even get a little jealous about it. But he maintained his stillness and silence as if he didn't hear him.

And yes, it made Taehyung stew in a bubble of bitter annoyance.

When the three exited the room, Jungkook rolled onto his back with a throaty groan. His lips were tightened in a thin line and his jaw was as rigid as a rock in hole-drilling displeasure.

He pictured Taehyung at the bar flirting with random guys, who bought him drink after drink. As his imagination stretched to Taehyung moaning for someone else, he sucked in a nasal, jumpy breath and released it sharply.

He wants me to fuck him. I want to fuck him. He has already seen my face. So we should just fuck.

He jerked to an upright stance at his logical, as he believed, thoughts. It would be just a fuck, anyway. No strings attached — they would simply have fun until Taehyung would leave and no one would know about it. He wouldn't get him involved in his fucked-up life. He would just give him a few nights of fun, Taehyung would leave, and then he would continue living his prison-like life until he could fix the mess he was plunged into.

The worst had already happened; Taehyung had seen his face. So there was nothing that actually impeded him from surrendering to his desires. He believed.

...

It was the first time Jungkook was so dismayed about when the three friends would return.

As usual, he spent two hours with his hyungs and got back to his room. He exercised to distract himself, took a shower, asked Seokjin to order noodles for him, ate his dinner, and still the three hadn't come back around eleven as they used to.

His fear that Taehyung indeed found a guy who wanted to fuck him so good he wouldn't remember his name, as he had said, mounted more and more until it suffocated him.

He glanced at the time every two minutes, sighing here and there, his foot jiggling. The thought of sleeping didn't exist in his head; he couldn't sleep without knowing Taehyung was back, even if he wanted to.

It was after midnight, he observed, when the beep of the door unlocking waved across the room. Unlike the other times, he remained seated in his bed and stared at the three through squinted eyes as they entered. Hoseok held the door open as Jimin supported Taehyung with a secure arm around his waist to help him walk.

"Okay, careful, careful," Jimin uttered as he led the drunk man to his bed. "Can you climb up?"

"Hmm, yeah," Taehyung slurred and gripped the bars of the ladder.

His two friends stood behind him, ready to catch him in case he fell, but thankfully, he managed to roll into his bed.

"Is he drunk?"

Jimin tossed his head in Jay's direction to fix him with a scornful view. "What do you think?"

"I think you did a rather shitty job on keeping an eye on him."

"He's a grown man, and we're not his parents," Hoseok snapped back. "He wanted to drink and he

did. And why the hell do you care?"

Jungkook's gaze focused on Taehyung, who just pushed his shorts down blindly. "Get him his pajamas."

"Don't look, pervert," Jimin hissed and hurried to drape the sheet over Taehyung's body.

But Taehyung hummed a whiny sound in expostulation and flung the sheet off him. "Too hot."

"Here." Hoseok passed Taehyung's pajamas to him.

Taehyung slipped the shorts on, then the shirt, and he flopped back down, his eyes already closed.

As the other two changed their clothes in turn behind the screen, Jungkook lay down facing the drunk boy. His need to ask him if he found someone rose dangerously within his chest again, but he knew he wouldn't get a coherent answer in his state.

Taehyung fell asleep in minutes, he perceived, and he spent a couple more hours gazing at his unconscious figure while his stomach gnarled with anxious curiosity until his eyes closed on their own.



You Had Your Chance

The dryness at the back of Taehyung's throat caused him to grimace as he swallowed. A pounding ache girdled his head, as if a spike were being driven into his skull. He blindly reached for his bottle of water that was squeezed between the bed and the wall beside him and lifted his torso to gulp it down.

His eyes split open, and he blinked on repeat as he took in the brightness of the room. The next thing his eyes absorbed was Jay, who was sitting in his bed cross-legged and staring at him with a notion of concern.

Too disoriented from his headache to analyze his view, Taehyung glanced down at his friends' beds in turn. "Guys. What time is it?"

"It's after eleven, Tae," Jimin uttered, smiling softly, as he stood up. "How are you feeling?"

"Like shit," he sighed. "We missed our morning swim because of me. Sorry."

"It's okay," Hoseok chirped. "We can go now if you want."

"No, I feel too tired and everything hurts. You guys can go, though. I want to take a shower."

"Are you sure?" Jimin asked.

"Yes."

"Okay, let's go out for lunch later, at least. I have a date with Yoongi in the afternoon."

"Have fun," Taehyung said with a knowing smile and lay down again, as his two friends got ready for the beach.

Jungkook nipped at the inside of his lower lip as his agitated eyes remained at a standstill on the opposing bed. The five minutes Jimin and Hoseok took to change their clothes and head towards the exit felt like an eternity by his bottled-up apprehension.

"Bye, Tae," Jimin smiled.

"See you later."

"Bye, guys." Taehyung followed them with his gaze until they stepped out of the room. He absently looked ahead and caught Jay in the same stance and still peering into him. "What?"

"Why did you drink so much yesterday?"

Taehyung's face wrinkled in bafflement at the unexpected question. "I just felt like it. Why do you ask?"

"Because. Did you do it?"

"What?"

"Did you find a guy to fuck?"

Taehyung heaved himself to a sitting position, questioning eyes lingering on him. “Why do you care?”

“Just tell me,” Jungkook snarled.

Taehyung could recognize his annoyance even with his mask on, and he gazed at it long and intently before his lips slanted in a faint smirk. “Yes, I did. It was the best fuck I ever had.”

A riptide of bitter rage crashed over Jungkook’s form at once. The blood in his veins felt like lava searing his skin and his stomach lurched with ultimate exasperation.

He shouldn’t feel like this. He brought it to himself. Taehyung practically begged him yesterday, and he threw him out of the room without another word. Himself was the one to blame. But it still drove him outrageously mad.

“Why are you so pissed?” Taehyung questioned as his vision narrowed on his seething eyes. “You had your chance.”

“I’m glad I missed it, seeing how easy it was for you to find a replacement. Just any cock is good enough for you, huh?”

Taehyung scoffed. “Don’t be an ass just because your ego is hurt.”

Jungkook’s menacing gaze spoke louder than any comeback. He jumped off his bed in a spurt of fuming fury and bolted out of the room before Taehyung could try to stop him.

As the door slammed shut, Taehyung’s features drooped in overwhelming gloom. Maybe lying to him wasn’t a good idea, judging by his reaction. He just wanted to make him a little jealous. He never thought he would infuriate him so much.

He didn’t make an effort to talk to him after he returned from his lunch with his friends. He was only able to spend about an hour in the same room as him before his urge to tell him the truth toppled over him hard enough to smother him. But with Hoseok in the room, he couldn’t. So he asked his friend to go for a walk instead, as Jimin was with Yoongi.

The two boys strolled along the beach with the palliative sound of the sea waves accompanying them.

Hoseok observed the persistent fog of sullenness that meandered around Taehyung’s features with slight worry. “Tae. I can tell something is wrong. What is it?”

Taehyung’s eyes didn’t lift from the sand. A deep nasal exhalation sank his shoulders a little lower as he chewed on his bottom lip. He couldn’t tell him the real reason for his melancholic mood, and it bothered him. “Jay is just being an ass without a reason. I don’t understand why.”

“What I don’t understand is why it’s affecting you that much. Did something happen between you two?”

“No,” he muttered, lips barely splitting to release the word.

“He seemed rather worried about you yesterday, though.” He cast a glance at him to check his

reaction and detected only a minimal tightness in his jaw. “And this morning, he was just sitting in his bed staring at you.”

“I don’t know why he did that.”

“I think you know. You just can’t tell me.”

Taehyung twisted his head slowly and gave him a tight-lipped, saddened smile. “Sorry. I hate this. But I really can’t.”

Hoseok cracked a smile and tapped his back. “It’s okay. I’ve told you my opinion about him. His secretiveness means only trouble. But if you want to go for it, no one can stop you.”

Taehyung’s immense need to discuss this with someone soared up in his gut and his tongue itched so much it couldn’t stay still any longer. “I saw his face. He’s ridiculously gorgeous, hyung.”

Hoseok’s steps stuttered to a stop by the surprise that clenched at his muscles. “How did that happen?”

“When I said I’ll go buy something to drink yesterday, I actually went to find him. He was in the private bathroom. Don’t tell Jimin. I hate doing this, but I think Jay is friends with Yoongi, Namjoon, and Seokjin. How else would he know about the bathroom?”

Hoseok continued walking as he reflected on his words. “You’re right. So that means Yoongi is hiding a lot more than we thought.”

“Yeah, probably,” Taehyung said.

Hoseok’s eyes passed over his form in a dance of hesitation. “Did you have sex with him?”

“No.” Taehyung received a light push on his shoulder and regarded the loaded look his friend sent him. “Really! We didn’t. We just... We sucked each other off.”

A gasp spewed out of Hoseok, then he chuckled. “I hope you didn’t do that in our room when we were sleeping.”

“No!” Taehyung exclaimed and joined Hoseok’s outbreak of giggles a second later. “We went to the storage room.”

“Wait, was he wearing his mask while... You know?”

“Actually, he asked to blindfold me.”

“Yah,” Hoseok snarled, disapproval oozing from his gaze. “You sucked someone off without seeing his face first?”

“Yes. I was that desperate, okay?” Taehyung admitted with a small pout. “I wanted to feel him close, touch him, kiss him. It wasn’t about his face. It was about how he made me feel. And trust me, if you had seen his body, you would have done the same.”

Hoseok snorted, shaking his head. “He’s that muscular?”

“Yes. You know I’m weak for muscles. But still, the mystery he has around him just draws me to him. I want to know him so bad.”

“And what have you found out so far?”

“That he’s gorgeous and has a big dick.”

Hoseok erupted into another round of chuckles. “You’re good then. You know the important stuff.”

Taehyung huffed a laugh at his friend’s obvious mocking, though he didn’t reply.

“Why is he acting like that now? Yesterday, it looked like he was waiting for us.”

“I don’t know. Yesterday in the bathroom, I asked him to have sex with me and he said no. Later, I said I wanted to find a guy to fuck me just to see his reaction. And this morning when you went for a swim, he asked me if I found someone. I think he was a little jealous, right?”

“Yeah, that’s what it seems like.”

“But I went too far,” Taehyung uttered, bitterness cloaking his tone. “I lied to him that I found someone. And he got so pissed he stormed out of the room.”

“Yah, that means he was indeed jealous. But I don’t understand why he said no when he apparently wanted to have sex with you.”

“I don’t know that either. He wouldn’t tell me.”

A frown of thought sprawled on Hoseok’s traits. “So, what are you going to do now? Will you tell him the truth?”

“Yes, I wanted to. But I couldn’t with you in the room. That’s why I asked you to go for a walk instead.”

Hoseok glanced at the time. “Jimin will be with Yoongi for about twenty more minutes. Why don’t you go talk to him now?”

Taehyung set his anxious eyes on him. “You think? He’ll probably still be mad.”

“You’ll explain, and he won’t be mad anymore.”

Taehyung nodded at his reasoning and gathered any scrap of courage he had. “Let’s go back.”

And they did. They sauntered back to the hostel and soon reached the entrance. They used the elevator to go to the second floor, and once they got off, they resumed their way to their room.

Taehyung opened the door and scoped the empty room as his features sank yet again. “He’s not here.”

“Go find him.”

“No,” Taehyung said in complete defeat. “Maybe he’s with his friends. He disappears around eight, so I guess he goes to meet them. I’ll talk to him later when he comes back.”

Hoseok draped his arm over his shoulders and offered him a soothing smile. “It’s okay, Tae. Let’s watch a movie while we wait for Jimin.”

With a nod from Taehyung and a faint smile, they sat at the table to pick a movie to watch.

...

Jungkook trudged back to his room after his usual gathering with his friends. An oppression was lodged into his chest since the moment Taehyung told him he fucked someone else, and it only became heavier as time passed.

It's just four days. He'll disappear and I'll forget him. He's just another guy. Nothing special. I can have a bunch of other guys even hotter than him. Yeah. He's nothing special.

The lies he fed himself mollified the heaviness over his existence only by a fraction. Because somewhere in the depths of his heart, he knew he was special. He knew there wasn't anyone hotter than him. And a muted whisper at a corner of his mind told him he wouldn't be able to forget him that easily, if not at all.

Jungkook found the three cheerful friends sitting at the table, playing a game with cards while drinking beers. They ignored his presence, and he reciprocated their indifference by climbing up to his bed without a word.

He lay there, listening to their giggles and chatter for definitely over an hour, and it didn't seem like they would stop playing anytime soon.

The buzz of Jungkook's big button type phone had his forehead flooding with creases of dreadful mystification. If his father called him so late, it wouldn't be for good news. He squeezed the phone out of the bed's inner side, and his confusion only deepened as he read Namjoon's name on the screen.

"Hm?"

"We have Ji Hoo in the garage."

Jungkook lurched into a bolt upright position, eyes double their size. The information took a few seconds to settle in, but once it did, he hung up the phone and shoved it in his pocket. He hopped off his bed in haste and burst out of the room, leaving three completely baffled men behind.

Jungkook sprinted all the way down to the ground floor. He only slowed his pace when he reached the reception as a group of people walked into the hostel, and he shared a glance with Seokjin before he stepped outside.

He scuttled towards the right until he arrived at their private garage. He knocked on the large metallic door and a mechanical sound rang as it crawled upwards. He ducked under it to enter, too impatient to wait longer, and focused his frantic gaze on Namjoon, who just pressed the button to shut the door. "How?"

"I saw him outside of the hostel."

Jungkook walked further inside and halted behind their SUV as he located Ji Hoo tied up on a chair.

"Kook," Yoongi sighed. "He's saying some weird things."

Jungkook's skin flamed with pent-up rage as a deadly sinister glint simmered in his eyes. He surged towards him and seized the collar of his shirt with both hands. "Where is your father?"

Ji Hoo gulped, an instant alarm constricting his throat. His bottom lip trembled as he attempted to find words to say under Jungkook's wrathful gaze. "Jungkook, listen—" A crushing blow in his face convulsed his entire frame and strangled his remark in a stifled groan.

Jungkook yanked him closer as his breath flew out of him in quick, deep waves of consuming fury. “Where is your father?” he repeated, each word ground out through clenched teeth with vicious effort.

“I don’t know—”

Jungkook delivered another mind-reeling punch that was powerful enough to make his nose bleed. “I’ve been living in hell because of him. Tell me where the fuck he is.”

Ji Hoo whimpered on repeat as he blinked through the hammering dizziness in his head. “Fuck, it hurts,” he slurred. “I’m telling you, I don’t know where he is.”

“You’re his son,” he roared as he slammed him against the chair. “Where is he?” His wrath reached a danger point at the silence he received. “I’ll beat you until you die. So talk.”

“We only talked on the phone once in the last four months.”

Jungkook released a shivery breath and drove his fist into his face. His arm swung back for a consecutive punch, but Yoongi was fast enough to wrench him away from him. “Let him talk, Kook.”

Jungkook’s lungs ached by his rapid breathing as he strove to ease his turbulent nerves. “Talk.”

A string of pained groans spilled from Ji Hoo’s mouth, that was covered in blood. His eyes remained half closed as his disoriented state hindered his task of collecting his thoughts. “I really... I don’t know where he is. After what happened, he disappeared. I’m trying to find something to clear his name for four months now.”

“You won’t find shit because he did it,” Jungkook spat out.

“He didn’t do it! My father has done a lot of awful things, but he would never do something like this. Maybe I haven’t found anything that acquits him until now, but I haven’t found anything that incriminates him either. That’s why I wanted to talk to you.”

A glimmer of mystification etched into the hard creases on Jungkook’s forehead. “I thought you were hiding on Jeju Island after what happened. That’s why we came here. To find you.”

Ji Hoo wiped his mouth on his shoulder, staining his black shirt. “I came here three weeks ago because I found out you’re here. About a week later, my men located the hostel your friends opened, and I assumed you’d be with them. I was waiting to see you, but you never appeared. I asked a guy who stays at the hostel if he knows you, and he said no. I thought you weren’t here since I didn’t see you either, so I stopped coming. But then I learned from my men that someone had asked about me. And I realized you were searching for me like I was searching for you. That’s why I came back today.”

Jungkook’s puzzled gaze locked with Yoongi’s similar one, then he aimed it at Ji Hoo again. “So you came to Jeju Island just three weeks ago. And you came because you found out I’m here. You weren’t hiding this whole time.”

“No, I wasn’t hiding. I wanted to talk to you. My father really didn’t do this, Jungkook.”

“Kang Soo hates the Jeon family,” Namjoon jumped in the conversation with an undertone of hostility. “He hates them for years now. It has to be him.”

Ji Hoo rolled his head in muted exasperation. “You don’t believe me, fine. You guys are so sure

my father did this just because he's Hyun Joo's rival. Do you actually have proof? I'm telling you, I'm trying to find out the truth, just like you guys."

"What if you're lying?" Yoongi asked, dubious.

"If he had done this and I were on his side, I wouldn't have come to talk to Jungkook. The past four months have been like hell for me too. I want to return to my home with my family. It drives me crazy not knowing where my father is."

Jungkook scrutinized his beaten-up face for any shred of mendacity, but couldn't be sure if there was any. "So what now? That's what you wanted to tell me?"

"Yes. And that you should stop wasting your time searching for my father. Start looking for the one who actually did this. I know my father. He won't appear until his name is cleared. Because he knows you will kill him."

Jungkook's enraged state melted into pure bewilderment as his chest dropped with a long exhalation. He dragged his feet closer and untied the rope from behind the chair. "Give your number to Yoongi. And leave for now."

Ji Hoo stretched his strained arms and rose to his feet. He tapped his number into Yoongi's contacts and silently shuffled out of the garage once Namjoon opened the door for him.

"Something doesn't feel right, Kook," Yoongi murmured, a contemplative frown embellishing his traits.

"Yeah. Why did my father say Ji Hoo was here and sent us to find him?"

"Maybe the information he got was wrong?" Namjoon guessed.

"I don't know... What the hell is going on?"

A fragile silence poured into the dark room that only broke when a throaty sigh was heard from Yoongi. They could conceive no answer to the torrent of questions that swirled in their heads, but one thing was certain; something was definitely not right.



That's The Only Thing I Can Give You

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung was lying in his bed with his eyes glued to the door and his unease soaring more and more within him. No matter the consuming sleepiness dragging his eyelids down, his brain couldn't stop its overthinking.

It had been two hours since Jay bolted out of the room. He had already checked the storage room and the private bathroom, but both doors were locked.

He didn't know how much more time rolled by until the cheerful beep of the door unlocking rippled across the room. He jolted out of his seat and hurried to climb down from his bed. He approached him, worried eyes scanning his masked face. "Where were you?"

Jungkook glimpsed at him and lowered his head. "Don't ask."

Taehyung analyzed his form and his gaze got stuck on his right hand. "Is that... blood?" He reached out and brought the bloody hand closer.

Jungkook wrenched his arm away with a fling. "Just ignore me." He took off towards the closet, grabbed clean clothes, and walked back to the exit.

Taehyung clawed at his forearm. "Jay. Can we talk?"

"It's late and I'm tired."

"Please." Taehyung slipped in front of him and smoothed his palm up his arm until it rested on his nape.

"I thought now that you got a cock, you would leave me alone."

The scathing remark spiked Taehyung's chest harsher than he thought, and his attempt to conceal it was futile. "I lied. I didn't find a guy."

Jungkook fixed his eyes on him with a notion of surprise. "You didn't?"

Taehyung shook his head slowly, a perpetual pout pulling his lips down. "I couldn't do it."

Jungkook suppressed his need to ask why and discarded any fraction of hesitation from his gaze. "And what do you want, Taehyung?"

"You," he stated with an aching determination. "I can't stop thinking about you. I'm really going insane here. Let me see you." He set his other hand on Jungkook's chest over his heart. "Let me see the realest side of you. Let me know you. I will take your secrets to my grave. Stop holding back. Stop pushing me away. Whatever the reason is I don't care. Just stop holding yourself back from wanting me."

The words seeped into Jungkook's head like a siren lullaby that gripped at his heart. His fingers drew up his arm and tangled into his hair. There was a gloomy sheen cloaking his gaze that was merged with his and a constant pressure on his chest that banged the floodgates of his immense

yearning for him.

Everything inside him felt messed up, and nothing made sense. The more he denied his longing for Taehyung, the more it grew. The weight became unbearable as he peered into his desperate, chocolate eyes. And it crushed his restraints entirely.

Jungkook pulled his mask to his chin and let his mouth ghost over his ear. “If you want a good fuck, I’ll be in the private shower. That’s the only thing you’ll get from me. Because that’s the only thing I can give you.”

The whispering offer imposed a stillness on Taehyung and sent his heart into a gallop, making it writhe against his ribcage. Jungkook’s body slithered out of his hold, and he only realized it when the click of the door closing pierced through the mist of his trance.

It wasn’t about just sleeping with him. He wasn’t looking for pleasure anymore — he craved the closeness with Jungkook. He craved to connect with him in a way no one else had. He knew what that feeling was. Even if Jungkook couldn’t return it, he needed to feel him close again. His heart needed it the most.

As if spellbound, Taehyung edged towards the exit, but staggered to a stop a few steps later. *Clothes. And a towel. Focus, Taehyung.* With the internal scolding, he pattered to his closet. He reached for his second pair of pajamas, even though he had already taken a shower earlier, clean boxers and a towel.

He scuttled out of the room and headed to the private bathroom at the same quick pace. He crept into the room and locked the door with the key that was in the keyhole, then shuffled closer to the shower.

He stood there with the sound of the running water ringing in his ears and his eyes fastened on the blurred outline of Jungkook’s body. He undressed and hung his clothes and towel on the second hook beside Jungkook’s clothes.

His hand drew nearer to the handle of the folding door. After a moment’s wavering, he slid it aside enough for him to enter and shut it behind him.

He marveled at Jungkook’s stout, wet back, soaking in the long scar that marked his right shoulder blade to his spine. His eyes then sloped to his right arm and delved into his beautiful tattoos. He was so mesmerized by them he wanted to draw them right then and there, but there was something else he longed to do more.

He inched closer to Jungkook, who was at a standstill, and laid his hands on his shoulders where the cool water trickled down. “That’s not the only thing you can give me.”

Jungkook closed his eyes at the delicate caresses down his biceps, an instant warmth exploding right in the center of his chest. “What?”

“A good fuck,” Taehyung whispered. His hands came to trace the muscles of his back as he followed the movement with his eyes. “That’s not the only thing you can give me. But I’ll take just that for now. You know why?”

Jungkook felt the other’s body press against his, along with his already hard cock. “Why?”

Taehyung peppered feathery kisses on the slope of his neck as he looped his arms around his form. “Because I want to choke on your cock again. Been thinking about it nonstop since the first time.”

Jungkook slapped a hand against the wall to steady himself at the rush of pure want that slashed across his stomach.

“I want to have your cock in the deepest parts of me. Feel it wreck me.” He slid his hands down his thighs and dragged them up again, his fingers grazing his balls. “I want you to pin me to the wall, wrap your fingers around my neck, and fuck me like I haven’t been fucked before.”

A moan bubbled in Jungkook’s throat as he tilted his head to the side to give more access to Taehyung’s sloppy kisses. His hands traveled all over his abs, fingertips brushing against his bloated cock as if he wanted to tease him — rile him up to his limits.

“I want to kiss you hard when you cum inside me and keep kissing you while your cum drips down my thighs.”

Another moan jumped out of Jungkook as he grabbed his one teasing hand. “I can do all that.” He guided it to his cock and forced his fingers to fold around it. “Right now. As many times as you want. As long as you want.”

Taehyung dug his teeth into the side of his neck, moaning at the feel of his big cock underneath his touch. He bobbed his hand slowly to savor every moment and often stroked the wet head with his thumb. “Then fuck me. Fuck me every time I ask you to. And fall for me. Like I have fallen for you.”

Jungkook’s eyes split open as each one of his muscles went rigid with shocked anxiousness. Taehyung’s hand continued toying with his erection, preventing his mind from processing his words clearly. “You don’t know anything about me. And you won’t like what you’ll see.”

“I saw your tattoos,” Taehyung uttered, sending a spine-tingling vibration across his neck. “They’re hot like you. I saw your scars. Probably you’re doing a dangerous job. You’re staying in a hostel, hiding your face from everyone. Someone’s looking for you. You’re here to hide.” He put more pressure on his cock as he pumped him, and a light smirk carved its shape against his tender skin at the twitch it gave.

“You haven’t told me anything. Not even your name. I’ve guessed all these things. You’re the complete opposite of me. You’re dangerous. But even though I know all this, here I am asking for your cock. Confessing my feelings. And asking you to let me get close to you. Closer than anyone else.”

Jungkook’s breath shuddered out of him faster than normal as his pulse quickened. He laced his fingers around his wrist and forcefully removed his hand. “Leave.” His voice spilled from him in a quivery breath, fluttering just like his heart. He couldn’t have anyone falling for him. And especially an angel like Taehyung.

Taehyung tugged his hand in his efforts to free it from his grip, but the other’s strength was effortlessly greater. “I won’t let you push me away again.”

“You don’t know what you’re getting yourself into. So leave while you have the chance. If you’re expecting love from me, you won’t be getting any. And stop being delusional. I’m not a guy you, out of all people, should fall in love with.”

Taehyung gave up on freeing himself and instead sneaked in front of his frame. At the electrifying meeting of their eyes, the grasp around his wrist loosened and his heart lunged into a full-out sprint. “I did everything right my whole life. I never had my heart broken. The two relationships I had were boring as fuck.”

“So you want me because you know you shouldn’t have me.”

Taehyung settled two tender palms on each side of his neck and delicately ushered him towards him, fusing their bodies. “If I just wanted to rebel, I would have picked any random guy from the bar to fuck me. I couldn’t do that. Because I kept thinking about you. I want you because I can’t *not* want you. Whether you’re a mistake or not, whether you’ll break my heart or not, whether you’ll fall for me or not. I want you regardless.” He decreased the gap between their mouths and halted just an inch away. “Be a mistake. Break my heart. Don’t fall for me. I’ll still want you.”

Every fragment of defense crumbled, and Jungkook found himself pushing that astonishing man against the wall, trapping him. “Let me fuck you for now, then. We’ll figure out the rest later.”

The tip of Taehyung’s lips slanted in a faint smirk. “I told you the moment I walked into the shower. That’s why I’m here. Remember? To choke on your cock. Have it in the deepest parts of me. So just give me what I want. And the rest will come on their own.”

Jungkook buried his hand into his hair and pressed him harder against the wall. *The rest are already here. Fuck.* With this terrifying realization, he captured his mouth with his own and let himself burn in the flames of their yearning for each other.

His hand instantly cruised Taehyung’s body, unsure about what he wanted to touch first. It smoothed down his side, clutched his waist to squeeze him against him, skimmed his pointy bud, trailed his tight stomach, and toyed with his erection. Again and again until he could inscribe the feel of his sinful body in his head and learn every inch of it.

Gruff moans burred in Taehyung’s throat at the zestful exploration his frame received and the hot tongue in his mouth that kept rolling against his own. His hips bucked each time Jungkook brushed the sensitive skin of his reddened cock, his knees close to caving in.

Strained breaths and choked whimpers flooded the narrow space, along with the pouring water behind them and the sucking noises of their demanding mouths. The feel of their wet bodies grinding together amplified the lust that enveloped them and rushed their excitement to the limits.

Jungkook nibbled on his lower lip and allowed his eyes to open in a sudden need to see him. He sucked harder as he pulled back and allotted a few moments to observe him. His wet, caramel locks were stuck on his hunger-filled face, his swollen lips that were shiny with spit hung open in deep pants, and his hooded eyes betrayed the entrancement of his mind.

“Why did you stop?”

Only at the breathy question Jungkook perceived he had gawked at his perfection longer than he should. “Sorry. You’re just so pretty.”

Taehyung cracked a smirk, tangling his fingers into his damp hair. “Thanks. But I’m also hard. And you need to do something about it right now.”

“You were the one asking to choke on my cock,” he purred and mouthed at the crook of his neck, leaving playful bites. “I still don’t see you on your knees.”

A pathetic whine spewed from Taehyung’s throat only at the thought, saliva pooling in his mouth for another taste of him. “You’ll still fuck me, right?”

Jungkook nosed around his cheek and traced his jawline with his lips until he reached his mouth. “I’ll fuck you like you haven’t been fucked before. That’s what you asked for. I’ll give you anything you ask for tonight.”

Each word pulsed through Taehyung's body, brimming him with blazing, eager emotions that made his cock jolt. He locked their mouths in an eruptive kiss, tongues clashing immediately, searching, desperate to feel more. His urge to finally have his cock down his throat spurred him to end the kiss soon and sink onto his knees, letting his palms grope his well-formed abs.

Now clutching his muscular thighs, he swirled his tongue around the sensitive tip and lapped at the drops of the heady, bittersweet precum. The hissing sounds that floated around his senses and the instant grip on his hair prodded him to slide his mouth down the thick cock in a pleasurable suction.

Jungkook thrust his hips lazily, his eyes fixated on his cock disappearing into his voluptuous heat. "Your mouth feels like heaven, fuck." His brows knitted together in flaring delectation as the subtle vibrations that rang from Taehyung only added to his high.

The bob of Taehyung's head intensified at the praise in need to hear more. He loved how his cock stretched his mouth so much his jaw ached, and he couldn't constrain his moans at the feel of it gliding over his tongue. His own erection throbbed, waves of heat pulsing through it that accumulated more and more precum on the head until it dripped down.

Jungkook's shallow breaths erupted harsher from him as the pleasure built like a pool of lava in his stomach. The flaming slide tingled his skin and the velvety suction drew such dumb moans from his throat he never thought he could produce.

"I want to fuck you so bad," he murmured — his voice left him in a desperate tone that even surprised himself, but he was too drunk on the rousing sensations to care. "I want to cum in your mouth as well, though. Watch you drink everything. Would you like that, baby?"

A sonorous moan broke out of Taehyung, followed by a series of voracious whines. His eyelids were wet with tears of ecstasy, his forgotten cock between his legs twitching and leaking a puddle beneath him. He paused with the throbbing erection deep in his mouth, breathing heavily through his nose, and dipped the cock further into his heat, larynx contracting around it.

"Fuck, fuck." Jungkook's whole body jolted at the heavenly feeling, back arching in bliss. "I love seeing you drool around my cock." He tightened the grasp on his hair and ground his hips just barely, wanting him to swallow around him again, and he fucking whimpered when Taehyung did. "Fuck, I'm cumming."

Taehyung bounced his head at once, moaning all the while, and kept sucking the delicious length as Jungkook's pants of relish peaked. Ropes of hot cum shot into his mouth seconds later, and he swallowed on repeat to drink everything just as Jungkook requested.

Jungkook grunted throughout his release, regarding that dream-like man taking everything he had to give him. Chest burning by his speedy breath, he slowly sneaked his cock out. It was so messy; his erection was dripping with drool and cum, strings of that mixture connecting it with Taehyung's crimson lips.

Taehyung sucked gently on the tip, guzzling the last beads of his orgasm. Now that his need to pleasure him died down, his painful erection conquered his senses. He wiped his wet jaw and brought his hand to his cock, a whine exploding out of him at the first touch.

"You want to cum on your own?" Jungkook asked, the drawl in his voice almost taunting. He held his chin between his knuckles and lifted his head, forcing their eyes to meet. He could espy Taehyung's desperation to cum easily, and he reveled in it. "I could do so much to you to make you cum, though."

Taehyung hurried to push himself to his feet, muted whines falling from his pouty lips. He stumbled by the numbing feel in his legs, but Jungkook was fast enough to fasten a secure arm around his waist. “Wanna cum please.”

Jungkook offered him a rather fond smile as he brushed his wet hair back. “Of course, angel. Just tell me how.”

“Mouth. I’ll cum too fast, anyway.”

“It’s okay. I’ll make you cum again. And again. And again,” he whispered against his mouth and kissed him delicately. He pulled on his lower lip with his teeth and lowered himself to his knees without delay.

Taehyung whimpered pathetically as his lips enclosed the cockhead snugly, and he jerked his head back at the brisk speed Jungkook set right off the start. He was so hard it truly took less than a minute for the pent-up stimulation in his belly to erupt.

Jungkook guzzled each spurt of cum, hands running up and down his thighs. His own cock stirred into hardness again at the obscene sounds Taehyung’s mouth released, and it amazed him, really, how eager he was to continue. To feel more of him, make him cum again, drill him with his cock. Fuck, he couldn’t wait.

Jungkook painted light kisses along the shuddering muscle of his thigh as he fondled the other. His sun-kissed skin felt utterly silky underneath his lips, and he was unable to resist sucking on it. “Could kiss your thighs forever,” escaped his mouth glibly from his punch-drunk mind.

Taehyung sensed the words creep up his form and clasp his heart. Sure, the context of his remark had a lewd hue, but the word ‘forever’ sounded so pleasant to his ears. Was it too soon to dream about ‘forever’ with him? Yes, obviously. He didn’t even know his real name yet. But did he care? No, not at all.

“Want to feel you, Jay, please.”

Jungkook rose to his full height, palms trailing the outline of his body until they cradled his cheeks. “Me too,” he uttered, and joined their lips in a short, avid kiss. “So bad.” He tilted his head into another merging of their mouths, deeper and even more passionate, tongues clashing like the waves of the sea.

He pushed his fingers into his hair and tugged it as their hungry mouths feasted on each other, delving harsher in need to feel as much as possible. His other hand slithered down his figure to wrap around his cock, and he relished the hardness he encountered already. Taehyung mewled and flinched at the unexpected touch, though Jungkook only kissed him harder, refusing to let him go.

Was kissing always that stimulating? Was it always so addicting? It really made Jungkook wonder as he explored his mouth with his thirsty tongue, puckered lips rolling roughly together.

The devout hankering that emitted from Jungkook in every single thing he did was blinding and messed with Taehyung’s heart in ways he hadn’t experienced before. He craved to feel more of it. He needed it.

He held his jaw in a firm hand and tore his mouth away from his. “Please fuck me. Now. Fuck me. Need to feel you,” he panted, almost on the verge of crying by the bottled-up titillation.

“Fuck, okay. I want that too. I need to prep you.” Jungkook glanced to his side at the shampoo rack and examined what he had in handy. “I only have baby oil.”

“Works just fine. I’m clean, by the way. I haven’t had sex since my last check-up.”

“I don’t have a condom, anyway. I’m clean too.” He pecked his lips, carding his fingers through his locks. “Turn around.”

Taehyung obeyed; he bent over, sticking his ass out, and pressed his palms against the wall.

Jungkook reached for the baby oil and fell to his knees once again. He clawed at his asscheeks and spread them to reveal his pink hole. He remembered how tight it felt around his single finger the last time, and he couldn’t wait to experience that tightness with his cock. “Can I eat you out?”

“Fuck, yes. Been keeping myself clean just for you since you took me to the storage room. In case you changed your mind. Just for this moment.”

“Yeah?” Jungkook smirked, bringing his face a breath away from his hole. “You want my tongue in you?” He intentionally let his lips graze the tight ring of muscles and planted a mild kiss there.

“Yes, yes, want everything,” Taehyung moaned as he propped his forearms on the wall for better support. A small kiss from Jungkook already had his bones melting in thrill. He didn’t think he was ready for what was awaiting him, but he longed for it like crazy.

Jungkook traced thick lines against his puckered entrance with his tongue, alternating between kneading and pulling on his asscheeks. The continuous whines that poured from Taehyung at the simple touch fueled the fire in his gut to fuck him stupid with his tongue, and he allowed it to consume him.

He drew circles along his hole and prodded it, the tip of his tongue barely fitting inside. “You’re so tight, baby. I’ll wreck your hole when I fuck you.” He squirted some oil over his rim and rubbed it with his fingers.

“Want it so bad,” Taehyung said between hushed gasps and throaty moans. His frame quaked at the slippery slide of Jungkook’s finger into him and his stomach fluttered and knotted in a mixture of pain and enjoyment.

Jungkook pumped the digit just thrice and replaced it with his tongue. He paved his way inside with forceful thrusts, feeling the tight walls squeeze the hot muscle. He wriggled his tongue as he sucked on his rim, then curled and flattened it against the velvety constriction skillfully enough to have Taehyung trembling for him.

“So good, Jay, fuck, more.”

Jungkook hummed with his tongue stuffed as deep as it could go inside him, transferring pulsations through his walls that short-circuited his brain. He drew two fingers closer and eased them into him as he resumed licking his rim. The resistance he encountered was great as he expected, and he pushed his fingers in and out in slow strokes to help him get used to the stretch.

“Fuck, I’m dripping,” Taehyung said and girdled the base of his cock with a hand, fighting with his immense urge to fuck into his fist and back at Jungkook’s fingers.

“You’ll cum again already?” Jungkook purred. He stilled his fingers and rubbed them tightly against the deepest parts of him, stretching and twisting them.

Taehyung choked on the next onslaught of stupid moans that bubbled in his throat. Every inch of his skin prickled with scorching excitement at the powerful nudges against his prostate, and the edge toppled over him like a tsunami. “Fuck me, please fuck me, wanna cum. Wanna cum for you

again.”

Jungkook grunted at that filthy mouth of his and heeded to his wish; he drilled him with his fingers roughly, his hand slamming against his ass in each shove. “Two fingers are enough to make you cum, hmm? Cum on my fingers then, baby. Cum for me.”

Taehyung’s whines increased in pitch with the ferocious jabs of his hand, and he fucked himself back onto his slender fingers, thrusting into his fist at the same time. Jolts of ultimate pleasure struck him as he finally exploded, cum splattering all over the wall in front of him.

Jungkook slowed the movement of his fingers to gentle caresses as he witnessed the convulsions of his frame, probably in oversensitivity. “I want to feel you writhe like that against me when you cum.” He retracted his fingers and kissed his reddened rim delicately, feeling it flutter at its emptiness. “To see you break apart,” he uttered between tender pecks. “To hear you cry out my name against my lips.”

Mind still buzzing by his overwhelming orgasm, Taehyung grappled for air as he drove his hand onto the wall at the sudden weakness that surrounded his form. “I can’t cry out your name because I don’t know it.”

Jungkook engulfed his hole with his mouth, his tongue already seeking its warmth again. He pulled back at the sharp hiss that spilled from Taehyung and instead fondled his asscheeks. “Sensitive?”

“Yeah, but fuck, don’t stop.”

The corner of Jungkook’s lips tipped up with a notion of fondness, and he dove back in to pepper kisses over his rim. “It’s Jungkook, by the way. Been wanting to tell you since the moment I kissed you.”

Taehyung’s shudder persisted as that silky mouth sucked on the somewhat stretched ring of his hole, but Jungkook’s confession kept him sober enough. “Jungkook...” he whispered and twisted his head in his need to see him, though he knew he couldn’t. “I like it.”

“You only get to call me that tonight, okay?”

“Okay. But why... did you tell me?”

“Because I want to hear it from your mouth when you cum on my cock.” Jungkook used a bit more oil and stroked his entrance with three fingers. “But I have to stretch you more for that. Your tight hole can’t handle my cock yet.”

“I enjoy it better with a little pain, so don’t worry.”

“Still. I don’t want to hurt you.” He left small bites on his plush asscheek as he trailed his hole with a digit. “Are you okay with continuing? I’ll want to cum if I keep eating your pretty hole.”

Taehyung chuckled sweetly. “Maybe you should, because if you cum too fast when you fuck me, you’ll have to fuck me again.”

A smirk peeped out on Jungkook’s features as he probed his hole with three fingers. “Trust me. You’ll be too sore for a second round. You’ll be barely able to walk when I’m done with you.”

“Hmm, can’t wait, Jungkook.” He clamped his teeth on his lower lip as his breath came faster and faster at the slow intrusion of his fingers. The fullness he instantly felt burned and clenched his

stomach, fingertips digging into the wall.

Jungkook sensed the tension that flooded him and swept a tender palm across the back of his thigh. “When was the last time you played with yourself?”

Taehyung breathed through the pain, telling himself it would ease in a bit. The unexpected question drew his focus away from the burning sensation and forced it to think of an answer. “Um, I’m not sure. Six months ago? I usually just jerk off. It’s not the same when I do it. And I’ve only used two fingers the few times I fingered myself.”

Jungkook hummed in response as he lightly curled his fingers and spread them. “How come you didn’t find someone to fuck for so long? You seem like you love sex. You’re so needy.”

“I didn’t have the chance. And I was too focused on my job. And the thought of having sex with a complete stranger scared me a bit, to be honest.”

“Yeah, I remember what you said. You don’t know the things I like, but here you are, bent over with my three fingers inside you.”

Taehyung huffed a laugh, which drowned into a hiss as Jungkook dragged his fingers back. “You’re not a random guy from the bar, though.”

“Yeah.” Jungkook brushed his quivery walls with his fingers slowly, eyes trained on the movement. “I’m worse.”

“Everyone has s-secrets, fuck.” Taehyung’s forehead plopped against the wall at the steady rhythm he fucked him, each plunge dragging and firm.

“Do you?”

“Well, no. I’m boring, remember?”

A muted snort tugged at his lips. “Your life might have been boring until now, but you certainly aren’t boring, Taehyung.” His speed soared then, fingers fiercely pounding into him, and he lunged to lick at the stretch of his rim.

A boost of heat stampeded to Taehyung’s core that flamed brightly, his cock already rock hard again and twitching between his legs. He had no time to process the other’s remark, and any trace of it was fucked out of him with the brutal smack that landed on his left asscheek, just like every conscious thought.

He reveled in Jungkook’s roughness — it exuded such hunger it frenzied him. It was truly so intense he could feel it suffuse his flesh, and he could only hope Jungkook felt his yearning for him as well.

Suddenly, Jungkook wrenched his fingers away, leaving him clenching into nothing and whimpering like a little kid who lost his lollipop. Before he could question him, he felt two rough hands force his legs closed and his slick cock glide between his thighs a moment later.

“Just the thought of my cock inside you makes me want to cum,” Jungkook said, a low growl coating his words, as he clutched his waist and fucked his lubricious thighs. “But your unchaste moans drive me fucking crazy.” The movement of his hips got erratic, and what urged him over the edge in seconds was another set of Taehyung’s sensuous sounds.

Jungkook rolled through the waves of his surprising second orgasm, feeling his thighs shake

around his cock. What the hell was happening to him? He couldn't control himself one bit. Wanting to cum so bad just by fucking someone with his fingers? Something was definitely wrong with him. But he didn't bother figuring it out at that moment.

Taehyung straightened his posture once the other withdrew and twisted around. He slipped his arms over his shoulders, eyes immediately taking in his flushed, gorgeous face. "That was hot."

Jungkook smiled weakly, ringing his waist with an arm. "*You* are hot."

"And also," he said, pressing his lower half against him, "I'm hard. So stretch me some more and fuck me finally."

"I need a few minutes, anyway. Let's stretch you real good."

And Jungkook did. He pushed him against the wall and raised his leg to wrap it around his form. He guided his three fingers, that were still slippery enough, to his entrance and penetrated him at once. Their foreheads remained connected, just like their hooded, sparking eyes, as he speared him open, shoving his fingers so hard into him he almost lifted him from the floor in every plunge.

Jungkook was hard again before he knew it and it wasn't by Taehyung's sounds this time. It wasn't by his fingers that scissored him. It wasn't by the jolts of his body against his own. It was solely by that chocolate pair of eyes that stared at him so fixedly, as if he wanted to glimpse into his soul and unearth each one of his secrets, share their burden, and cradle them until they would disappear.

They held him captive, just like all his senses on him. They screamed so many things at him, but he couldn't catch even one. They promised something... Something sweet and dreadful at the same time. Something he couldn't decipher — something he hadn't encountered before.

And no matter how terrified Jungkook was at that moment, he pitched to claim his mouth like a starving man.

He was so lost at the taste of his sweet mouth and the eruptive emotions it brought along he didn't comprehend when Taehyung fastened a hand around his erection and pumped himself. He only decreased the brutal pace of his fingers when a hot, sticky liquid spurted on his stomach, and he cracked his eyes open as he broke the kiss, panting against his lips.

The sight he faced was so ethereal; his glossy, heavy-lidded eyes swam in lust and bliss, his swollen, scarlet lips hanging open in quick puffs. He could never get bored gazing at Taehyung's prettiness, he thought.

Jungkook eased his fingers out of him and lowered his leg. "Again, huh?"

"Couldn't hold it," Taehyung murmured, nuzzling his face against his cheek. "Your kiss was too much."

Jungkook scooped up the cum from his stomach with two fingers and led them close to Taehyung's mouth. He watched with sheer amazement how that ravishing man dipped his head to engulf his fingers into his heat, and a guttural moan vibrated in his throat as he felt his tongue lick them clean, maintaining eye contact all the while. "Fuck, you're perfect."

Taehyung hummed around his fingers and suctioned his mouth as he drew back, releasing them with a wet pop. Wordlessly, he squatted and dragged the flat of his tongue over his abs, eating up the rest of his cum with swipes and sucks. The bloated head of his cock collided with his chin when he slid a bit more downwards, and he smirked against his skin.

He suckled at the tip, tasting the bitter precum, and sank his mouth down on his cock until it reached his throat. He swallowed easily around him and withdrew, loving the choked groan he evoked from Jungkook. He stood straighter as he let his hands roam all over him. “Give me your cock now.”

“You just came.”

“I don’t care. I’ll be hard in seconds again. You turn me on that much.”

Jungkook ran a delicate hand through his hair and gripped it, squeezing their bodies together. “I can’t wait to make you cum on my cock.” He strung their mouths together in a deep kiss and nibbled his lower lip before he pulled back. “Turn around.”

Taehyung stole another lewd kiss before he assumed his previous position; ass sticking out and forearms pressing against the wall. His anticipation built inside him like a consistent brewing that kept festering at the wait.

Jungkook made his firm cock slick with oil and rubbed the remains around his ass and over his stretched hole. He pressed the thick head onto his hole, and despite the abundant lubricant, he had to give a mild push of his hips to nest it inside.

Taehyung convulsed at the impossible extension of his sensitive hole and screwed his eyes shut, jaw set tight and growling whines buzzing in his throat. Fuck, he was big — he knew it — but just the head inside him felt like it tore him apart. He said he wanted to feel his cock wreck him. At that moment, with his hole flaming in pain, he kind of regretted it.

Jungkook’s eyes rolled to the back of his head at the extreme, pleasant tightness around his cock. He massaged palliative caresses over his lower back and round asscheeks, hoping to pacify a fraction of his pain. “Too much?”

“Yeah, fuck.” Taehyung blinked the wetness from his vision, his clenched fists pressing against the wall.

“You can handle it,” Jungkook uttered as his gaze stroked the curves of his form, tracking the soothing brushes of his palms. “You wanted this so much. You were begging for it. I know you can take it.”

“I can, I can,” Taehyung chanted in a whiny murmuring. His words embraced the aching in his ass and quietened it little by little until he dared to slide his body back, sheathing himself onto his cock completely.

A breathy moan rolled off Jungkook at the warmth that enveloped him, and his torso pitched forward in surprise as he grasped his waist to leash his itching urge to fuck into him.

Taehyung’s hole felt as if it were on fire, so sensitive and sore. His guts trembled at the fullness, a blazing trance threatening to overrule his mind. “You’re so fucking big,” he babbled as he dropped and arched his head in turn in his effort to endure the stark stretch.

Jungkook breathed a light chuckle. “You’ll get used to it. You’re so good for me. The best boy. Taking my cock so well, hmm? Wish I could kiss you right now.”

He often imagined getting praised by Jungkook like this, but actually hearing him praise him was another level of bliss he didn’t know it existed. “Me too. Give me a minute to get used to it and I’ll turn around.”

“Of course, angel. I’ll wait.”

Taehyung’s lips formed a smile with the same joyful fondness that sparked into his core. “I love it when you call me this.”

Jungkook resumed the exploration of his body with his hands in slow strokes as a similar smile broke out on his face. “Well, you are an angel. So pure and fragile.”

“Pure with your cock balls-deep in my ass? I don’t think so.”

Jungkook’s chest fluttered with the subdued laugh that escaped him. “Not in that way. Pure as in a good man with a decent life and job. The complete opposite of me.”

“Let’s talk about that later because I’m ready to have your cock wrecking me now.”

“You sure?”

“Yes. I don’t want to wait anymore.”

“Okay.” He anchored his hands on his waist and edged away a bit, then rolled his hips forward.

“Fuck, fuck,” he spat out, breathy groans dripping from his open mouth at the hot slide of his cock through his tender walls.

“Oh God.” Taehyung could feel every inch of his length dig into him and nudge at the deepest parts of him just like he so much craved. Scalding heat wove in patterns all around his skin and electricity shot up his spine at each unhurried, deep plunge. The pain was lost somewhere between the all-consuming pleasure that preponderated his existence, and all he cared about was to get torn apart on his cock.

“You good?” Jungkook managed through his ecstatic moans, pulling his asscheeks apart to watch his cock penetrate his reddened hole.

“Yes, harder. Need it rough, Jungkook. Please, Jungkook.”

He gave a fierce slap on his right cheek and grasped it again. His thrusts notched up until his balls smacked against his ass rhythmically by the speed, the sound of skin on skin tangling with their labored breaths and moans.

But after a few seconds of Jungkook fucking him with the desired speed and roughness, he slowed his movements again until he ceased. Dumb whines in baffled expostulation jumped from Taehyung’s throat, and he glanced above his shoulder, though he couldn’t meet his eyes. “Why did you stop?”

“Fuck yourself on my cock,” Jungkook said, voice deep and demanding around the edges. “You were begging for it. Now show me how much you want this.”

The enkindling words spiraled through the lust in the narrow space that only fired it up even more. He lifted his torso enough to rivet his palms on the wall and began rocking back to Jungkook’s firmly still body. “I’ll show you, Jungkook.” His voice came out broken by the relentless pounding of their bodies. “Need this so fucking bad. Love your cock. Want to feel it forever.”

Choked grunts slipped through Jungkook’s clenched jaw as he marveled at his ardent movements with creases of ultimate rapture on his forehead. His hands carried on clutching his waist, though he didn’t guide him; he let him pleasure himself on his cock, and Taehyung did so fucking fervently it enamored him.

Taehyung kept thrusting back, loving the occasional smacks he earned on his already sore ass, and felt the bulgy cockhead jab his prostate in every slam of his bodies. Utter pleasure slopped through him, turning his mind into a vacant mess that only knew Jungkook and his thick cock splitting him open.

“You’re doing so well. So well for me, angel.”

Despite finally taking his cock however he wanted, something was missing, and Taehyung didn’t have to think about it too long to realize what it was. He needed to feel his body against his own and his mouth to suck all the air from his lungs. And that necessity rose so suddenly and so high within him it stung his eyes with tears. “Want to kiss you. Please, Jungkook. Please.”

Jungkook instructed him to slow down and sneaked his cock out. He swiveled him delicately and cupped his sweaty face as he caught a tear trickling down. “What’s wrong?”

Taehyung claimed his mouth, whimpering softly, as his arms ringed his waist. “Everything is just... too much. And I needed to kiss you.”

“Do you want to stop?”

“No,” he rushed to say. “I love this. Wish you could fuck me all night.”

Jungkook smiled against his lips and planted a tender kiss on them. “I’ll break you if I do that.”

“I don’t mind. Fuck me again, please.”

Jungkook sensed his leg creep up to wrap around him and grabbed it to help him. “Such a good boy. Always saying please,” he uttered, his smirk evident in his voice, as he reached for his cock and aligned it to his hole.

He glided into him and set a rapid rhythm right away, one hand clawing at his thigh and the other at his waist. The penetration wasn’t that deep as in their previous position, but what both sought at that very moment was the closeness of their bodies, and they savored it to the hilt.

Taehyung, clasping his torso for dear life and nails digging into his skin, leaned to kiss him. He released his jerky moans into his mouth as the delicious cock struck into him hard enough to convulse his whole frame. Each sizzling clash of their tongues pummeled him deeper and deeper into the fog of intoxication that wafted through his mind, making the pool of heat in his stomach leap and thrash about.

Jungkook slammed into him harsher, groans buzzing in his throat. The friction of their chests combined with the heat of his velvety hole around his cock and that addicting mouth devouring him frenzied him — shredded every scintilla of his lucidity.

He wished for this moment to never end. For the first time in his life, he wished he could keep kissing and fucking someone forever, or at least do it every day. And as he shoved into him over and over again, molding his hole to the shape of his cock and with their mouths brushing harshly together, a tomorrow without Taehyung seemed so, *so* gruesome and cruel.

He ended the kiss with this realization and panted in shallow breaths against his mouth. His hand crawled up his figure and tenderly wrapped around his neck. He applied light pressure, peering into his eyes. The inebriation of Taehyung’s mind was well defined in his hazy gaze, along with the tremendous pleasure he experienced at that moment.

Seeing Taehyung so deeply immersed in contentment brought a strange, newfound tautness in his

stomach and unexampled jolts of warmth in his chest. No matter how much these new sensations horrified him, he couldn't ward them off. And maybe, *maybe* he didn't want to.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Taehyung," rolled off his mouth in a broken whisper, fingers still squeezing his neck barely, as he drove his cock into him in sharp, brisk dives. "And so good for me. Tell me how much you love this. I can see it in your eyes. But I want to hear it from you."

Taehyung felt a high he had never experienced before; his prostate was being ravished so heavenly, and Jungkook's long fingers were wrapped around his neck, keeping him in place, as he dominated him body and soul. "I love this so much. Love your cock, Jungkook. You fuck me so good." A new dampness beaded along the lower layer of his lids at the devouring feelings that rampaged inside him as he maintained his eyes locked on him.

"And I love your hole, baby. So tight and warm. I want to see how wrecked it'll be when I'm done with you." The rutting of Jungkook's hips grew rougher, just like his grip on the underside of his thigh, and they juddered together with each pounding of his cock against his ass.

"Fuck, don't stop. Please, please." Taehyung drove the back of his head harder against the wall, fighting to keep his eyes open so he wouldn't miss any of Jungkook's pleasure-filled expressions.

"Cum for me while you cry out my name. The name of the man who fucked you like you haven't been fucked before. Who fucking ruined you."

And Taehyung could only mewl pathetically and obey. He was already struggling to hinder his orgasm because he didn't want this to end, but Jungkook's words surged him towards that wondrous high. A mantle of dreaminess cradled his writhing frame as he came with Jungkook's name leaking out of his mouth in a drunk chant.

The heat in Jungkook's body boiled over at the stupefying sight of that angel-like man cumming with the prettiest moans coiled around his name. He impaled him on his cock speedily as the grunts in his throat got rougher, and goosebumps erupted all over his form at the first spurt of cum that spilled into his hole.

He crushed their mouths together and rolled against him, riding out his release with a current of muffled groans. The glide of their lips was fierce and the brush of their tongues slow and strong, still hungry to take and feel and relish every single second.

Jungkook lowered his probably sore leg, his scarlet cock slipping out of him. He buried a hand in his hair and clutched him against his body with the other as he tilted his head to kiss him deeper.

Taehyung luxuriated in the feel of his cum oozing out of his hole and dripping down the inside of his thighs in a hot trickle. He kissed him with equal fervor as his demanding hands insisted on pulling him closer and closer, as if wanting to enmesh their souls.

He did want that, actually. He wanted it more than anything. A tiny, buried part of him wished Jungkook would return his feelings. But even if he didn't want that connection, Taehyung was already so in love with him. And he could do nothing about it.

The torrid kiss broke in a joined decision. The euphoria of their orgasm remained, burning fiercely and cruising over their skin in muted tingles. They viewed each other through the same fondness, holding back mutually hidden feelings and confessions.

Jungkook passed his fingers through his hair in a delicate caress. "Let's shower, hmm?"

Taehyung nodded slowly, a small, constant smile engraved on his lips. His eyes were at a standstill

on him, absorbing every detail of his gorgeous face, as Jungkook mildly pulled him under the running water. “Have I told you how pretty you are?”

Jungkook’s lips stretched into a warm smile. “Hmm, no.”

“You are. So fucking gorgeous.”

Jungkook pressed a kiss on his mouth, letting it speak louder than any word. Once wet enough, he grabbed the shampoo from the rack and squirted a small amount on his palm before he passed it to him.

After rinsing off their hair, Taehyung wiped the water from his face, and his eyes zoned in on Jungkook’s surprisingly hard cock. “Why are you hard?”

Jungkook huffed a laugh. “Because you’re naked. And my dick won’t fall as long as I have *this* in front of me,” he said, smoothing his hands down his chest.

“Well, maybe you should fuck me until you can’t get hard anymore.”

“Should I?” Jungkook purred and pecked his lips. “You want it?”

“I want it, but I can’t. I’m too sore. And I haven’t had sex in a while, so I don’t think I can handle a second round right now.”

“It’s okay. Tomorrow then?”

Taehyung watched him intently and with a glimmer of disbelief mixed with amazement as he reached for the body wash. “How did we go from ‘we can’t fuck’ to you arranging our next fuck?”

Jungkook’s mouth twitched with the light snort that flew off him. He poured some body wash in his hand and gave it to Taehyung. “Things change.”

“What things?”

Jungkook stayed silent as he rubbed his body thoroughly. He couldn’t understand himself what really changed or how he felt after their intense moment, so how could he explain it to Taehyung? He chose to keep his convoluted emotions hidden and instead said whatever came to his head. “I just thought about it. You’ve already seen my face. So having a little fun won’t hurt.”

The movement of scrubbing his left arm slowed at the sound of his words by the tide of sullenness that tumbled over him. He forced his muscles to continue his task, though that vile feeling only festered the more he considered the matter. “That’s what it is for you? Just having a little fun?”

“What else can it be? You’re leaving in four days.”

Another wave of silence rolled by, longer and more fraught this time. “Right.”

Jungkook finished cleaning himself, glancing at the dark gloom that had engulfed Taehyung’s features. “I feel like you’re upset. I just don’t understand why.”

“Yeah, why would you...” Taehyung trailed off bitterly through pouty lips.

They took turns washing off the foam from their bodies in a fragile sort of tension, avoiding meeting each other’s eyes, although Jungkook didn’t seem able to stop peeking at him. Of course he knew the reason for his sulky mood. He wanted him to admit this wasn’t just having fun, but how could he? He would only give him false hopes because there wasn’t a way they could be

something.

They didn't have a future together. And it pained Jungkook a little more than he thought it would.

Jungkook turned off the water and focused his gaze on him. "What is it to you?"

Taehyung risked a glance, then dropped his head. "I don't know. But it feels more than just having a little fun."

Jungkook's chest swelled with a shivery inhalation at the expected, terrifying answer he gave him. "It shouldn't, Taehyung," he breathed out. "I told you. That's the only thing I can give you. A little fun."

Taehyung's lips attempted to pull up into a smile and barely succeeded. He ignored his heart that stung with a churning of nasty emotions and looped his arms around his body. "You're right. And I said I'll take just that. So we're good."

But they weren't. Jungkook could detect so easily his exertion to prevent his features from getting dragged down by that drilling gloom. The falseness of his smile. The perpetual glow of his eyes that was concealed. His droopy stance, as if he wanted to curl into himself and disappear from there. They were definitely not okay. And Jungkook could only comply with what his oppressed heart screamed at him to do.

He cupped his nape with a delicate palm, fusing their wet bodies. Their lips hovered a breath away, as his eyes dropped to them. *I don't want you to leave.* He connected their mouths softly to drown his urge to spill these words. It was such a tender kiss — just their lips slotting together and tongues merging sweetly.

Taehyung felt the change in the way he kissed him at once. It contained an undercurrent of such intimacy it knotted his stomach with a fluttering tautness. It felt like a promise meant to soothe him, although he was clueless about anything else.

What did it mean? What was he trying to soothe him about? What did Jungkook want to say that he kissed him so gently instead? So many questions and each one of them kept being swallowed by the mind-bending tenderness of his kiss and the hammering of their hearts.

Despite the tangled mayhem that was his mind, Taehyung focused on conveying his desperate feelings for him with the sweet rolling of their mouths, as the thought of getting rejected and having his heart broken by Jungkook seemed too agonizing to handle.



Chapter End Notes

It happened!!!! This is one of my favorite chapters of this book. And a lot more of my favorites are coming

Say It Again

Jungkook, lying in his bed, gazed at Taehyung's sleeping face with a ray of softness. His mind floated around yesterday's events — flashback after flashback sprang up, making his stomach lurch in blissfulness and his chest flutter.

Having sex with him wasn't just that. His attempt to deny it led him nowhere, because a shielded part within him knew it wasn't true. The emotions he experienced with him were ones he hadn't felt before at that level of intensity. Every moment, each touch and look, embodied an intimacy that tugged at his heart, as if wanting to merge with his.

But their separation was inextricable. Not only because Taehyung would leave, but also because Jungkook was who he was, leading a life that wasn't meant for Taehyung and currently being trapped in a messed-up situation.

So he had to pretend. Pretend that what happened between them was just for fun. That he didn't feel any connection. That he couldn't return his feelings. That his stomach didn't drop violently every time he thought about their separation.

He had to pretend he hadn't fallen for him. And it hurt more than he could ever imagine. He could easily see the sadness in Taehyung's eyes when he said they were just having a little fun. And maybe that was why it hurt so much.

"Why is Tae sleeping until this late again?"

Jungkook's spiraling thoughts ceased at the sound of Jimin's voice.

"Maybe he can't sleep at night."

"Should we go for a swim the two of us then? Or wake him up?"

"Don't," Jungkook cut in. "Let him sleep." He perceived the narrow-eyed look Jimin shot him and tsked. "He's on vacation. I'm sure he wakes up early every day because of his job. Let the man sleep now that he can."

"I hate to say this, but he's right," Hoseok uttered. "Let's go for a swim and let him sleep."

"Okay."

The two friends changed into their beachwear, took the necessary things, and soon were ready to go. "Jay, tell him where we are when he wakes up," Jimin said.

"Fine." Jungkook's eyes rested on Taehyung again when the door shut, and he released a soft sigh as he assimilated the serenity wandering on his stunning features.

Taehyung's eyes fluttered open a while later, and he blinked with a sleepy frown as he took in the brightness of the room. A delicate smile peeped out on his face at the sight of Jungkook across from him, who was already staring at him. "Hey," he croaked out glibly, but then the remembrance of his friends popped up into his head, and he glanced down at their beds with slight panic.

"Your friends are at the beach."

A rush of relief poured through his insides, carpeting any shred of tension. “Okay. I’ll go wash up.” He pushed himself to a sitting position, but a shooting pain in his bottom had his mouth flying open around a silent shrill and his eyes watering at once.

Jungkook’s brows raised in two bows of mischief, a smirk dancing on his lips. “Is something wrong?”

Taehyung darted him an angered glare at his prominent taunt, clearly unamused. “Mocking me isn’t helping, you know.”

“Okay, okay,” he snickered. “Do you need help?”

“No, I got it.” He crept down the ladder, whining and wincing at every movement, and dragged his feet to the table to grab his toothbrush from his bag. It would be such a long day for him...

After freshening up, he returned and got to his bed, facing Jungkook. The more he regarded him, the more vivid the memory of their tender kiss last night became, and it mounded a growing urge in his chest that escaped him of its own will. “Can I come lie down with you?”

“Why?”

The unexpected question dimmed his boldness and injected gloom into his eyes. “Never mind.”

Jungkook observed the pout that swept across his face in no time. He wasn’t sure why he asked for an explanation, as if he didn’t know it. Or as if he didn’t want to lie down with him as well.

Taehyung’s gaze flung to the opposing bed at the movement he caught with his peripheral vision. A timid smile curled the corner of his previously droopy lips as he monitored him approaching. He scooted over to make room for him, and Jungkook plopped down next to him with a subdued exhalation. “I hate your mask.”

“Me too,” Jungkook whispered, then removed it from his face and slipped it in his pocket.

They exchanged a chaste peck as their arms clutched each other to unite their bodies. A bubble of blissful tranquility caged them at the first touch of their lips, and they kissed again and again, getting drunk on the euphoric feeling.

Taehyung rolled his hips against him, the grip on his hair tightening as he sucked on his lower lip. He didn’t mean to turn the kiss into a fiery make-out session, but Jungkook’s existence did things to him he couldn’t control and flared his sensitive hormones so effortlessly.

Jungkook grunted deep in his throat at the next grinding of his hardened length against him and disconnected their mouths. “Stop rubbing yourself at me. You’ll get me hard.”

Taehyung smirked and mouthed at his lip, suckling it. “Maybe that’s what I want.”

“Yeah?” Jungkook mirrored his crooked smile. “What if your friends come back?”

“They won’t be back before twelve.”

“It’s already after twelve.”

“What?” Taehyung drew back, mildly appalled. “I slept so much again?”

“Yeah. They left like an hour ago.”

The surprise in his eyes converted into sly seducement as he pressed their crotches together. “So we have at least one hour to play a little.” Taehyung silenced his oncoming disagreement with his mouth. His hand traced down from gripping his hair to his nape and splayed wide over his back to knead the muscles in powerful circles.

Jungkook grunted with a mouth full of his tantalizing tongue at the fervency of his actions. The rolling of Taehyung’s hips was insistent, brushing his cock just right against his own now dripping hard length. He grasped the hair at the back of his head and pulled, breaking their mouths apart with a breathless moan. “Fuck, we can’t.”

Taehyung sought for his lips right away again with a pouty frown of sheer discontent, but the hold on his hair kept him immobile. “Come on,” he mewled. “I want your cock in my mouth.”

“Don’t say these things, fuck.” Jungkook squeezed his legs together at the shock of titillation that shot up his cock. “What if your friends return earlier and just barge inside? They have the key card with them.”

“But I’m horny,” he said with the deepest pouts he could muster, bucking his hips against him.

Jungkook chuckled at his cuteness but choked on a groan at the rub of their groins. “Me too. But it’s too risky to do this in here. Later in the storage room, hmm?”

Taehyung’s chest plummeted with a sharp sigh, lips still puckered in a pout. “Okay,” he reluctantly said, the flames of his enkindled state prickling beneath his skin.

Jungkook pecked his nose, smiling at the adorable pout on his face. “Yesterday wasn’t enough for you, hmm?”

“Of course not. I wish I could feel your cock in me all the time.”

“Your damn mouth,” he rasped as he held his chin between his fingers, “will be the death of me.”

Every ounce of slyness from Taehyung’s features was replaced with horror at the cheerful beep of the door that rang through the room.

Jungkook hastened to jump off the bed and landed in a deep squat. He was barely able to wear his mask and take two hurried steps towards the door before it flew open, and he saw the other two flinch at his sudden presence. He stared at them for a second and squeezed past them, scurrying out of the room.

“What was that?” Jimin asked with bafflement written all over his face.

“He got a call and left in a hurry,” Taehyung lied as he sat up, eyes flitting around the floor.

“Oh. Anyway. Come on, Tae, get ready.”

Taehyung squinted his vision on Jimin. “For what?”

“Did you forget? We have climbing today.”

Another flash of horror widened Taehyung’s eyes, as he had completely forgotten about their plans with everything that happened. *Fuck. How am I supposed to climb a damn mountain when I can barely walk?* “Um, sorry. I don’t think I can come.”

“Why?” Hoseok asked.

“My stomach feels a little weird. I think I ate something bad.”

“Do you need us to get you something?”

“No, hyung. It’ll pass. I just don’t feel strong enough. You should go, though.”

“You want to go, Chim?”

“Yeah. We only have three days left, so I want to see as many places as possible. We can go all together tomorrow.”

Taehyung nodded smilingly. “Yes.”

After taking their towels and clean clothes, the two headed out of the room, and Taehyung plopped down with a sigh. *That was so fucking close.*

It was a little while later when they returned freshly showered and dressed in casual clothes. They wore their shoes and grabbed their bags, then said their goodbyes to Taehyung before leaving once again.

Jungkook peeked at the two from the kitchen where he was hiding and trod back to his room when they disappeared from his sight. He opened the door with his card key and glanced at Taehyung’s bed as he shed his mask. “Where did they go?”

“For climbing. I forgot about it.”

A notion of devilry flared in Jungkook’s eyes as he smiled sweetly. “Why didn’t you go?”

“Why do you think?” he scoffed, irony pouring off his tone mixed with playful annoyance. “I can barely walk.”

“Oh right. I broke you.”

Taehyung snorted, shaking his head. “They’ll be late, so come up here to continue what we were doing.”

“No, it’s too dangerous in here.”

“Come on—”

“No,” he stated, eyes grave and warning. “I don’t want anyone to know about this.” He caught the instant avoidance of his gaze and the nibbling of his lip, and regarded him in the fraught silence that buzzed in the room. “Don’t tell me... you said something to your friends.”

“No! I—I mean... I only told Hoseok about the night in the storage room and that I saw your face. But only because I wanted to talk to someone about my feelings!”

A crippling feeling of doom squashed Jungkook’s being, numbing him. He buried his face in his hands and rubbed his forehead with infuriating pressure. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” His voice rose to a roar as he slammed his fist on his bed, and he let his head fall against it in pure frustration. “I’m so fucking stupid.”

A curtain of sorrowful remorse veiled Taehyung’s features as he kept glancing at his enraged state. “Why do you say that?”

“I shouldn’t have started anything with you.” He pushed a hand through his hair, maintaining his back turned to him. “Why did I expect you would keep your mouth shut? I’m so stupid.”

“But—But I didn’t say anything that can put you in danger,” Taehyung attempted to defend himself, voice cracking at the bitter wetness that gathered in his eyes.

“I didn’t want anyone to know anything!” Jungkook growled with a fling of his arm as he spun around, his incensed eyes slashing through him.

Taehyung hung his head when he sensed the tears he strove to hold back drip down his face. “Hoseok already knew something was going on because of your behavior. But either way, I’m sorry. Maybe this was a mistake after all.” He lay down facing the wall just as his face wrung with sadness and gushed out of his eyes in wave after wave of tears.

Jungkook’s anger melted so effortlessly at the sound of his muted sobs. They twisted his heart so violently he wished he didn’t have one at that moment. Why did he have to care so much about him? Why did he feel such heartache at the sight of him crying?

The said heartache exhorted his legs to advance, and he found himself standing in front of his bed. “I… I’m sorry. I didn’t want to make you cry. Don’t cry.”

But despite his words, Taehyung’s body still shook lightly by his suppressed sobs, unable to tame them. That stranglehold of remorse around his neck tightened more and more as he reexamined his actions. It was obvious that Jungkook wouldn’t want anyone to know about them, even though Hoseok was trusted. And it *was* a mistake whatever happened between them. Because he could put him in danger without wanting to.

Taehyung was so lost in his ruefulness he didn’t comprehend when Jungkook sneaked beside him until he felt a robust chest press against his back and an arm embrace his shivery form.

Jungkook drew a row of utterly delicate kisses on the slope of his neck and held onto his silence as the quivery tension in Taehyung’s muscles subsided. “I’m a jerk, baby. You knew that from the start. Don’t cry because of me. Please.”

Taehyung used his shirt to dry the wetness from his face and sniffled, the tips of his lips hanging tamely. “I just feel bad. I didn’t want to make you so mad.”

“It’s not your fault. My temper sucks. I’ve been through hell lately, and I get mad way too easily.”

Taehyung wiped his nose once more with his shoulder and rolled over. He snuggled up into his warm embrace, bringing their mouths inches apart. “Do you want to talk about it?”

Jungkook filled his lungs with a dragging breath and released it nasally. “I can’t. You know I can’t.”

“But do you want to?”

Jungkook combed through his hair with his fingers, gazing into his reddened eyes. He tilted to kiss him long and deeply and kept smoothing his locks back in slow-paced, mild caresses as he withdrew. “Share everything with you? Yes. But bring you into my life? No.”

Taehyung trailed tender lines on his side with his palm, his soft stare on him unrelenting. “I’m already in your life.”

“No, you’re not. Staying in here and hiding isn’t my life, Taehyung. For now, maybe it is. But it

won't be for long."

He found a decent amount of logic in his words and accepted them resignedly. He nuzzled his face into his chest and carved a row of kisses where his lips lay. "I wish you could tell me about your life. I'm so curious to know your story." He sensed his chest rise with a quivery influx of air and kissed it again as it rippled to a drop.

"You won't like what you'll hear. So it's better not knowing."

Taehyung pulled back enough to interlock their gazes. A hushed sadness adorned his eyes, he observed, and the recognition sank his heart into a mire of gloom, for some reason. "Let me decide that, Jungkook," he uttered — begged — in a fragile tune. "Just like I don't know you, you don't know me either. Let me decide what I can handle or not."

"Whether you can handle it or not, I don't want you anywhere near my life. You're too pure for it."

Taehyung's eyes matched his sadness as he cradled his cheek in a gentle hold. "If I can't be in your life because I'm too pure, I don't want to be pure anymore. Ruin me. Ruin me for anyone else and let me be in your life."

The slew of mixed emotions within Jungkook rocked like a weight that could tip him over at any second as his words curled around his senses. They echoed so sweet and ideal. His impulse to concede to Taehyung's wish ground through his chest to reach his heart and demolish the wall of restraint that caged it, but that pulsing organ shrilled in agony because he couldn't let it happen.

He managed a semblance of a smile, although it had bitterness outlining it. "Don't make this complicated. It's supposed to be fun for as long as it lasts. Take what's given to you right now. And don't think about tomorrow."

Taehyung nestled his face against his chest, latching onto him. As much as he wanted to do that, he couldn't. The thought of parting from him sliced his heart and struck a stinging burn around his nose that watered his eyes. He couldn't survive a tomorrow without him. Although they only knew each other for a few days, his heart was already brimmed with Jungkook to the core — to the point of being a breath away from exploding from the fullness of him.

He didn't know why or how that was possible to happen in such a short time. But it did happen, and he was left suffering inwardly, obscuring each jolt of unbearable pain behind a smiling facade.

Jungkook did his afternoon exercise once the three friends headed out to buy souvenirs. He took a cooling shower with the thought of Taehyung meandering in his mind like a persistent cloud he couldn't dissipate.

He smiled fondly at his memory, then drowned into a whirlpool of sullenness the next moment. Everything was too messed up, and he was getting tired of pretending and confining his desires.

Dressed in his usual long-sleeved shirt and black sweatpants, he sauntered towards the storage room since it was almost eight. He slid the door open and found his three hyungs already seated around the table. "Hey."

"Hey, Kook," Seokjin said as he passed him a can of beer. "How are you?"

"Fine." He stuffed his mask into his pocket and sipped the cold drink.

“Are you sure?” Yoongi questioned with a raised brow. “You’re not sulky anymore because you can’t fuck Taehyung?”

“No,” he sighed, his gaze anchored on his beer. “Because I already did.” The confession came out of his mouth so nonchalantly, as if discussing the weather.

Seokjin’s drink slipped through his grip at the revelation, and a splash of beer leaped out, drenching his hand, when he caught it just in time. He set the can on the table and shook off the liquid from his hand, then wiped it on his sweatpants. “You... You showed him your face?”

“He had already seen my face. He found out about the private bathroom and came looking for me. I hadn’t locked the door. And he saw my face.”

Yoongi screwed his eyes shut and dug his face into his hands, rubbing it in excessive frustration. “I can’t believe this.”

“Why is it so wrong? He had already seen my face, anyway.”

“And what? You thought that fucking him was a good idea then?” Yoongi roared, banging his fists against the table. “If he gets attached to you, he’ll become a fucking problem, Jungkook. His life can get in danger. If, of course, he doesn’t open his mouth and forces us to kill him.”

“You won’t touch him,” he stated, voice low and tight with a hair-raising warning. “He won’t say anything.”

“Jungkook...” Namjoon uttered through the constrictive coil of hesitation in his throat. “How can you be so sure?”

“Because he’s already attached to me.” A fog of dreariness blurred his eyes as he maintained them locked on the can in his hand. “He said he has fallen for me.”

As a sonorous scoff of disbelief burst out of Yoongi’s mouth, Seokjin gaped at him, unable to wrap his head around what he said. “How? He... He knows nothing about you.”

“I don’t know how. And I don’t really care. The point is, he won’t say anything. So don’t even think about hurting him.”

“We won’t, Kook. Of course we won’t,” Namjoon said.

Yoongi chugged down his beer and expelled a long sigh. “What’s wrong with these guys? Why are they falling in love so easily?”

Jungkook cracked a little smile with the snort that escaped him. “Did Jimin confess?”

“No. But I can see it. After what you said, I observed his behavior. He’s not looking just for a good fuck.”

“What do you mean? How is he acting?” Seokjin asked.

“He’s just so clingy. He wants to kiss me all the time. Hug me. Wants me to fuck him again and again.”

“And you like it.”

Yoongi focused his eyes on Jungkook at his statement. Only his subdued exhalation rippled through the room at the brief hush he allowed to reign over them. “Yeah, that’s the fucking

problem. I like it too much.”

The smile that cut across Jungkook’s face was wide and genuine this time. “Why is it a problem? Falling in love isn’t that bad.”

“He’s leaving in three days, Jungkook. Along with Taehyung.”

Even if Jungkook wanted to forget that sorrowful fact, he couldn’t. “I know. Maybe after all this, you guys can be together, though. Where does he live?”

“Do you hear yourself?” Yoongi sneered bitterly. “I’m a fucking drug dealer.”

“No. You work at a nightclub. *I’m* a drug dealer. *I* handle the business.”

“Still...” Yoongi whispered. “I arrange deals for the business. All of us do. We’re all involved. That’s our life, Kook. Do you think we have room for love?”

A dark grimness hung over Jungkook’s traits like a mantle. He swigged his beer and propped his forearms against the table. “We don’t, huh?”

“No. Love is a weakness. And when our rivals find that weakness, they’ll tear it apart.”

The silence lingered in the air heavily as Jungkook retired into his mangled thoughts. Yoongi was right. He couldn’t forget the numerous times they attempted to hurt or even kill him, his family, and his friends throughout the years because they wanted to weaken them. How could he bring Taehyung into a life like this?

The answer was he couldn’t, and he would never do it. Taehyung was too precious for such a brutal life.

Jungkook finished his beer with large gulps. His eyes grazed over his friends, glimpsing at the oppression dragging their features down, and plummeted again. “Then... maybe I don’t want this life anymore.”

A new heaviness was added to the already strained atmosphere that rendered the three throughout speechless, just viewing him dumbly.

Namjoon shifted in his seat, unease gnawing at his chest. “Are you serious? Why? Don’t tell me... No, Jungkook. You’ll throw everything away for a guy? We worked so fucking hard to get here.”

“I said maybe. Relax. We have other things to deal with first, anyway.”

“Right,” Yoongi said. “We have to figure out this mess. Then we’ll see.”

“Yes. Let’s just leave this matter for now and focus on Ji Hoo, hmm?” Seokjin glanced around at them and soon saw them nod. “Did you talk to your father?”

“No. Let’s call him now. Yoon?”

Yoongi fished his phone from his pocket and typed his name into the search bar of his contacts. He tapped his number and put it on speaker, then placed the phone on the table.

It rang for a long time as usual, but Hyun Joon’s gruff voice eventually waved across the room. “Yoongi? What is it?”

“Dad. We’re all together in the storage room. I have to ask you something.”

“Make it quick. I’m out.”

“You sent us here to find Ji Hoo because you found out he was hiding here, right?”

“Yes.”

“Who told you that?”

“Tsk, did you call me to ask stupid things? Why does that matter?”

“Because Ji Hoo came to Jeju Island only three weeks ago.” Jungkook shared a taut look with his hyungs at the silence that ensued.

“Did you find him?”

“Yes. He said his father didn’t do it.”

“And you believed him? What else would he say? It’s his father.” Hyun Joon let out a coarse sigh. “Look, the information came from my men. Either they lied to me or they didn’t do their job properly. I’ll handle that. You should focus on making Ji Hoo tell you where Kang Soo is. He has to pay for what he did to you, doesn’t he?”

Jungkook’s mouth pressed into a cruel line as his jaw tightened at the rapid remembrance. “Yes. But Ji Hoo says he doesn’t know where he is. I even beat him until he bled, and he didn’t say anything. He’s trying to clear his name.”

“Bullshit,” he scoffed. “Of course he knows, and he’s playing you. Don’t forget everything they did to us. Kang Soo is capable of anything. And if Ji Hoo really doesn’t know, use him to find his location.”

“I’ll see what I can do. But are you sure there’s nothing I have to know?”

“Yes, Jungkookie. The business is going well, but since the four of you aren’t here, I have to oversee everything. Finish the job soon. I need you back.”

“Okay. Bye.”

“Take care, guys.”

After the rest of them said their goodbyes, Yoongi ended the call. “I’m even more confused now.”

“I know,” Seokjin sighed. “Me too.”

“Well, someone is lying. The question is who,” Namjoon said, rubbing his chin in contemplation.

Jungkook stared at an empty spot in the air as his mind swirled with a myriad of thoughts. “For now, let’s think of a way to make Ji Hoo talk or make him lead us to his father.”

“But what if he’s right?” Seokjin asked. “What if Kang Soo is indeed innocent?”

“Maybe we should go over that night and examine everything again,” Namjoon said.

“We already did that a thousand times.”

Namjoon tsked at Yoongi’s remark. “That’s why I said ‘again’.”

And since there was nothing else they could do at that moment, they reviewed the events of that damn night that haunted them for the past four months.

...

Jungkook returned to an empty room after the two-hour meeting with his hyungs.

And when the three friends finally entered the room hours later, he was left staring at their obvious but thankfully mild drunkenness with a glint of disapproval.

“Hmm, I want to see Yoongi. Do you think he’s awake?” Jimin asked with a goofy smile on his lips as he narrowed his eyes on the screen of his phone, searching for Yoongi’s number.

“It’s after midnight, Chim,” Taehyung giggled, then snatched the phone from his grip. “He works in...” He attempted to count the hours with his fingers but gave up rather quickly as the light dizziness around his head hindered his task. “In a few hours, anyway.”

“He’s obviously sleeping. And we should too,” Hoseok said as he grabbed his pajamas.

The three men took turns to change behind the screen and lay in their beds. After their goodnights, a quietness shrouded the room.

Jimin’s and Hoseok’s muted snores didn’t take too long to pierce through Jungkook’s ears, and he peeked down at their beds for confirmation of their sleeping state. “Taehyung.”

“Hmm?”

Jungkook sneaked out of his bed and neared him at a creep. “Are you drunk?”

“A little,” Taehyung breathed out, keeping his eyes closed by the heaviness they bore.

“I was waiting for you. And you came back drunk.”

“Hmm, sorry. M’sleepy now.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll wake you up real good.”

Taehyung forced his eyes to open despite their opposition. The whispering, liquid voice of his and the enkindling innuendos that underlay his remark sent a firestorm of instant interest through his groin.

With a nod of his head towards the door, Jungkook swiveled and exited the room. It only took Taehyung a few seconds to follow him, and he led the way to the storage room. He locked the door once they stepped inside and removed his mask.

Jungkook cornered him against the wall, trapping him between his arms. “Why did you get drunk, baby?” He nosed around his neck, intentionally brushing his lips against his skin in light caresses. “I hope no one touched you.”

Taehyung’s head lolled to the side at the first stimulating suck on his neck, and he clawed at his waist to press their lower bodies together. “What if someone did?”

Jungkook paused for barely a second, then gouged his teeth into his flesh hard enough to rip a pained gasp from Taehyung. He sensed him shrink from his sharp nip, but Jungkook dragged him back and guzzled his skin until he painted a rainbow of marks over it.

By the time he finished and pulled away to marvel at the results, Taehyung was a shaking mess; his cock was ready to tear off the clothing by its distention, stupid mewls tumbled out of his open mouth, and his mind couldn't function around the pleasurable pain on his neck anymore.

"You're so pretty like this." He dipped to mouth at the abused spot, soothing it with his tongue. "No one is allowed to touch you, angel. Not when I'm fucking you. Got it?"

"Yes, yes," Taehyung moaned, rolling his hips against him on repeat. He was so turned on by his dominant behavior he felt like cumming just by grinding against him. "I only want you to touch me, Jungkook. Only you. Please. Please touch me."

Jungkook slid his wet lips over his chin, leaving a shiny path of spit on his way to his mouth. "How can I do that when you went and got yourself drunk, hmm?"

"I'm not drunk," he dissented right away, a trembling edge of anxiousness in his voice. "I'm perfectly fine. I swear." He fisted his shirt and pulled him close, linking their mouths. He pocked his lips with his tongue, but a frustrated whine burred in his throat at his denial to welcome it inside. "Kiss me." He attempted to slither his tongue into his heat again, only to be met with the same resistance.

Taehyung guided one hand to his cock in desperation and squeezed it. He felt Jungkook's lips part with the moan that spilled from them, and he finally shoved his tongue in his mouth as he so much desired to do.

Jungkook thrust him harder against the wall as he devoured him, all teasing stubbornness now discarded. He had seen Taehyung in his drunken state, and he was nowhere near that level at that moment. That was the only reason he surrendered to his wish and finally touched him.

He sloppily yanked his shorts with his boxers down and curled his fingers around his sensitive cock, clutching his nape with the other hand. His tongue carried on clashing with Taehyung's sinful one as their lips molded fiercely together, the surrounding air vibrating with their stifled groans.

"I want to fuck you right now," he grunted against his lips and captured them again. He stroked him faster, twisting his hand just the right way to make him convulse in pleasure. "Want to ruin you so bad."

Taehyung shed his clothes completely, then watched through his turbid from ecstasy vision as Jungkook slipped the baby oil out of his pocket and coated three fingers. "For anyone else?"

Jungkook's body stilled as the recollection of their conversation earlier penetrated the mist of excitement in his mind. He pulled on his shoulder and flipped him over, pushing him against the wall. He leaned his mouth to his ear, his clothed chest pressing into his back, as he brought two fingers to his entrance. "I've already done that, haven't I?" He popped them into him, forcing his tight walls to split open and make way for the breach.

Taehyung thrust his ass back onto the jabs of his fingers, numb to the burning pain, as the hot delectation was significantly stronger. "Yes. I'm already ruined for anyone else," he said in a broken voice by his jarring body.

"And now what?" Jungkook gripped his hair and tugged it as he harshly dragged his digits against the velvety constriction that kept clenching around them.

Taehyung whimpered in exhilarating relish as the side of his head was wretched away from the wall with the fierce pull. "Yours," he babbled. "Now I'm yours. Fuck, fuck, I'm cumming."

“Don’t. You’ll make a mess.”

“Can’t—I can’t—”

Jungkook yanked his fingers out and turned him around before dropping to his knees. He guzzled his dripping cock, the head smacking against his throat in each plunge. Hot cum filled his mouth just seconds later, and he grunted around him as he swallowed every drop of the delicious liquid.

He pulled back with a hard suction of his mouth and panted to stabilize his breath. He heaved himself to his feet and undressed, then squirted more oil in his hand. He lifted his left leg and held it securely as he eased three fingers into his sore hole.

Taehyung still hadn’t recovered from his mind-bending orgasm, and he found himself stuffed with three long fingers that ground against the deepest parts of him. He wanted to toss his head from side to side in pleasure, slam his eyes shut, bury his face in the crook of his neck, but the way Jungkook was staring at him at that very moment captured the entirety of his focus.

His view on him was so intense and fixated; he was soaking him up, as if wanting to carve his image in his mind forever. It spellbound him more than any orgasm, more than Jungkook’s fingers or cock in his hole could ever.

“Say it again.” Jungkook pushed back and forth along his walls in fast-paced brushes, wanting to bury his cock inside him as fast as possible.

The heated delight built within Taehyung’s stomach again, just like Jungkook’s rhythm, and obstructed his lucidity from understanding the meaning of his remark. “What?”

“Taehyung.” He slammed his fingers into him, his knuckles slapping against his hole, as he grasped his thigh hard enough to imprint his hand on it. “Say it again,” he repeated — the words spewed from him with accentuation and a growl of impatience coiled around them.

Taehyung strove to gather what little was left of his coherence and reverted his mind to their previous conversation. Realization gleamed on his face, which wrung a second later in rapture at a particular thrust of his fingers against his prostate. “I’m—I’m yours.”

Jungkook could feel the words sear his skin and turn his bones into the consistency of water. He retracted his fingers and drenched his cock with oil before he returned to his prior position. The glide of his erection into him was slow and careful, knowing how sore he was.

He embraced his twitching form once he bottomed out and linked their lips sweetly. “Again,” he muttered and planted a long kiss on his mouth, rolling their tongues together.

“I’m yours,” Taehyung rasped. “Fuck me. Want to feel you now.”

“Wait a bit. I’m sure you’re in pain.”

“I don’t care. Fuck me. Ruin me.”

Jungkook’s cock jolted inside him at the lewdness of his words, but fuck, he had to wait for him to get used to the stretch despite his dissent. “Wait.”

“If I wait, I’ll say more things I shouldn’t.” Beside the immense longing and contentment in his eyes, a melancholic shade grew as he held them fastened on him.

“Like what?”

“Jungkook. Fuck me.”

“Like what?” he asked again, squeezing him harder against the wall.

“You don’t want to know.”

Jungkook knew everything already. He could see it in his eyes, feel it in the way he kissed him and touched him. Hearing them from his mouth, though, gave him a high he never thought it existed. Even if he couldn’t bring himself to say them back.

Jungkook drew his hips back and struck into his heat in brisk, powerful shoves, locking that conversation in a corner of his mind to resume it another time. The warmth and tightness of his hole was mind-expanding — an emotion he allowed to overtake each one of his senses with relish.

Taehyung’s back ground against the wall with every brutal slam of his hips, but the pain was cocooned in a blanket of ultimate delectation, forcing him to focus on that wholeheartedly. Stupid, wanton moans of ecstasy rolled off his open mouth as he was ripped apart by his big cock so voluptuously even tears beaded along his lids.

He leaned to kiss him, tongues swirling together right away in need to feel more — everything to the max. He reveled in the vibrations of Jungkook’s grunts against his chest as he kissed him with equal hunger, fingertips digging into his back to pull him closer and closer.

Jungkook’s thrusts were relentless and untiring, only growing fiercer. That velvety hole sucked him in so eagerly as Taehyung fucked himself back onto his cock. He swallowed each one of his pretty sounds with his mouth, exploring his heat with his tongue and nibbling his smooth lip in turn.

Taehyung writhed at the continuous hammering of his prostate and broke the kiss as he cried out a rapturous whine. His head banged against the wall, then leveled out, ignoring the pounding ache. Through the brume of intoxication in his mind, he registered Jungkook stared at him with the same desperate intensity as before and recognized the hidden meaning of it at once.

He tangled his fingers into his hair as he panted out his moans, peering back at the flaming lust in his eyes. “I’m yours, Jungkook,” he whispered and gasped at the instant increase of ferocity of his shoves. “Make me cum. Please, please. I’m yours.”

Jungkook felt the words tingle all through his veins again and barrage his entity with stark bliss. *I’m yours too.* He sped up the rutting of his hips to the full and crushed their mouths together, hoping his actions would convey the words he couldn’t let out.

He took him and kissed him so roughly, aching desperation subtending each movement. The words he asked Taehyung to repeat so many times echoed throughout his inebriated senses as he impaled him on his cock over and over. He was so sunk in pleasure the fire in his core exploded unexpectedly, and it was blinding the least.

He ended the kiss with a jerk of his head as an animal growl of consuming rapture exploded out of him at the first eruption of cum that jetted out. He drilled him with halting, cruel thrusts as he emptied everything inside him, riding out his release.

Taehyung needed nothing more to cum; Jungkook’s bawdy grunts and skewed face of extreme contentment were enough to rush him over the edge. His form prickled with goosebumps as his cock jolted, spilling the hot, sticky liquid all over Jungkook’s chest and stomach.

They stood still with connected foreheads, feeling their lungs burn from their rapid breath. The

aftermath of their volcanic orgasm stung their skin with gratifying tingles, making different muscles in their bodies shudder here and there.

Jungkook lowered his leg and slithered his length out carefully. He pattered to the closest shelf and grabbed a pack of wet wipes, then quickly cleaned the dripping cum from his body.

“We didn’t really think this through,” Taehyung said with a half laugh as he sensed his cum trickle down the inside of his thighs. “I need to take a shower.”

“Yeah,” Jungkook snorted weakly as he passed him a wet wipe. “Me too. Let’s shower together.”

And they did. They took a long, relaxing shower, sharing an ocean of sugary kisses and smiles, ignoring all the unsaid things and unfinished conversations that burdened their hearts.

They returned to their room and lay in their beds with their eyes riveted on each other. The more Jungkook gazed at him, the stronger a turbulent itch built within him and eventually spewed from his mouth in a whisper. “I want to sleep with you.”

Taehyung’s brows clumped together in a playful frown as he snickered. “Again? We just fucked.”

“No. To sleep. Next to you.”

Any fraction of a smile dropped off his countenance, and instead, surprise cloaked it. His eyes rolled in a circle of awkwardness as his heartbeat spiked. “What about my friends?”

“I don’t really care right now.”

The genuine resolve he detected in the way he spoke only amplified his anxious eagerness. “Are you sure? Jimin might say something to Yoongi accidentally. I trust him, but... he can’t control his mouth sometimes.”

“It’s okay. I know you won’t do anything to put me in danger. That’s enough for me. And I already told my hyungs about this. But don’t worry. I won’t let them hurt you even if... even if you do put me in danger.”

So many questions whirled in his head again. Why was he hiding? How could he put him in danger? Who was looking for him? But no matter the raging questions, Taehyung clung onto his last hesitantly spoken remark with a vengeance. “Come here.”

Jungkook descended the ladder and crept closer, shedding his mask. He got into the bed on the inner side and muffled him into his embrace without wasting a second.

Taehyung exhaled a blissful sigh as he clutched him to his body, savoring the waves of warmth that rolled off him. “Why did you tell them about... this?”

“I can’t hide from them, anyway. It was better to tell them from the start instead of lying to them and finding out on their own.”

“Did they scold you?”

“Yeah. But I don’t care. I’m so tired of hiding...”

Taehyung witnessed a bitter gloom pour from his eyes again that struck him with the same intense sadness. He could feel the multiple meanings his last remark contained, but he could only grasp one. He knew he was tired of hiding his existence. But he had no idea what else he was so tired of

hiding.

He pressed a kiss on his lips — such a tender kiss it melted Jungkook's heart and all the aching gloom surrounding it. "You're the strongest. You can overcome whatever you're going through. Don't give up now."

Jungkook was sure he could get through this. That wasn't what gouged holes in his chest and frenzied him anymore. What he couldn't get through, though, was their looming separation, and he was sure of that too. Waking up in an empty room without Taehyung's ethereal existence? It felt too atrocious to even think about it.

He slotted their lips together gently, tracing affectionate strokes over his back. "You feel like heaven. I love that about you." He sensed his little smile against his mouth as he kissed him and copied it automatically.

The sugary words flowed through Taehyung's body in a leaping stream of fondness that had his stomach fluttering and lurching and free-falling towards *love*. "You *are* my heaven." He angled his head to deepen the kiss, but even with the rip-roaring touch of their tongues, a sweet gentleness preponderated that brought their hearts just a few inches away from melding wholeheartedly.



It Never Was

Jimin hummed softly as he spread his limbs, chest arching in a delightful stretch. He rubbed his bleary face and pushed himself off his the bed. He glanced at Taehyung's bed from habit as he headed towards the door, but he halted on stiff legs, his eyes enlarging so much they felt as if they would burst out.

The sleepiness from his face was replaced by extreme shock in an instant as he gaped at Taehyung, who was sleeping with his back turned to him and with a man's limbs loosely wrapped around his frame.

He snapped his head behind him to verify that Jay's bed was empty, and his jaw popped open around a hushed gasp. With the sinking of the realization, he slapped his palm over his mouth as another appalled sound erupted from him, gaze glued to the unbelievable sight.

"What's wrong?"

Jimin jumped in his spot at Hoseok's hoarse voice. He regarded the prominent confusion on his sleepy face through his bulging eyes. "Look, look," he whisper-yelled as he tugged at his arm to heave him off his bed.

Hoseok heeded to his wish with a groan and followed his gaze. A similar expression of bewildered shock swept across his face at the examination of the sight, and his mouth opened and closed without words coming out.

"Why the hell is Jay in his bed?" Jimin asked in a restless, high-pitched murmur.

"I... I have no idea. What the fuck?"

The constant whispers seeped into Jungkook's senses until they jarred them completely awake. He yawned with a face buried in Taehyung's chest, but the comprehension that he wasn't wearing his mask brisked his heartbeat with a searing anxiety. He hastened to take his mask out of his pocket and put it on, thankful for Taehyung's chest that gave him protection.

"Since when is there a thing between them?" Jimin, oblivious to Jungkook's conscious state, asked.

"I don't know. I'm so confused."

"Should we wake them? I want to know everything, like, right now."

"No," Hoseok dissented at once. "Leave them alone. Let's go wash up."

Jimin made a moue of sheer discontent, then rolled his eyes. "Ugh, fine."

They took their toothbrushes and towels and stared at the two for a bit longer before Hoseok ushered him out of the room.

A subdued sigh rolled off Jungkook at the click of the door closing. "Taehyung." He smoothed his hand up and down his side in slow caresses in his attempt to wake him. "Taehyung." He gave him two gentle shakes at his unresponsiveness. "Wake up."

Taehyung's chest vibrated with a sweet hum as he clutched him tighter, then he blindly leaned to kiss him. The clothing his lips touched had him grimacing, and he cracked an eye open to inspect. "Why are you—" He jolted away and darted his head to Hoseok's bed, alarm flaring inside him.

"They went to wash up," Jungkook said and pulled him into his embrace again. "They already saw us. Jimin seemed too curious to know what's going on."

"Shit, sorry."

"Why are you sorry?" he scoffed as he raked his hand through his knotty hair. "I told you I wanted to sleep with you."

"I know, but now... they saw us." There was a saddened sheen overlying his reddened eyes, despite Jungkook's mollifying words. "What should I tell them?"

"Whatever you want. Talk freely to them about this. I already talked to my hyungs, anyway."

A glimmer of a timid smile shone over Taehyung's face as he trailed the muscles along his back with a tender palm. "Thanks."

"Why?"

"Because I don't like hiding things from them. Of course I won't tell them your name," he hastened to add, a tide of uneasiness cresting and then dropping away just as fast. "Or anything you tell me about your life. If you tell me. I meant it's hard to hide this from them since we're staying in the same room."

Jungkook's eyes crinkled at the corners with the smile that bloomed on his face. "I know. You're right." He pulled his mask down and planted a peck on his lips.

Taehyung hummed in bliss and kissed him again with the same tenderness. "This is nice."

"Yeah, but I have to get off your bed now."

Taehyung's hold around him tightened with the whine that buzzed in his throat, his face wringing in a pout. "No."

Jungkook chuckled and drew a fond kiss on his forehead. "Talk to your friends first. They won't leave us alone if you don't tell them about this."

"Hmm, you're right," he sighed. "I'll go wash up."

"Me too." Jungkook gave him one last peck, then slipped his mask back on. He climbed down from the bed and shared a delicate gaze with Taehyung before he left the room.

Taehyung descended the ladder with small whimpers as the aching in his ass was worse than yesterday. Even if having sex with Jungkook every night came with that price, though, he didn't care one bit.

After grabbing the necessary things to head to the bathroom, he sauntered along the hallway and soon pushed the door open. His gaze passed over the two strangers on the left side, and he trod in the opposite direction. He located his two friends in front of the sinks and silently joined them.

Jimin finished washing his face and wiped it with his towel. He took in Taehyung's unexpected presence, and a glint of eagerness shimmered in his eyes. "Yah, what the—"

“Not in here,” Taehyung murmured.

Jimin respected his wish, since he knew they weren’t alone. He waited restlessly for Taehyung to finish his morning routine, tapping his foot against the floor. “Nice hickeys,” he crooned with a sneering lift of his brows as his eyes surveyed the rowdy, purplish marks that washed over the right side of his neck.

Taehyung settled for a stony look, with traces of embarrassment and guilt-ridden sullenness around the edges, since he couldn’t share with them earlier everything that happened with Jungkook.

He also used the bathroom soon, and he was ready to return to their room. “Let’s go.”

Jimin hooked his arm around Taehyung’s elbow, holding his things in his other hand. He smiled sweetly at him — a smile that only foreshadowed the painstaking interrogation Taehyung was about to receive.

Taehyung tossed his head in Hoseok’s direction, pleading eyes screaming, “Save me.” But he knew there wasn’t a ray of salvation with a curious Jimin beside him.

Their door room came into sight, but Taehyung was suddenly yanked into the kitchen. “Why are we here?”

“Because I don’t want Jay to be in the room while we talk about him.” Jimin instructed him to sit at the table and dragged his chair closer to him before taking his seat as well.

“Alright,” Taehyung uttered as he lowered his head. He filled his lungs with a fortifying breath and released the air in a broken wave. “I’m sure what you saw was a shock to you...”

“Obviously,” Jimin snickered. “What the hell is going on? And most importantly, why don’t I know anything about it?”

“Look, um... I’m sorry for keeping it a secret. You know I hate having secrets from you guys. But Jay is friends with Yoongi, Namjoon, and Seokjin. I was afraid you might say something to Yoongi accidentally.”

Jimin’s brows creased in puzzlement at the new information. “He’s friends with Yoongi? How?”

“I don’t know that either. At first, Jay didn’t want anyone to know. But now he talked to his hyungs, and I can finally talk to you guys about it.”

“Okay, okay, let’s take it from the beginning, hmm?” Jimin leaned on the table with his forearms, penetrating eyes anchored on him. “How did this thing start?”

“We... We talked sometimes when you guys were sleeping. And the more I talked to him, the more I wanted to know him. I told him I want to touch him and feel him close even with his mask on. I asked if he thinks I’m crazy. And he said yes, but he’s so much more. Then he took me to the storage room and we... sucked each other off.”

Jimin’s eyes swelled at the rapid turn of events. He noticed through his shock that Hoseok didn’t project even an ounce of similar surprise and frowned. “You already know about this.”

Hoseok’s lips formed a tight-lipped smile with awkwardness tracing it. “Yeah. I also know he saw his face, but that’s it. I don’t know anything else.”

“You saw his face?” Jimin asked, a new flash of shock blazing in his gaze. “How is he? Pretty?”

Taehyung smiled softly to himself, fondness flooding his downcast eyes. "He's... the most gorgeous man I've ever seen."

"Fuck, I want to see his face so bad now," Jimin grumbled with a defeated sigh since he knew he couldn't. "How did that happen, though?"

"Remember the day he wasn't in the room since morning? I went to look for him and I found him in the private bathroom. He wasn't wearing his mask. That's when I realized he was friends with the others."

"Okay, now tell us the rest because I want to know what happened next too," Hoseok said with a dose of impatience. "Did you tell him the truth?"

"About what?" Jimin asked.

"I said I wanted to find a guy to fuck me, remember?" Taehyung saw him nod instantly. "I did it on purpose, just for Jay to hear. I wanted more. I wanted him to fuck me. But he had said no and that we couldn't. So I told him I found a guy to see his reaction, and he got so mad. Later at night, I told him the truth. I begged him to stop holding himself back from wanting me. And he told me if I wanted a good fuck, he would be in the private bathroom."

"Damn, that's hot," Hoseok chuckled. "And?"

"I went there. And we fucked so good."

Jimin individuated the muted spark of sadness in his gaze as he spoke for a while now and felt it clutch his chest. "It's not just a fuck for you, though. Right?"

Taehyung raised his eyes to him, and the said sadness in them flared so much it stung them with a searing wetness. "It never was and never will be." There was an aching drawl in his words that spawned from the hot constriction at the back of his throat. "I'm in love with him. I told him it's okay even if he doesn't fall for me. I'll still want him. But now..." He swallowed hard and scrubbed away the first tears that slid down his cheeks. "Knowing he doesn't feel the same hurts so much. Too much."

Jimin exhaled shakily as he rubbed placating circles on his back. "Has he opened up to you? About why he's hiding his face and stuff?"

"No."

"Why did he change his mind about having sex with you, though?" Hoseok asked.

Taehyung drew in a breath and wiped his wet eyes with his shirt. "He said I had already seen his face, so having a little fun wouldn't hurt."

"Ugh, what an ass," Jimin hissed.

"He's not," Taehyung whispered with slow shakes of his head. "I told him it's okay. I told him I'll take just that because I want him that much."

Hoseok caressed his shoulder, smiling sadly. "Do you regret it?"

He didn't have to think about it. The answer was right at the tip of his tongue, but it still came out with difficulty. "No. I know he'll break my heart. At first I thought he'll fall for me like I did. That he'll try for us to be something. That he'll feel sad at the thought of me leaving. But he talks about

me leaving as if it's nothing. Now I'm sure he won't return my feelings. And I still can't stay away."

"Tae," Hoseok said in a breathy murmur. "He's obviously going through something. I think we all know he's hiding from someone. Who would have room for love in their life in a situation like this? You started something that was fated to end. We won't be here forever. So enjoy the last two days with him. And don't think about anything else."

"He's right. Even if he had fallen for you, he wouldn't be able to come with you, Tae. So have fun for as long as it lasts. And I'll do the same with Yoongi."

Although Taehyung sensed a spate of sobs build within his chest, he choked them back and nodded instead. "Okay."

Jungkook's hazy gaze remained locked on the floor as a newfound, stomach-flipping agony rocked through his insides. He retreated with heavy steps at the silence that engulfed the three friends and slouched towards the storage room.

He stepped inside and locked the door, then sank down to the floor with his back gliding against it. He propped his elbows on his bent knees and gripped his hair. His eyes screwed shut and his mind got more and more clouded with everything Taehyung said.

Knowing how much it hurt Taehyung to pretend he didn't feel the same pained him the most. But nothing would change if he confessed his outrageous feelings. Taehyung would still have to leave, and Jungkook would still be unable to go with him. Maybe it would be easier for Taehyung to forget whatever happened between them if he thought he hadn't fallen for him too.

They were doomed to suffer from their separation either way. He just hoped Taehyung's friends would give him abundant comfort and take care of him, since he couldn't do it himself.

...

Jungkook's absence from the room baffled Taehyung, though the plans he made with his friends kept him occupied enough not to dwell on it.

They finally went for climbing all together, even if Taehyung still wasn't in a perfect condition for it. He didn't want to miss out on anything since these were the last days of their vacation. They ate delicious food afterwards and dessert, and they went to the beach. They spent a couple of hours sunbathing while drinking cocktails and swam for a bit later.

It was early in the afternoon when they decided to head back to the hostel after their full day. Jimin had a date with Yoongi, so he wanted to have enough time to get ready, and Taehyung couldn't wait to see Jungkook again, to be honest.

"Chim. You really won't confess your feelings before leaving?" Taehyung asked as they traipsed along the sidewalk near their hostel.

"I don't know," he muttered. "What difference does it make? It's not like he'll ditch everything to come with me."

"Well, you don't know that," Hoseok argued. "Maybe he will."

"Why don't we just stay for a bit longer?" Taehyung proposed hesitantly.

"No way. My father will kill me," Jimin said.

“Yeah, same. We have jobs to get back to, Tae. Otherwise we would stay more.”

Taehyung’s head hung as a hushed exhalation emitted from his mouth. He forced the maddening thoughts out of his mind and reached out to open the door to the hostel, but it swung open before he could do anything, causing him to jolt. “Oh.”

The three friends gazed at the two policemen and stepped aside after a moment’s stillness.

“Sorry for startling you,” the black-haired officer said with a smile, and they plodded down the single step to resume their way.

“Actually,” the other officer, the shorter one, said as he halted and then turned to face them. “Can we ask a few things?”

The three exchanged a quick glance as confusion meandered around their expression. “Yes,” Hoseok said.

“How long have you been staying here?”

“Twelve days.”

He glanced at his partner, and the black-haired officer nodded, as if approving something. The latter fished his phone out of his pocket and tapped a few things. “Have you seen this man before?”

They tilted closer to the screen and analyzed the handsome man in the picture. But Taehyung didn’t have to analyze it; just a simple glimpse stirred a maelstrom of consternation within him that made his heart thrash against his ribcage. That crippling emotion grasped his spine and coiled around his limbs, stiffening them impossibly, as he repeated the name that was written above the picture.

Jeon Jungkook.

“No,” Jimin said. “Can I ask why you’re looking for him?”

“What about you two?” the black-haired officer asked as he aimed the phone at them.

“Me neither.”

“Me neither,” Taehyung breathed out, truly striving to dissemble any grain of his seismic mystification.

“Okay. Thank you.” He locked the phone and put it back in his pocket. “He’s wanted for murder. If you see him, call the police right away.” They bowed their heads and strolled off.

The far too vile words stabbed Taehyung’s stomach over and over, oppressing his existence and torturing his heart. A sickening numbness crazed his skin that flooded his head with a barrage of dolorous thoughts and questions. *He said he wasn’t a murderer. He said... he wasn’t. He said...*

Suddenly, he couldn’t pull enough oxygen into his lungs. The simple act of breathing started to feel like a struggle as a suffocating strap of anguish girdled his form so achingly it dazed him. The world rushed around him in a whirl of sounds and blurred passersby as he stood there frozen solid with the palsy of ravaging shock clenching his muscles.

Jimin examined his heaving chest and the deep creases adorning his traits through agitated eyes. He set a delicate hand on his shoulder as he dipped his head in his effort to meet his gaze. “Tae?

Are you okay? What's wrong?"

His voice sounded so distant in his ears, as if he were meters away. The gentle squeeze on his shoulder was what shook him out of his agonizing stupefaction, and he gulped, collecting what little was left of his composure. "I'm fine. It's just awful to think a murderer is on the run."

"I know, right?" Hoseok sighed, shaking his head. "The world we live in is so dangerous."

The two entered the building, and Taehyung compelled his legs to move and follow them. That gruesome churning of emotions thickened in his throat at the thought of facing Jungkook, creating a knot that foreboded tears he endeavored to repress.

"Hey," Jimin uttered as he approached Yoongi, who was sitting at the reception.

There was a tightness in Yoongi's body, which he attempted to conceal, as the police's unexpected visit alarmed him to an extent he could barely handle. He wore a smile at the sight of Jimin despite his turmoil. "Hey."

"Why did the police come here to look for that murderer?" Hoseok asked.

A new tension hardened the muscles of Yoongi's face as his round eyes flitted all around them. "You—You guys talked to them?"

"Yeah, we ran into them on their way out and they showed us a picture," Jimin informed.

Yoongi's view zoned in on Taehyung. He contemplated the harrowing emptiness his eyes reflected, and he instantly realized. Taehyung knew. He threw his head down, not wanting the others to suspect anything. "They're searching the whole area as a formality, they said. Don't worry about it."

"Okay. I'll be here in an hour for our date," Jimin said with his signature askew smile that hid a torrent of insinuations behind it.

"Can't wait." Yoongi played along as always, loving the said insinuations and ready to unravel each one of them.

They continued their way to their room using the elevator. The two discerned Taehyung's mute and rather grim state, though they excused it as they thought he was just tired from their full day.

Taehyung didn't dare to raise his gaze from the floor when they trod into the room. He was afraid the moment he would meet Jungkook's eyes, the knot in his throat would erupt and punch fast-flowing tears out of him. He went straight to the closet to pick fresh clothes and snatched his towel from the chair where he had hung it.

Jungkook saw it all. The avoidance of his gaze, his firmly lowered head, the tension in his frame, the light shuddering of his legs. It was so easy to read him now. He still tested him, though, to affirm his suspicion. "Hey, Taehyung."

The said man paused for a second, eyes cruising around the floor. "Hey. I'll go take a shower."

And of course, Jungkook was right. Something had happened. And it frightened him how much he wanted to know what it was and fix it for him. "Can I join you?"

"Hmm, daring," Jimin smirked.

Deaf to Jimin's quip, Taehyung clutched the items in his hold. "Um, no. I'll be—I'll be quick."

Jungkook stared at the door that shut a few seconds later. *What happened so suddenly?* That gnawing question spiraled in rampant circles in his head, weighing upon his heart until it squashed it.



What Do You Think?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jungkook's features were tight with dismayed gloom as he sat bolt upright to glance at the two, who took their things for their shower. "Did something happen?"

"With Taehyung?" Hoseok asked and mulled over it when he received a nod. "I don't know. He was fine minutes ago."

Jungkook's lips flattened into a frown. He flopped back down and set his eyes on the ceiling, delving into his brain to find a reason for his weird behavior.

The two left the room and even returned under thirty minutes freshly showered, but still Taehyung didn't come back. His chest singed with bitter anxiousness, for some reason. And he couldn't take it any longer.

"See you later, hyung," Jimin chirped and headed out to meet Yoongi after the other said his goodbye as well.

Hoseok peeked at Jungkook's fretful state. He expelled a long breath, letting his eyes rest on him. "You were right. Something did happen. But Taehyung doesn't want to talk about it with us. I think he's just sitting in the shower doing nothing."

Jungkook's restlessness bristled. "Thanks." He hurried to get out of his bed, sloppily wore his slippers, and bolted out of the room. He scurried along his way to the bathroom and only slowed when he arrived. He tracked the sound of the running water to his left and pattered to the last shower. He attached his palm to the navy plastic door, and the next sound that pierced through his senses dug holes into his heart.

A choked sob. A single choked sob dropped his stomach to the ground and gashed through his chest.

"Taehyung." He sucked in a jerky breath that soon exploded out of him in a sharp outflow. "Talk to me."

Taehyung palmed his mouth, teeth clamping on his lower lip to silence himself. He didn't know why he was crying so much. Everything felt too much for his fragile heart to handle. He just sat there in a deep squat with his back leaned against the cold wall and let all his convoluted feelings out in surge after surge of tears.

Jungkook pressed his quivering fist against the door, barely able to lease himself from banging it. He instead yanked it open and closed it behind him. Taehyung's head shot up on instinct, and the heartbreaking sight of his wrecked face left Jungkook in torture for a while.

He neared him without giving a damn about the springing water that drenched his right side and fell to his knees in front of him. His eyes gloomed and sank with poignancy, just like his heart. He couldn't control it. He couldn't hide how much Taehyung's state affected him anymore.

"Baby." He slid his mask to his chin, then held his wet cheeks in two tender palms. "Tell me what's wrong."

Taehyung's tears carried on falling over his forcefully poised expression. "Get out. You'll get drenched."

"I don't care. Just talk to me."

"Jay." He removed his hands from his face with a faint push. "I'll come to the storage room when I finish, okay? Leave."

Hearing him call him Jay again when they were alone bothered him more than he thought. Pained him even. And he hated it. "Fine." He respected his wish and rose to his full height. He wore his mask and got out, then slouched to the storage room.

He shed his soaked shirt, not caring enough to go change his clothes. And he waited. He felt like he waited for hours when it was barely twenty minutes.

He spurted to his feet at the click of the door opening. And there was Taehyung, with the same painful melancholy in his eyes and his droopy lips, standing in front of the closed door.

Jungkook buried him in his embrace, his firm hold conveying his nervousness. But Taehyung didn't hug him back. His body didn't melt in his arms as usual. Instead, it was more rigid than ever. "Please tell me what's wrong. What happened? Did you get bored of me or something?"

Taehyung's chest bloated with a deep inhalation as he steeled himself to ask that damn question that tortured him. "Why are the police looking for you?"

Jungkook's brain staggered to a pause. The blood in his veins turned to ice, glaciating each one of his muscles. "What?"

"The police. We ran into two officers on their way out of the hostel. They showed us a picture. A picture of you. With your name. And they said you're wanted. For murder."

Jungkook's grip loosened as the tension ringing his form petered into liquid numbness. A mixture of world-weariness roiled in his gaze as he maintained it fixed on him. He couldn't grasp what Taehyung's eyes projected. They were just hollow and shadowed by that familiar sadness. But he couldn't see past them. Couldn't read him this time.

"Does this change what you feel about me?"

The unforeseen question made his heart leap, then slam against his chest. "If you're just a cold-blooded murderer, yes. It kinda does."

"Then leave," Jungkook said, his voice traveling in a low, grave tune by the heaviness squeezing his throat. "Because I'm wanted for the murder of a thirteen-year-old girl."

A galaxy of tears flickered in his sockets at once, but he kept his eyes unblinking in his exertion to fence them in. His chest burned as he swallowed. "Did you do it?"

Jungkook tipped his head to the side a notch. "What do you think?"

The line of Taehyung's mouth grew thinner as his bottom lip threatened to tremble. "I think you didn't do it."

Jungkook stroked a finger under his chin and lifted his head with a gentle push of his knuckle. "Then why are you crying?"

The question tore apart any kind of self-composure Taehyung strove to keep, and his face contorted with the rapid effusion of tears that poured from his eyes. His fitful breaths swamped the room as he attempted to calm himself enough to speak. "Because I'm scared," he choked out. "I don't want it to be true. But you keep dodging to answer me. Please tell me it's not. You didn't do it. Right?"

Jungkook skimmed his cheeks with soothing thumbs to collect the hot wetness. "What are you so scared of? That you'll have to live with the memory of having sex with a murderer?"

Taehyung smacked his hands away in an upsurge of fury. The same emotion etched into every crease on his face, hardening them. "I'm scared of losing you. I'll keep our memories, no matter who you are. Because I only care about what you showed to me."

A doleful smile framed Jungkook's mouth. "You're leaving in two days, Taehyung. You'll lose me, anyway."

"Just tell me," he growled, harshly wiping his wet cheeks. "Why are you wanted for a murder you didn't do?"

"Isn't it better not to know if I did it or not?" A tremoring exhalation shook his form. "Maybe you'll forget me easier this way. Because I think you forgot we have no future together."

"We could if you wanted to try," Taehyung spat out through clenched teeth as pain and rage melded into one, gut-wrenching infusion. "If you were honest with me. If you explained what happened. If you told me where you come from and why you're hiding here. We could have a future. But you don't want us to have one."

Jungkook's shoulders slumped as he drove his chin into his chest. "Our lives are too different. You wouldn't stand being with me even for a day."

"I told you. Let me make that decision for myself. Tell me your story and let me decide if I can stand being with you."

"Taehyung." A frosty rumble tinged his voice, eyes flashing with momentary annoyance. "You're leaving in two days. I can't come with you. And you can't stay. So it doesn't matter what my story is. We won't see each other again in two days."

Another mask of devastation rippled across Taehyung's face, that brought along an avalanche of tears. His heart drowned in despondency, and every stifling feeling inside him mounted so high he couldn't stand being in the same room as him. He lurched and stormed out of the room, banging the door closed and leaving behind the echo of his suppressed sobs.

Jungkook's chest fluttered to a quivery plod as a poignant pother blanked out his gaze — such a heart-shattering emotion it scorched his eyes with a dampness he had shed rarely in the past. But he blinked it away before it could escape.

He wore his shirt and mask. His steps as he followed him were ponderous, shoulders still droopy. He observed the room was empty of his friends' presence and took off his mask and wet clothes.

He swiftly dressed himself with Taehyung's suffocating sounds drilling into his senses like spikes. He climbed up to his bed and slithered into the inner side, then fastened a secure arm around his convulsing body.

Taehyung's crying slowed to a stop in puzzlement at his actions, and he regarded him through his blurred vision, sniffing.

Jungkook pulled his form flat against his and passed his fingers through his hair in a slow, constant motion. “I haven’t killed anyone in my life.” He pressed a feathery kiss on his nose and sensed Taehyung’s body melt in his embrace this time. The palliative flood that simple fact brought within his chest sewed all his bleeding scars created by Taehyung’s gnawing sorrow. “I was framed. I had arranged a meeting with a client at an abandoned building. But before I tell you this, I should probably tell you what my job is.”

Taehyung wiped the remaining wetness from his eyes with his shoulder and clawed at his waist.

“I’m a businessman. I own a nightclub and a casino. I also have a drug manufacturing business. I’m a drug dealer, Taehyung.”

“Drugs?” Taehyung whispered, voice hoarse and wrecked. “What kind of drugs?”

“Marijuana pills. My father started the business. And I’m handling it. With Seokjin, Namjoon, and Yoongi.”

Taehyung soaked in the new information with surprising serenity. “How does the pill make you feel?”

Although Jungkook was a tad bewildered and surprised at his calm reaction, he didn’t let it show. “Like when you’re smoking a joint. The effect just lasts longer.”

“I’ve never smoked a joint.”

Jungkook broke into a mellow smile, still caressing the back of his head. “Why are you so cool about this?”

“It doesn’t seem like a big deal. Like you said, you’re a businessman. You just happen to have a business with drugs.”

“It’s illegal, you know.”

“So what? I bet it’s fun. You’re making a shitload of money.”

Jungkook snorted, unable to believe he was having this kind of conversation with him. “I’ll go to jail if they catch me.”

“Then make sure they won’t catch you.”

A fond smile tugged at the corner of Jungkook’s lips. He planted a long kiss on his mouth, followed by a chain of pecks. “Are you really okay with me dealing drugs? If your father finds out you’re fucking with a drug dealer, he’ll disown you.”

“He never accepted me, anyway.” He shrugged an indifferent shoulder. “And I make my own money.” His eyes enlarged with the amazing — as he thought — idea that flashed up into his head. “I can get into the business too. I’ll make a shitload of money in no time, and I’ll be able to expand my business.”

Jungkook chuckled lowly as he cupped his adorable face. “You’re crazy. I thought you wouldn’t want to talk to me again if you found out what my job is. But you instead want to get into the business.”

“Why would I say no to easy money?”

“Right,” Jungkook snickered, then claimed his lips. Now that the darkest secret of his was out there, he felt as if a burden were lifted from his existence. The unyielding turbulence in his chest found reprieve at the simple confession and any constriction was forgotten in the homely feel of his embrace.

“So you said you were framed?”

Taehyung’s velvet voice reeled in his full attention. “Yes. One of our men told me about an acquaintance of his who wanted to buy a big amount. He was trusted, so I arranged a meeting with him and that guy. But when I went to the location, I found a little girl on the floor, covered in blood. The police raided the place minutes later, and I fought with one of them to escape.”

Taehyung processed the words behind a wall of silence, but the conclusion soon came to settle over his shoulders like a veil. “That guy framed you then.”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought. I asked my men to find him since I had to hide, but he had disappeared. A week later, he was found dead.”

“Oh...” Taehyung nodded slowly, gouging into his brain for a possible reason for his sudden death.

“Hmm. He was shot to death. We found out he had died three days after the meeting. And another guy was with him. We believe that was the guy who wanted to buy our drugs.”

“And you don’t know who killed them.”

“No. I’m sure it’s the one who framed me. He used them to create the perfect opportunity to get me involved in this mess.”

“But why would someone do this to you?”

Jungkook carded his fingers through his locks, loving their silky, slightly wet texture. “I’m in a type of business that everyone wants to be on the top. And to achieve that, they attack their rivals or kill them. This was their attack towards me. They had tried to kill me a bunch of times in the past but failed. So they chose to take me out in a different way.”

Taehyung despised the sound of that. The thought of Jungkook getting hurt ground his chest so deeply it bore holes into it. “And now? You’re looking for the one who framed you to clear your name?”

No, actually. He was looking for the one who framed him to kill him. After getting his name cleared, of course. Whoever did this to him would be the first and hopefully last killing he would do. But Taehyung didn’t have to know that. “Yes. I don’t trust the police. They’re sure I did this because they found me there. And we’re talking about the death of a young girl. They want to throw someone in jail for the murder as soon as possible. They’ll never believe I’m innocent unless I give them the one who did this.”

“You’re right,” he sighed, fingers milling up and down his brawny arm. “Why did you come to Jeju Island? Or you’re living here?”

“I live in Seoul. I came here—”

“Me too!” he exclaimed in utter excitement, despite the grave conversation.

A fond chuckle tumbled out of Jungkook’s throat at his cuteness, and he pecked his lips, unable to resist them.

“Sorry, continue.”

“I came here to find Ji Hoo. It’s the guy who was wandering around the hostel. He’s the son of our biggest rival. His father had made the most attacks on us. He hates my family.”

“Because he wants to be the best?”

“Hmm. We believe he framed me to weaken us and our businesses.”

“And did you talk to Ji Hoo?”

“Yes. The night you saw blood on my hand. I beat him.”

Taehyung’s brows pulled together. “Why?”

“That’s how you get information from someone in our business, Taehyung. It’s a cruel world. That’s why I don’t want you in my life.” The volume of his voice plunged into a heavy whisper at his last statement as his eyes crept away from him.

Taehyung’s features darkened with sullenness. “Don’t say that...”

Jungkook painted a kiss on his forehead, disregarding the sudden weight on his chest. “Anyway. Ji Hoo said his father didn’t do this, of course. But we’re still looking for him.”

Taehyung hummed and focused on their conversation again instead of the despondency that nestled against his heart. “When did you come to Jeju Island?”

“The same night. I had to leave before they ID’ed me.”

“And how did you know so fast that Ji Hoo was here? That’s amazing.”

“Yeah, it would if it were true,” Jungkook said with a coil of bitterness wrapped around his timbre. “The information was wrong. He wasn’t on Jeju Island. He instead came here to find me.”

“Why? To tell you his father didn’t do it?”

“Yes.”

“What if his father really didn’t do it?”

Jungkook released a long breath and shrugged a shoulder. “I don’t know. Everything is possible. But we have to find Kang Soo, his father.”

“Kang Soo?” Taehyung repeated in a murmur as his eyes rolled in a circle of consideration.

Jungkook’s view narrowed on him, creases of mystification budding on his forehead. “Yeah, why?”

“Nothing. My father has a friend with that name.”

“Do you know his surname?”

“It’s Han.”

Restlessness instantly raged in Jungkook’s gaze as every movement ceased. “Are you sure?”

“Yes. They’ve been friends for years. I heard my father talk to him on the phone every other day in

the past. I moved out about a year ago when I had enough money, so I don't know if they're still talking. I haven't seen my father ever since. Every time I visited my parents, he wasn't there." He examined the ferment in his expression and frowned. "It can't be the same guy, right? How would my father know someone like him? He only associates with other doctors and lawyers and stuff."

"What's your father's name?"

"Kim Mi Sung."

Jungkook hummed. "I haven't heard of him before. Have you seen Kang Soo's face?"

"No."

Jungkook chewed on his lower lip. Disappointment seized him, as the idea of Taehyung drawing him was useless since he hadn't seen him before. But then another question leaped in his head that brimmed him with a new mayhem. "Have you ever heard the name Hyun Joon before?"

"Hyun Joon?" He flicked through his memories fast at the repetition of his name. "No, I don't think so. Why? Who's this?"

Jungkook glimpsed away, hesitation clawing up his throat. "My father."

"Why would my father know your father? He doesn't use drugs. I would have known. I lived with him my whole life."

Jungkook cocooned him in his embrace and planted a row of kisses on the top of his head where his lips lingered. "I just wanted to check. I can't do anything else, anyway. I'm trapped in here. But it's so weird..." He withdrew enough to merge their eyes into a tender view. He took his time to absorb his stunning characteristics, getting more and more enchanted by his beauty. "This room doesn't feel like a prison with you in it."

A smile spread across his cheeks, so fond and bright it turned his eyes into little crescents. "Then keep me here forever."

Jungkook witnessed the magic of his smile as it reigned over his traits, and he copied it without realizing it. He wished he could do that with all his heart. Or even better, he wished he could take Taehyung away from everything and live with him in a city no one would know them.

But the merciless reality soured each dreamy thought sooner than expected. It dimmed the spark of bliss in his eyes and leached every fragment of brightness off his smile, leaving a wistful contour around it.

Jungkook clasped his nape and attached their lips, hoping he could drive from his heart that prickling feeling of misery and replace it with Taehyung's warmth. He rolled their mouths sweetly as their tongues clashed in savory caresses. He hummed in content at each slow grinding of their bodies, his mind constantly getting clouded with the thought of feeling more of him — every single thing.

"I want to fuck you," he rasped against his mouth and devoured it again, but only fiercer.

Taehyung moaned at the rousing words. His cock already ached by its distention, and he kept rolling his hips against him in need of friction. "Fuck me." He plunged his tongue into his mouth for a brief brush against his. "I'm already yours. But I want you to make me yours over and over again."

Harsh breaths spewed from Jungkook's throat as he gripped his hair and stared at his eyes with such intensity and want Taehyung could even feel them sear his sensitive skin. "Yeah, you're mine. You're mine," he murmured, as if wholeheartedly drunk on him. *And I'm yours.* He crushed their mouths together in a kiss that stole all the air from their lungs and left their cocks dripping.

They forcefully ended the kiss to move to the private bathroom. They spent plenty of hours fucking and relishing each other's company, with Jungkook completely forgetting about the usual gathering with his hyungs, and Taehyung about the plans he had made with his friends for drinks.



Chapter End Notes

Jungkook's reason for hiding is finally revealed! Had you guessed it?

Also, do you think they will confess before Taehyung leaves?

You Don't Understand Me

Jungkook was in for a long, harrowing scolding.

After the blazing hours he spent with Taehyung, he found eleven missed calls from his hyungs. He texted Seokjin, telling him he would explain everything tomorrow, and hid his phone again.

The tomorrow came, though, and Jungkook had no idea how he would explain to them that he missed their gathering because he was fucking Taehyung in almost every possible standing position.

He was so screwed.

He tossed aside the looming scolding and focused his attention on the adorable baby in his arms. He didn't ask him to sleep together this time; he simply followed him to his bed last night and muffled him into his embrace, ignoring the teasing remarks of Taehyung's friends.

And there he was, cradling Taehyung as if he were the most precious being on the planet and staring at the placidity of his sleeping face. But the remembrance that he only had one last night to spend with him flooded his chest with aching sorrow to the brim.

He wasted so much time denying his feelings and pushing him away because of the messed-up situation he was plunged into. And now Taehyung had to leave the next day. He had to leave when Jungkook finally surrendered to his longings body and soul. When he found so much comfort in just the presence of him.

It was so unfair. And it throttled him.

The dreary mist of torrential thoughts dissolved at the tightening of the limbs around his form. Light dimples blossomed on his masked face with the tender smile that touched his lips as a euphonious hum tingled his ears.

And as he marveled at the exquisite traits of his that were cloaked with sleepiness and vestiges of a gentle smile, his chest grew so ludicrously full of emotion. It was a newfound emotion, he realized, since he couldn't delineate it or recognize it right away.

It was adoration, he concluded.

He basked in the feel of it. It warmed his fucking *soul*, cocooning it in a blanket of bliss and a tinge of other emotions he couldn't name yet. He willingly yielded under its fierceness, knowing he couldn't do otherwise — knowing that warring with it would pummel him into unequivocal failure.

He clawed at that emotion with all his might. He needed it like oxygen. He was so thirsty for it, and it only registered in his brain then, with Taehyung swathed in his hug and his warmth encapsulating his being. His heart suddenly writhed at the thought of their atrocious separation. But the weak pull on his mask and a chock-full of tenderness kiss on his lips placated it with fond caresses, overflowing it with that familiar coziness.

Jungkook smiled against his mouth, his hand swimming up and down his back in slow-paced lines, and managed to steal one more kiss before Taehyung tugged at his mask to cover his face again.

“Are my friends here?”

“Hmm. They’re sleeping.”

“No, we’re not,” Jimin chimed in, voice croaky with the sleepiness that enveloped it.

“I guess they’re not,” Jungkook uttered with a light chuckle. “What will you do today?”

“We’ll visit Gapa Island, so we have to leave soon,” Hoseok said.

“And later we’ll go for the drinks Taehyung missed last night because he was too busy fuck—”

“Okay, okay, we get it,” Taehyung grumbled. “I said I’m sorry. I didn’t realize when time passed.”

“We know, Tae,” Hoseok smiled. “You’ll see us every day, but Jay, on the other hand... Anyway. The point is, we understand you.”

Taehyung peeked at Jungkook and found no inkling of emotion in his eyes at Hoseok’s words. As if they didn’t affect him in the slightest. “I can come back around ten if you want to spend the night together,” he said, disguising his chagrin behind a smiley veneer.

Jungkook swallowed through the abrupt heaviness at the back of his throat. He truly fought to maintain a blank expression and constrain that gut-wrenching feeling of dejection from manifesting into his eyes. “Yeah. Let’s meet after I talk to my hyungs.”

Taehyung’s smile stretched a degree wider, then dropped off his countenance. The vile reminder that Jungkook didn’t share the same feelings as him sledgehammered his chest, leaving it bleeding a pool of poignancy. Not wanting Jungkook to apprehend his dejected state, he squeezed him in his embrace. “I’ll go get ready.”

“Okay.” Jungkook was barely able to pat his back before his body slipped through his hold.

A string of hushed profanities dripped from Taehyung’s open mouth at the shocks of pain in his bottom as he descended the ladder. Not only did they fuck rougher than ever, but they also had multiple rounds. The fierce soreness he felt yesterday was drowned in pleasure and the bottomless pit that was his craving for him, but now it was almost unbearable.

Jimin inspected his friend’s limp as he pulled himself to a sitting position. “He fucking wrecked you.”

A soft snort of agreement rolled off him as he took the necessary things for his visit to the bathroom. “I asked for it.”

“The right word is begged,” Jungkook crooned and propped his elbow on the bed to fix him with a teasing, sly look.

Taehyung’s movement of reaching for his towel paused, then he twisted his head to meet his gaze. He could see the annoying smirk his face wore even with his mask on, but he didn’t have a decent counterattack since Jungkook was absolutely right. “And I’ll be begging tonight as well,” he settled on saying in a sensuous baritone, and the instant intensity that gleamed in the other’s eyes told him he succeeded in eradicating that smug leer.

His amorous view, his smoky timbre, and the promising innuendos lacing his words blended into one fireball of stimulation that lashed across Jungkook’s body and clustered around his crotch. God, it was *insane* how badly he wanted to take him right fucking now with just a few words he spewed.

“Okay, let’s go wash up because he’s ready to devour you,” Hoseok snickered as he tapped Taehyung’s back to cease their sparking eye contact.

Taehyung wiggled his brows in a victorious sort of mockery and strutted out of the room, disregarding the persistent burn in his ass.

Jungkook flopped back down into the bed with a throaty exhalation that came out of smiling lips. *Fuck, he’s perfect.*

The time Jungkook feared the most came, and he wasn’t ready at all.

There was a quiver of anxiety in his hesitant steps as he headed to the storage room, which derived from the speedy tempo of his heartbeat. And as he curled his fingers around the handle, one thing was certain. He could only face up to his doom and receive the unpreventable castigation submissively.

His chest ballooned with the inrush of a breath designed to steel himself. He pushed the air out of his lungs with a sigh and slid the door open.

The screeching of a chair being shoved back drilled into his senses at once, and he watched through elongated eyes shaded with remorse as Seokjin struggled to restrain Yoongi.

“Let me beat his fucking ass, hyung,” Yoongi spat, words squeezed out between his contracted jaw with a growl so ominous it made Jungkook’s stomach lurch.

“Calm down,” Seokjin hissed through his ragged breaths as the task of holding him back required his full force.

But the glint of rampancy in his eyes carried on burning brighter, crackling like electricity. “Tell me one good fucking reason you missed our meeting when everything was a fucking mess with the police that came looking for you.”

The room resounded with the rowdyism of his voice, and Jungkook could feel the muted strains of it swarm up his form until they looped around his chest devastatingly. He shed his mask and slithered it in his pocket with tentative moves. His throat was dry with nervousness, he perceived, as he gulped, and his mouth moved, but no words could sneak out.

Namjoon stood up and appeared in front of Yoongi with an exasperated jolt. He grasped his shoulders with restrictive pressure, his eyes that raged with a cautionary blaze pinning him to his spot. “Calm the fuck down. He knows he screwed up.”

Yoongi’s rowdy squirming to free himself mellowed stepwise. His mouth was tight with opprobrium, and wrath still smoldered in his darkened eyes. He whirled around and approached his thrown chair, then put it back in its place before he sank down on it. He chugged down his soju in gulping sips, hoping the bitterness of the alcohol would mollify the other form of enraged bitterness in his gut.

Jungkook’s head hung over his droopy shoulders. He expected Yoongi’s reaction, and it still made him feel like an insensitive asshole. As he regarded him strain against Seokjin’s grip a few moments earlier, though, a new realization took root in his chest that sizzled it.

Yoongi couldn’t understand him. And maybe no one could.

They couldn't understand the intensity of his feelings for Taehyung. They couldn't understand his longing for him. His sorrow at the thought of parting from him. The heartache that stabbed his existence since he couldn't let him into his fucked-up life.

They couldn't understand. But maybe that was the case because he hadn't talked to them clearly about all this.

His sullen gaze rested on the floor in his attempt to obscure his sunken features. The muscles along his arms flexed with the clenching of his fists as he gathered every scintilla of strength he had to unveil his terrifying, outrageous feelings for Taehyung. But he couldn't do it. Not yet, at least.

"All I can say is I'm sorry," Jungkook uttered, voice muffled by the heaviness it carried. "And that you're right. I don't have a good reason for missing our meeting."

"You were with him, weren't you?" Yoongi growled, unaffected by the traces of ruefulness on his face.

"Yes. I didn't realize how time passed."

Seokjin sent a row of glances at Yoongi's turbulent facade and his chest shivered with a long exhalation. "Just don't do it again. We need to talk, Jungkook. The police came looking for you. We have to prepare an escape plan in case something goes wrong."

"What could go wrong? No one has seen my face."

"Yeah, but Ji Hoo might snitch on you," Namjoon said. "I don't trust him."

"Then let's return to Seoul. I'll hide there. We don't have a reason to be here anymore."

A huff filled with disdainful disbelief sprang from Yoongi's throat as he looked heavenwards, tongue poking the inside of his cheek. "Are you dreaming about being close to Taehyung? Because that can't fucking happen. You'll get him killed if someone finds out about him."

Waves of stifling fury climbed up Jungkook's chest, but he tamed them before they could erupt from him in brutal words. "I'm not planning on doing that. So don't worry about him."

"Really? You're telling me not to worry about him?" Yoongi sneered. "Did he tell you the police showed them your fucking picture? Did he tell you he knows why you're hiding?"

"Yes. He told me everything. And I told him everything too."

The already charged atmosphere thickened at the revelation and vibrated with an even more fraught silence. Jungkook didn't dare to raise his head; he just stood there in front of the door in a defeated stance, unmoving.

"What... What do you mean everything?" Seokjin asked in appalled restlessness. "Your name, who you are, and what you do?"

"Yes," he breathed out. "Everything."

"Why?" Yoongi's jaw quaked with a new flare of rage, his body growing so tense his muscles ached. "Why the fuck would you do that?"

"I had to explain. I... I wanted to." Suddenly, the floor he was staring at this whole time petered into a dreary blur, and it took him a few seconds to conceive the tears blinding his vision. "He was

crying. Saying he was scared of losing me. Begging me to tell him I'm not a murderer." He relived that harrowing moment as he narrated it, and all the detestable emotions he experienced at Taehyung's sobbing bubbled up to the surface of his self-composure and trickled down, coating his cheeks with a hot wetness.

An unprecedented tension gripped at the three at the sight of his silently crying condition. It had been years since the last time they had witnessed him crying, and that was when he was just a kid. As an adult, they only caught him tearing up a couple of times when someone from the group got hurt by a sudden attack, but that was it. Actually seeing fast-flowing tears drench his face imposed on them a paralyzing quietness and hardened their traits.

Any remains of Yoongi's outrage fizzled into melancholy. He reached for a bottle of soju and set it on the table in front of Jungkook's seat as an invitation to join them. But the younger remained frozen stiff, letting his tears pool under his chin until they tumbled onto the floor. "Come here."

Jungkook sniffled on repeat as he dragged his feet closer. He scrubbed the wetness from his face with his sleeve and wilted on the chair. He opened his soju and sipped it, then anchored his blurry gaze on it as he braced it on his thigh. "You don't understand me," he rasped. "You don't understand because you haven't felt what I feel about Taehyung."

Namjoon expelled a deep breath, his eyes meandering over his forlorn countenance. "What do you feel about Taehyung?"

Jungkook hummed a contemplative sound and sniffled again. The outburst of tears mitigated as he dove into his brain for a way to explain his feelings to his hyungs. "I think... what I feel about him they call it being in love."

Yoongi's brows shot up and stood in two high curves of surprise with unease creeping into every crease on his forehead. "You already fucked him a bunch of times. You're not bored of him yet?"

"Bored?" Jungkook scoffed feebly. "That's not possible. I feel like... I feel like dying at the thought of spending a day without him."

Seokjin leaned his forearms on the table, his turmoil glimmering through his fretful eyes. "Are you serious? Like, for real?"

"Yes, hyung. I want him. I want him to be mine."

"But Kook. Do you really want to risk his safety by bringing him into your life?" Namjoon asked.

"No. Of course not. That's why I won't."

"Wait," Yoongi muttered with a perplexed frown as he shifted in his seat. "You just said you want him to be yours. But you won't bring him into your life? How is that possible?"

"I want him to be mine, but that doesn't mean I'll do anything about it." He couldn't help the gloomy timbre coiling around his lowly spoken words. "I can't do anything about it because I don't want to endanger him. His safety is the most important to me. I just said all this to make you understand how much I want him. That it's not just a hookup or something that'll pass. That I really lost track of time with him yesterday because I was having that much fun. Because for the first time in the last four months, I felt alive again. I felt like a normal person. I felt... the most loved in my life. And I want to keep feeling like that so fucking much it hurts."

The words dangled in the stagnant air as the surprise they inflicted on the three lagged the process of absorbing them. He was sincere, and maybe that was what frightened them the most. Because

Jungkook was impulsive, and with all these newfound feelings, he was like a ticking bomb ready to demolish everything at any minute.

“Okay, so you told him everything,” Seokjin said in an attempt to soothe the oppression of the ambiance. “How did he react?”

Jungkook’s lips flinched with a delicate smile. “He said he wants to join the business.”

Namjoon huffed a chuckle. “I wasn’t expecting that.”

“Yeah. Me neither. He said he’ll make a shitload of money and expand his business this way.”

“And what did you say? Will you let him?” Yoongi asked.

“Of course not.” Every jot of lightness burned out of his tone just when it appeared. “He’s too precious for this business. They’ll eat him alive.”

Yoongi reclined in his seat with a muted sigh. “Yeah. I’ll end things with Jimin, by the way. He’s leaving tomorrow, so there’s no point dragging this further.”

Jungkook’s eyes rolled up his face until they settled on his face, finding a brume of grimness caging it. “You’ll break his heart.”

“And you will break Taehyung’s,” Yoongi shot back with the same heavyhearted drawl.

His gaze plummeted again as it brimmed with sorrow. He could only hope Taehyung wouldn’t cry because he didn’t think he could handle the sight. “You didn’t fall for Jimin, huh? He was so sure he would make you fall head over heels for him.”

Yoongi swigged his soju. “It doesn’t matter.”

Jungkook surveyed the tightness in his expression and his evasive eyes as a dawning realization blossomed in his gut. “You’re in love with him too.”

“Shut up,” Yoongi snapped, clutching the empty bottle in his hand.

Namjoon scoffed at the absurdity of the situation. “We came here to hide and you stupid assholes went and fell in love. Congrats, now enjoy your broken hearts.”

Ripples of subdued chuckles flowed through the room with a dose of bitterness from the other three. Although the situation was anything but funny, they couldn’t help it.

Jungkook brought the soju to his lips and took a sip. The remembrance of Taehyung’s father toppled over him, and he smacked the bottle on the table as his eyes grew alert with an eddying agitation, dispersing some fractions of his wistfulness. “Guys. I found out something weird.”

“What?” Namjoon asked, brows drawn together.

“When I mentioned Kang Soo’s name to Taehyung, he told me his father has a friend with the same name.”

Absolute befuddlement exploded on their faces. “What’s his father’s job?” Seokjin asked.

“He’s a surgeon.”

“Surgeon?” Yoongi repeated in a murmur. “Why would a surgeon associate with the underworld?”

“I don’t know.”

“Are you sure it’s the Han Kang Soo we know?” Namjoon questioned with an edge of pother.

“What are the chances he’s a different guy with the same name?”

“As many as the chances he’s the same guy are,” Yoongi quipped. “What did he tell you about his father?”

“Nothing much. His name is Kim Mi Sung. He doesn’t use drugs, Taehyung said. And he also found it implausible that it’s the same Kang Soo. He said his father only associates with other doctors, lawyers, and stuff.”

Namjoon folded an arm over his chest and rubbed his chin in thought with the other. “Has Taehyung seen his face?”

“No,” Jungkook sighed. “I wanted to ask him to draw him, but he doesn’t know what he looks like. He only heard his father talk on the phone with him.”

“Then how can we confirm if it’s the same Kang Soo?” asked Seokjin.

“Han Ji Hoo.”

Yoongi’s lids dropped in a narrow look, which he aimed at Jungkook. “What about him?”

“Let’s ask him if he has heard that name before. Call him and tell him to come to the garage, Yoongi hyung. And while we wait, Namjoon hyung can search about Kim Mi Sung.”

“Okay.”

With Namjoon’s verbal response and the nods from the others, they got to work right away. Yoongi called Ji Hoo, and Namjoon hurried to retrieve his laptop. He wasn’t that much of a hacker, but he could do the basics such as find someone’s location by their phone signal and dig out information about people.

The thorough search of Mi Sun’s name didn’t bring them the results they hoped for. He had a clean criminal record, and they found nothing suspicious in his information. They instead discovered he was a well-known doctor, the chief of cardiothoracic surgery at Samsung Medical Center, who also frequently gave educational lectures and was overall loved by his patients and students.

The suspicion that he associated with the underworld seemed even more improbable with his spotless history, though they opted to check with Ji Hoo as well.

Gathered at the garage for a while now, a series of knocks reverberated through the dusty room, and Namjoon hit the button to open the door enough for him to enter.

“What’s up?” Ji Hoo asked right away. “Why did you tell me to meet?”

The mechanic sound of the door closing reigned over them for a few more seconds. Jungkook walked to the black Mercedes and leaned on it as he leveled his gaze at him. “Have you found anything?”

Ji Hoo couldn’t hide his vexation at the dodge of his question. He had already asked Yoongi on the

phone plenty of times why they wanted to meet him, but he hadn't received the coveted answer. "No. You?"

"No."

"Then why did you ask me to come here?" he questioned once again as his chest prickled with another stab of annoyance.

"Have you ever heard the name Kim Mi Sung before?"

Ji Hoo's eyes plunged, though nothing showed on his face. "No."

Jungkook's arms came to tangle over his chest as he perused the utter stillness of his frame. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," he fired back. His gaze flew over his countenance before it landed on the floor again. "Who is he?"

"Are you sure your father has never done any business with him?"

"I said yes." There was an ever-increasing irritation boiling in his core that clenched at the muscles of his face, betraying his sensitive nerves.

Jungkook pushed himself off the car and neared him with plodding steps. He clasped his nape and dipped closer to his face, his eyes dark and sinister. "Ji Hoo-ya. If I find out you're lying to me... I'll slit your fucking throat in front of your precious mother."

Ji Hoo's fingers gouged into his palms at his exertion to limit his trembling. He gulped, not daring to make eye contact. "I'm not lying."

"Trust me. I'll figure out soon if you are or not." He gave a slap on his nape and shoved him towards the exit. "For now, leave."

Ji Hoo waited restlessly for the door to open, and he ducked under it, wanting to disappear from there as soon as possible.

Yoongi studied Jungkook's unreadable expression with a frown. "Do you think he's lying?"

"Probably. He was shaking. Or maybe I just scared him too much."

Namjoon chuckled. "You sure scared him. And as I said, I don't trust him. But why would he want to hide the relation between his father and Mi Sung, if there is any?"

A guttural sigh escaped Jungkook, then he drew on his mask. "We have to find that out."

Ji Hoo scurried away, throwing frantic glances behind him. Once he was far enough, he slipped his phone out of his pocket with shivery hands and tapped a few things. He placed it to his ear and kept inspecting the surrounding area for anyone suspicious.

"Hmm, Ji Hoo-ya."

"Dad," he spluttered, his breath coming faster than normal.

"What's wrong?"

"Yoongi told me to meet them. Jungkook asked me if I have heard the name Mi Sung before."

“What? Why?” The gruff bass of his voice distorted with a thread of twitchy perplexity.

“I don’t know. He didn’t say.”

“Fuck. How the hell did he find out about our relation?”

“That’s not important. What are we going to do now?”

“Nothing. I’m sure it doesn’t mean anything. Keep contact with them and try to find out whatever you can.”

Ji Hoo let out a sigh, shaky just like his hands, as Jungkook’s warning lingered in his head and rampaged in ghastly circles. “Okay.”

“Be careful, son. I’ll see you again soon.”

“You too. Bye.”



Now It's So Much More

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jungkook, seated at the edge of his bed with his palms pressing against the mattress on each of his sides, swung his legs mildly.

He had given in to the chaos in his mind that was centered on Taehyung and his feelings for him. He wanted to confess, wanted to tell him everything he said to his hyungs. He thought he would go insane if he didn't. But he had to lace a stranglehold around that urge because, as he had previously concluded, nothing would change if he confessed.

It was a lost cause. Their relationship. It was since the moment they started this. But he never imagined their imminent separation would feel so brutal.

The swaying of his legs paused, just like the turbulence in his mind, at the cheerful beep of the door. His brows dropped low over his eyes as he considered Jimin, who just entered alone.

"Where's Taehyung?"

Jimin sent a peek at him and cleared his throat. "He's coming."

"Yeah, but where is he?"

Something tense braised in the air at once, and Jimin forced out a chuckle to tone it down. "He's just freshening up."

A driblet of incredulity flickered in Jungkook's eyes as they anatomized his face. "So if I go to the bathroom, he'll be there?"

His mouth flattened in a tight line. "Yes," he said so quietly, as if he had to squeeze the word out.

Jungkook jumped off his bed and landed in a squat, then took a step towards the door.

Jimin set a deterrent hand on his shoulder as a shade of vexation tinged his traits. "Sit your ass back down and wait."

The corner of Jungkook's lips tilted in a smirk. "I knew you were lying." He retreated and climbed up into his bed again, flaming with the itch to know where the hell Taehyung was.

Jimin spruced himself up to meet Yoongi; that was the reason he returned to the room and left the other two alone.

As more time crawled by, Jungkook's patience seemed to thin out so much it robbed all the air from his lungs, and he jolted out of his seat with a rumbling grunt.

Jimin winced at the ferocity of the animal sound, ceasing the movement of straightening his hair.

"Can't you be a little patient?"

"No," Jungkook snarled, clutching the bedsheets. "Tell me where he is or I'll turn the entire hostel upside down to find him."

Jimin's mouth twisted with aggravation as his eyes rolled in a circle of the same emotion. The

teetering tirade on the tip of his tongue got strangled by the click of the door opening, and he watched as Jay leaped from his bed and rushed to Taehyung.

Jungkook's eyes pored over his face in search of any shred of sadness or anything that would hint at Taehyung's sulky mood, though he found none. "Where were you?"

"Hmm, nosy," Hoseok crooned as he walked to the closet to grab his pajamas.

"Why?" Taehyung snorted. "You missed me?"

"I just thought..." Jungkook's tongue suddenly felt heavy like a rock, unable to push the words out. "Never mind."

Taehyung gazed at the hesitation in his eyes for a little longer, but brushed the matter off. "I need to take a shower, so you'll have to wait a bit."

"Yeah, why are you this sweaty?" Jungkook asked, viewing the drops of perspiration drip down the sides of his face.

"I'll tell you everything after my shower."

Despite his blazing curiosity, he obeyed. As Jimin headed out for his date with Yoongi, Hoseok lay in his bed, wasted, and Jungkook waited in a stew of eagerness.

He jerked bolt upright at the unlocking of the door and gazed at Taehyung as he trod to the chair to hang his towel. His hawk-like eyes softened when the gorgeous man with sexily disarranged damp hair stole closer to him, and twinkled with a notion of expectancy.

"Are you ready?"

The sensual hue of his undertone wafted in a gentle ripple and caressed any fragment of tension, soothing his senses. "For what?"

"To spend the night with me."

His words rang like an invitation that daunted him. He noted the little soft smile on his lips and the secrets it hid. His stomach crackled. He knew, as he peered into the chocolate ocean of his eyes. He wouldn't return the same after this night. It terrified him — slammed his heart into a galloping frenzy. But he was ready. He was more ready than ever to let the intensity of Taehyung's feelings flood him, make him his for one last night, and have his heart broken the next day.

He was ready to merge their hearts, even though Taehyung would take his own and Jungkook's with him when he would leave. Because his heart belonged with him. To him.

"I'm ready."

Softness crinkled his eyes at the corners as he signed him to come down. He outstretched his arm as Jungkook descended the ladder and intertwined their hands when he was close enough. He ushered him out of the room, and they traipsed in comfortable silence.

Jungkook's brows twitched in perplexity as Taehyung tugged him towards the staircase, and he strained gently against his hold to immobilize him. "Are we going to the rooftop? You know I can't go outside. People might see me from the next buildings."

Taehyung offered him a delicate smile as he cradled his cheek. “Can you trust me?”

The safety his fond gaze exuded was inebriating and cocooned any dose of vacillation. He could trust him with his damn life. “Yes.”

Taehyung’s smile intensified, as if a gleam of sunlight touched it, and he ascended the stairs with Jungkook trailing behind him, hands still locked together. As they reached the door, he aimed a glance at him so gleeful and overwhelmed with eager excitement. Then, he twisted again and pushed the door open.

Jungkook’s eyes instantly grew alert with an explorative sparkle, cruising around the commodious location. A fondness tangled with a sprinkling of surprise disfigured the agitation in his gaze and warmth swept over it as he soaked up the medium-sized tent that was set at the center of the rooftop.

Taehyung’s perpetual smile cut his face wide open when it folded out into an elated grin, twinkling eyes solely zoomed in on him. “Do you like my idea?”

A quiet chuckle seeped through his mouth. “Yes.” He sneaked in front of him and curled his fingers around his nape, the multitude of blissful emotions spilling from the depths of his hazel eyes. “Let’s go inside because I want to kiss you so bad right now.”

Taehyung giggled — a suave sound that undulated through the open space to tingle Jungkook’s senses. He guided him to the tent and hunched to step inside. Once Jungkook entered as well, he zipped up the entrance.

Jungkook assimilated with the same fondness the interior; it had a table lamp in the corner that illuminated the place just enough, a thick blanket was laid on the ground along with a pillow, and two water bottles stood at the side with another bottle that seemed like lubricant and a pack of wet wipes.

He noticed Taehyung shed his slippers and perched on the blanket, and he copied his moves. “I can’t believe you prepared all this for us.” Sitting beside him, he tugged him into a gentle kiss by his nape as he so much longed to do.

Taehyung hummed at the sweetness of his lips. “Well, having sex while standing is fun, but I wanted to experience this too with you,” he said against his mouth, deep voice carrying a playful lilt with it.

“Hmm, are you still dreaming about ways I can fuck you?” he whispered and sucked on his bottom lip mildly, just to entice him and have him begging for more.

“Every”—Taehyung grasped the hair at the back of his head at the tantalizing brush of their lips —“single day.”

Before Jungkook could even think of a response, Taehyung attached their lips with a headlong clash, ravenous tongues crushing against each other right away. Needy hands pulled Jungkook closer, guiding him back until Taehyung splayed over the plush blanket with him on top.

The onslaught of puckered lips rolling and thirsty tongues interlacing proceeded even more fiercely with the rub of their hardened cocks. Obscene moans buzzed in the enveloping air, blended with the explosions of their growling hearts and the echoes of lust. A sort of dreaminess showered down their senses with the volley of dazzling emotions winding up and down their form that edged them into a capsule comprising only the two of them.

Taehyung registered a change in the way Jungkook kissed him and explored his body with his hands. His touch had the same irreducible craving and desperation, but something lurked beneath it, throbbing and so incandescent it blinded him.

He embraced it — welcomed it with zest, even though he was clueless about what it was. It stirred each one of his untamable feelings in ways he was oblivious to before. It enamored him, inebriated his lucidity, dazed his mind.

And he let it destroy him willingly. Because Jungkook was there to mend and piece back together the jumble of his shards with ultimate attentiveness.

The first layers of clothes were discarded with impatient moves, and their mouths sought each other again, sealing in a volcanic kiss.

Jungkook supported his weight on his left elbow to give room to his right hand to fondle his shapely torso; it kneaded the muscles of his chest, tweaked his nipples until they were all reddened and erect, and trailed lower to toy with his still clothed cock. They kept kissing all the while, licking into each other's mouths, tasting, delving, wanting *more, more, more*.

Taehyung was made into a manic beast of impatience with just a few impish strokes of his expert fingers against his erection. He whimpered his frustration in his mouth, but even if Jungkook apprehended it, he did nothing to assuage it. He latched his teeth into his lower lip and sucked with mind-bending force. The growl that sounded from Jungkook spiraled up his limbs, thrumming all around his veins, and pooled in a jolt of titillation that ripped through his weeping cock.

Jungkook, of course, could perceive his neediness for more. He needed more as well, but there was something else that overrode it. He wanted to fire him up to his limits, have him begging for him, feel like he would explode from the pent-up stimulation. He wanted to urge his desperation to the surface and root it in his heart so he could always remember how much Taehyung yearned for him, even when he would be miles away.

Taehyung wrenched their mouths apart with a choked gasp at the squeeze of delicate fingers around the bloated head of his length. "If you don't fuck me like right now," he wheezed out, fogged eyes darkening with a dreg of irritation, "I will do it myself."

The corners of Jungkook's lips fixed on a conniving smirk that didn't wear off even when he snaked his mouth along his chiseled jaw. "I was planning to let you bounce on my cock, anyway, baby." He dragged the tip of his tongue across his bottom lip and nibbled it. "And if you wanted me to fuck you, you could have just asked."

Muted whines braised in Taehyung's throat as the spurt of bratty confidence that punched his previous remark out of him perished instantly at his effortless ascendancy. "Please fuck me, Jungkook. Why aren't you doing anything?"

"I wanted to see how long it'll take you to beg. Took you long enough." He trailed his lips to his neck and sucked his satiny skin.

A shiver shook his frame at the wet attack on his neck, his open mouth spilling a galaxy of strained moans. "I loved your kiss. Didn't want it to end. But I'm about to cum and you've barely touched me."

"Already, huh?"

A tingling pulsation crazed Taehyung's skin with the deliberate efflux of hot air the other released

with his fruity murmur. “Yes. Please—Please, Jungkook.”

He catered to his desire avidly; he launched an onrush of greedy kisses on his chest that sloped to his clenching belly and reached his swollen cock at the end. He stripped him of his shorts and boxers and flung them beside him. He appreciated his graceful thighs with flaming, lust-filled eyes and with eager brushes of his hands.

“I’ll devour you tonight,” Jungkook whispered — promised, as he soaked in his flushed cock, which twitched just seconds later. “Won’t let you sleep at all.” He hoisted his legs and pressed them against his chest. “Hold.”

Still in a mind-buzzing haze at the sinful promise, Taehyung drew his arms closer and looped them under his thighs. He detected a frenetic glint of pure hankering eddying in his eyes that were fixated on his exposed hole, and his toes curled in an upsurge of thrill. It electrified him how hungry Jungkook seemed to be for him. It sizzled his body with a riptide of anticipation vehement enough to knock down every sensible thought.

The feel of slippery, downy lips stroking his constricted entrance came along with a salvo of shudders that ripped breathy, high-pitched whines out of him. He drove his head back into the pillow at the heavenly feeling, his face crumpling with ecstasy. And he just kissed him there. The intensity of his sway over him with just a simple kiss or touch was insane.

Something cool and slick circled his hole instead of his tongue this time, and he perked his head up to examine the situation. Just as his gaze leveled at Jungkook, a lubed finger intruded his heat in a pleasurable slide that had him mewling. The pit of his stomach prickled with a burning tautness at once, whooshing him just a breath away from erupting.

It was ridiculous. He was about to come from a single finger. A finger that barely stretched his hole anymore since taking Jungkook’s cock every night for the past few days had loosened the muscles a notch and didn’t give them time to tighten again.

“What a needy baby you are, angel,” Jungkook purred as he curved his finger, rubbing it as deep as physically possible. “You’re about to cum, aren’t you?”

“Yes, yes, don’t stop, fuck.” Taehyung’s breath was pumped from his body harsher as the dizzying tautness in his gut blazed.

“Cum for me,” he commanded in a gruff tune and dove between his legs, stuffing his mouth full of his sensitive cock. He dug two fingers into him and dragged them ferociously against his walls as he bobbed his head at the same rapid rhythm, moaning on repeat around his shaft.

Taehyung imploded and exploded in overpowering rapture, cried out his name like a chant, and convulsed at the strings of cum that jetted from his jolting cock. The continuous vibrations of Jungkook’s moans as he swallowed his release added to his high, festering it.

Jungkook withdrew his mouth and licked his lips as the thrusts of his fingers diminished to plodding caresses. His eyes climbed up his folded form and settled on his face, though he couldn’t see much since Taehyung’s head had dropped onto the pillow again. “You good? Or should I stop?”

“Don’t stop,” he slurred, still floating between clouds of nirvana, as the oversensitivity was lost in his immense craving for his cock. “I want your cock so bad, Jungkook. Fuck me.”

With a brute grunt scraping his throat, Jungkook plunged to bury his tongue into his hole. He

alternated between slurping his lightly slack rim and dunking the hot muscle inside in probing, forceful jabs. He delivered a harsh smack on his left asscheek that caused him to jar and his velvety walls to clamp around his tongue.

“Fuck, yes, baby, love it,” Taehyung mumbled as a new inebriation seemed to gain mastery over his senses already. His nails gouged into the tender flesh of his thighs as he was speared open on his skillful tongue, head jerking up to marvel at the sight.

“Could eat you out all night, angel,” Jungkook whispered against his hole and engulfed it with his mouth again. He smashed his palm on his ass in a slap so fierce he would definitely feel the burning for a while.

Taehyung choked on a gasp crossed between delectation and pain. “Need—Need your cock,” he barbled, a mild shrillness slithering out of the crevices of his inflection as desperation took the lead.

Jungkook gripped his crimson asscheek in a bruising hold and eased three fingers into him. “You’ll have my cock however you want it, baby.” He sprawled his fingers without giving him time to adjust and edged them in and out slowly. “If you need time—”

“No,” he argued as his hooded eyes, swimming in lust and haziness, focused on him. “I told you what I need. I need your cock. Now.”

Jungkook peered back into the chocolate pools, and just the recognition of his abandoned need for him came to lick up his cock in jarring, hot bursts of stimulation. He gave a flying slap onto the asscheek he was grasping as he hammered his fingers into him in precise, rowdy pushes.

But as Taehyung’s delicious moans waxed, the heat in his stomach flared more and more until it became impossible to tame. He popped his fingers out and slipped off his sweatpants and boxers in no time, then lay next to him. “Bring that ass to my mouth and suck my cock, baby. I need to cum.”

Taehyung obeyed like a well-trained dog, buzzing with eagerness and excitement only at the thought. He crawled over him and lowered his ass to his face as he pumped his rock-hard erection a couple of times. Three cruel fingers jammed right up against his prostate instantly, and he erupted in whines, rocking back at the pained pleasure.

He guzzled his cock and sucked him in earnest, wanting to reciprocate the ecstasy Jungkook gifted him. After a few furious bobs of his head, he kept the length deep in his mouth and worked his throat around the head to nudge it deeper. Then, he swallowed. He recoiled at the sudden thrust of Jungkook’s hips that drove his cock even deeper in his heat, but he took the choking like a champ and kept devouring him.

“I love your mouth, angel, fuck, I’m so close,” Jungkook grunted, his fingers untiringly slamming into him. And true to his word, a tide of tingles spread like wildfire through his skin as he emptied everything in his mouth, hips rolling against him.

Taehyung lapped up every drop, moaning all the while, and he sucked hard as he pulled off. The pressure in his hole had ceased when his orgasm broke out, and he climbed off him to nestle against him.

Jungkook welcomed him into his embrace and didn’t waste a second to claim his mouth. He tasted his release on his tongue as he slid their lips together, getting drunk on the smoothness they held. Kissing him had become such an ardent necessity. He felt like he couldn’t last through even a minute without his mouth on Taehyung — whether it was on his lips, body, cock, or hole.

How the fuck could he survive a day without it? Or even worse, two days or three or a month or... No. Never having his mouth on him again was so devastating he couldn't even think about it.

But unwittingly he did, and that devastation crushed him and nauseated him with inexplicable terror that cut into his heart. The said terror injected fierceness into his actions that spurred him to drill his tongue deeper into his mouth and pull him harsher against his body. He realized, as his heart raged and his cock dripped for him.

Taehyung had ruined him for anyone else, too. There wasn't a way to exist without him anymore. He was sure of that. And it hurt in the most atrocious of ways because he had to do it. He had to exist without him. He had to wake up in his prison-like room without him. He had to let him go.

The constant rubbing of their hard cocks and Taehyung's sinful whimpers echoed in the background of his internal wretchedness. With a rough pull on his bottom lip, Jungkook ended the kiss and panted against his mouth in a moment of stillness meant to appease the vile emotions roaring throughout his chest.

Taehyung's attempt to read behind that shaded glossiness of his eyes was useless. But the more Jungkook shielded his emotions, the more he longed to unravel them one by one and drown in them.

He heaved himself off him without a word and grabbed the lube. He smeared the liquid on Jungkook's cock until every inch was coated and rubbed the remains over his hole, pushing two fingers into him to ascertain it was slippery enough.

When he laid his eyes on him again, he identified that familiar hunger in his gaze, though it was eclipsed by something he couldn't decipher. He hated it so much.

Taehyung mounted him and reached a hand behind him to align his cock to his hole. His palm slapped against the center of Jungkook's chest as the mind-expanding girth of the head breached his entrance. "Jungkook," he gasped out, screwing his eyes shut at the shooting pain. But it was what he needed the most in that moment. He needed this to hurt so he could feel him for days.

Jungkook grasped his waist as his forehead crinkled in a frown of rapture at the crawling glide of his hot hole over his cock. Completely sheathed on him, Taehyung slanted over him, and he rushed to ring his body with an arm.

"Whatever you're thinking," Taehyung uttered, voice wafting with a trembling undertone, "doesn't have a place in here. So stop. And focus on me. In this moment."

He didn't have another choice, anyway. The way his restrictive heat enclosed his cock was stomach-flipping. The sizzling pressing of their chests prickled his skin. The proximity of their faces alleviated any harrowing thought. And the mixture of all these things lulled him deeper into an ocean of ecstasy with leaping wavelets of *love*.

He clawed at his waist with both hands and rocked him gently, the tip prodding against the depths of his hole. "I was thinking about seeing you bounce on my cock, though," he said with a purr of mischief, and a corner of his lips twitched into his cheek.

Taehyung breathed a gasping chuckle as the voluptuous grinding of his cock against his walls got him all giddy and already desperate for more. "Liar."

The playfulness of his smile lost its vitality at the realization that Taehyung had picked up on his sobering thoughts, but he joined their lips before it could vanish throughout. Their tongues

enmeshed in a fiery dance as he quickened the tempo of the rolls of that plump ass, and both broke out in all kinds of blissful sounds.

Taehyung needed more than just rocking against him. He needed his cock to pound him — ruin him. So, with a whine, he lifted his hips and slammed his ass against his pelvis. He heard Jungkook gasp in his mouth and reveled in it, swallowing his sequent pleased sounds with his tongue.

The speedy abrasion of his veiny cock against his inner folds pummeled him into an electrifying cloudiness, and every thought fled his mind except one; to fuck himself on his cock until his legs would give out.

He crammed a hand between their bodies and hoisted his torso, using his bulky chest as a brace. Delving both palms into the said chest, he shoved his ass down onto the steady, impossibly hard cock as his eyes rested on his contracted, stunning face.

Jungkook anchored his hands on his hips and impaled him on his cock with each one of his wild thrusts, but he let Taehyung have control over it, mostly. A crackling carnality resided in his gaze as he sucked in every inch of him, like a parched man, from beneath his eyelashes. “You’re so gorgeous, baby,” spilled from him with a fitful lilt by the insistent pounding on his pelvis. “Fucking yourself on my cock. Taking me in so eagerly. Wreck your pretty hole on my cock.”

Taehyung’s face stretched into a mask of utter want at the lewd words, mouth popping apart to puff out his moans, and he heeded again to his order with a tsunami of searing alacrity.

The slapping sound of skin on skin intensified as he rammed his ass onto him with such force it burned. Everything burned at that moment; his hole by the enormous cock, his entire body at the shocks of pleasure, and his heart. His heart burned for Jungkook — it was alight with Jungkook. And he gladly allowed every inch of him to go up in flames.

Just as his legs started to tire out, a particular plunge jostled him towards his second orgasm, and he bounced to an abrupt halt. His body melted over him like jelly, nesting in his arms, as crude breaths spewed from his aching lungs.

Jungkook showered the side of his head with delicate kisses as he smoothed his palm up and down his back. “Tired?”

“A little. But I stopped because I felt like cumming.”

He dipped his fingers into his hair and angled his head to press a kiss on his mouth. “You can cum, baby. I’ll make you cum as many times as you want.” With a careful push, he flipped them over and propped his elbow on the pillow beside his face. “You did so well for me,” he muttered between mellow kisses on his silky lips. “I’m close too, but I want to see you cum first. And I want to keep fucking into you, so I’ll do my best to hold out.”

Taehyung mewled pathetically as he sneaked his tongue in his heat and twisted it against his. The bulgy cock was still buried inside him, and the wrapping of his legs around his form tilted his pelvis upwards in a deeper penetration. “Make me cum, Jungkook. Make me a mess.”

A reassuring smile budded on his lips with an underlying promise of unconditional rapture. “I got you,” he whispered, voice flavored with a suave softness. He dragged his cock out and set a brisk rhythm of steady dives into his hole that reached as deep as possible, with that melodic sound of skin smacking on skin spiraling around them.

Beneath Taehyung's flesh pulsed his insatiable passion for him as he took the cock tearing him apart with a slew of dumb whines. It mounted so high with the heady collision of their mouths, straining against the tender confinements, and it bubbled over at the desperate storminess of Jungkook's moves, gushing out of his existence.

He got drowned in it. His mind was a ruin of forbidden words that twirled and leaped like leaves blown in the wind. And the loads of self-restraint used to resist that seismic urge to let them flow out of his mouth hazed his vision over with a stinging wetness.

The cock writhing against his walls untiringly fueled the pool of heat in his belly and effectuated a vertiginous lightness on his senses. His second orgasm washed over him in a deafening explosion, and white-hot cum spurted from his twitching cock in an arc, splattering over his chest and even his neck. He sank his teeth into his lip as he puled with moans of enjoyment, his muscles quivering in the aftermath.

Jungkook decreased his thrusts to unrushed strokes as he came down from his high and marveled at his blissed-out expression when Taehyung released his definitely swollen lip. "I won't stop fucking you, Tae. I can't."

The sound of his nickname from his mouth bewitched Taehyung in the most unexpected of ways. Sure, he called him with other pet names, but this held a different significance since only his two best friends used it. It felt intimate. As if they shared a connection that went far beyond a good fuck. And as if both equally felt it.

Taehyung's mind flickered again with those forbidden words. His heart howled in despair. He needed to slam that urge out of him. He had to. "Please don't," he panted out, lacing a stranglehold around his desires. "Never. Keep fucking me, Jungkook. Please."

Jungkook notched up his speed, struggling just a mite to keep his orgasm under control. He didn't want to stop either. He lowered his face to his chest to suckle the ropes of cum and traced his lips to his neck to lick it clean as well. His fingers wormed down his figure and caressed the drenched head of his cock, instantly feeling Taehyung thrash about against him.

The outline of a mild smirk carved its shape into the side of his neck. "I love it when you shake like this against me." He twined his hand around his length and gave it a few twisting pumps that had it growing into full hardness in seconds. It amazed him since he had just cum, but Taehyung already seemed ready for more.

Taehyung was convulsed by another unbearable fit of desire to unleash his confession. A glimmer of sadness crept into every crease on his forehead, and he could only hope Jungkook wouldn't perceive it. "I need you, Jungkook. I want you so bad."

Jungkook embraced his cheeks, still pushing into his smoldering hole slowly. "You got me, baby. I'm right here."

The sadness bristled so much it suffused his flesh and poured from the depths of his eyes. *I'm in love with you.* Unconscious tears formed in his sockets at his incapability to articulate these damn words that pounded his chest in brutal punches.

"Harder," Taehyung begged in a shattered whisper, his gaze never losing him from its aim despite the dejection it carried. "Be rough. I want it to hurt." The moisture spread in his vision and overflowed until he could feel a trail of tears slide down the side of his face. "Fuck me hard. Wreck me, Jungkook."

The feel of the hot wetness grazing his palms, that were still cupping his cheeks, made Jungkook deprive him of his wish. His heart gave a violent prance of agitation at the sight, and he unwittingly ceased the rocking of his hips, keeping his cock stuffed inside him. He collected the tears and combed through his hair with his fingers in a caress as gentle as the touch of a feather.

“Tell me what you’re thinking,” Jungkook spoke in a hushed timbre that was coiled around his tender voice. “Tell me what you’re thinking and it’s making you cry.”

Taehyung tore his eyes off him as more tears leaked out at the question. It was like he pressed a button, and suddenly everything overwhelmed him, leading him to spill more burning wetness.

“Hey,” Jungkook uttered with a fast-growing concern. He drew his hips back in his attempt to slip his length out, but a hasty grip on his waist held him immobile.

“Just fuck me, hmm?” Taehyung pleaded, bottom lip shivering. “Fuck me rough. Deep so I can feel every inch of you.”

“But you’re crying.”

“Worry about it later. Now fuck me. Please.”

Jungkook individuated the desperation in his glittering eyes. But it wasn’t the usual desperation of lust. It was another type that embodied such sorrow it pricked his heart just at the sight. Taehyung was sad, overran by pain, and wallowed in torture. And he loathed himself so fucking much because he couldn’t give him what he truly craved. He couldn’t confess his feelings, couldn’t claim him as his, couldn’t keep him close.

So he lunged to soothe the tremor of his lip with an impassioned kiss. He brushed their mouths and rolled their tongues together with a fierceness he hoped it could salve his ravaging sorrow too. He hammered into him like his heart pounded against his ribcage. He clung onto him, juddering together and drifting into their cozy capsule of yearning.

Taehyung’s heartache was fucked out of him as he so much wanted. He felt that underlying change in the way he kissed him to the bone again. But he still couldn’t pinpoint what it was or why it was there. The unrelenting jabs of his wondrous cock against his prostate blanked his mind. His fingers dug further into Jungkook’s back, squeezing their bodies harder.

His release blindsided him. It ripped out the scant air from his lungs, since most of it was already guzzled by Jungkook, and wreaked eruptive goosebumps all around his skin. Wave after wave of dreamy pleasure toppled over him that churned his frame. It sent him flying along mottled, cottony clouds of entrancement and brought glows of bone-deep fulfillment that undulated across him from head to toe.

Jungkook squirmed with his own coveted orgasm just seconds later. That divine, wrecked hole clutched his cock possessively, almost painfully, but he thrust harder into the spasmodic folds of his heat. With tight, untamed swoops, he painted his insides with his cum, grunting like an animal in his mouth.

The drunk ferocity guiding their kiss fizzled into unhurried gentleness after the culmination of their high. They lay there buzzing, feeling their strained muscles throb and their roaring hearts thud against each other’s chest. The sweet strokes of their mouths amplified the pulsations of bliss sifting through the atmosphere, entrancing them even more.

Taehyung’s eyes fluttered open when the delicate lips of his slunk away. His vision was still murky

by a thin layer of dampness, though he was now able to fence it in. He regarded his focused gaze on him and almost imperceptible wrinkles bloomed on his forehead with a tinge of gloom.

He absorbed the fumes of euphoria sparkling in his eyes, but there was something else that broke through the edges — something that clawed at his heart and wrung it ruthlessly. A multitude of emotions loomed behind these hazel eyes, but he could only recognize one.

Sadness.

It lunged his heart into a new stampede of anxiety. He shouldn't be sad. Not after a fervid moment like this. The guilt that he had ruined their most euphoric moment with his sudden burst of crying squashed him, adorning his eyes with a similar sullenness.

Jungkook lifted himself off him wordlessly. One hand reached for the wet wipes and the other pressed against the back of his thighs before they could drop onto the blanket. He admired his scarlet, gaping hole, watching as a string of cum oozed out. He scrubbed it away with a wet wipe and cleaned him as much as he could, not wanting him to feel sticky with a hole filled with cum.

He supported the weight of his legs and leveled them over the ground. He wiped the thick liquid from his torso with gentle swipes, eyes trailing the movement. "You told me whatever I was thinking didn't have a place here." His quiet voice rang with a grave hue. "And you let it make you cry."

Taehyung's chest sank, just like his features. He gazed with a pout clinging onto the corner of his lips as Jungkook cleaned his chest as well. "I was just overwhelmed. I'm sorry."

"Overwhelmed with what?"

The pout hardened on his face with the unforeseen flare of vexation slicing through his gut. The line of his mouth tightened into a steely frown, dissipating any shard of gloom. How could he not know what overwhelmed him? How could he not know how much it tormented him that he had to leave?

"With everything, Jungkook." He pulled himself to a sitting position, overlooking the pain, and fixed his eyes on him in a darkened, rowdy stare. "I don't know if you give a fuck, but I'm leaving tomorrow."

The words were like spikes that punctured his already bleeding wound. They hung heavily in the surrounding air and roiled through the fraught silence, taunting him — toying with his sanity. The muscles in his face sharpened by the mockery his scarred heart received, a vicious, pained glint of harshness overshadowing his eyes. "You think I don't?"

"Yeah, that's what it seems like."

"Why? Because I'm not crying like you?"

Taehyung's mouth puckered with poorly suppressed fury, brows still drawn together so ferociously his forehead ached. But then exhaustion crowded in as he interpreted the futility of pushing the matter. "Let's not talk about it."

"No, let's fucking talk about it." His voice burst from him with a growling loudness that even surprised himself. He shouldn't be mad. Taehyung wasn't aware of his feelings. He knew nothing because Jungkook didn't let him. It was unfair for him to get yelled at when he knew nothing.

The realization smoothed out the turbulent creases in his face and cloaked his existence with a

mantle of remorseful melancholy, which only gripped him harder at the glimmering sheen of startle mixed with agony in Taehyung's eyes. "I'm sorry." He crawled closer and perched in front of him, crossing his legs. His hand drew to his face in need to caress his cheek, but it twitched in painful surprise when Taehyung tilted his head away from his touch.

It lingered in the air as he perused the heartache wandering on his grim traits and clenched into a fist, collapsing onto his thigh. "I shouldn't have yelled at you. I'm sorry, Taehyung."

Taehyung swallowed past the burning heaviness lodged at the back of his throat. His sight suddenly blurred. Maybe it was because of another overwhelming tide of emotions. Or maybe because of the words that took form in his head and surged to the tip of his tongue before he could stop them. "You really don't know what overwhelmed me?" he asked, voice staggering in dismay. "You don't know what I feel about you? You don't know... You really don't know... I—I'm... Fuck."

Jungkook drove his chin into his chest deeper, shoulders slumping with an insupportable mass of agony. "Don't say it."

"I've said it before, though. The first time we fucked."

"It's not the same. Then it was just the thrill talking. My denial of giving you what you wanted made you say it. But now... Now it's so much more."

The fragile, barely audible whisper of his reeled in Taehyung's wet eyes and got them hooked on his lowered head. "You know."

"Yes. I know."

"And you have nothing to say?"

"Say what, Taehyung?" He dared to raise his eyes and mesh them with his. It was a mistake, he realized immediately. They were flooded with tears that kept leaching out in a steady trickle, and he couldn't bear the gruesome image. He tossed his head down again, regaining fractions of his lucidity. "It doesn't matter. Nothing matters. Because you're leaving either way."

Taehyung constrained a sob and the spasm it brought along. "Do you at least care about it? Does it sadden you that I'm leaving?"

"Of course it does." The words tumbled from his lips of their own will. But he leashed the recklessness his torrential feelings for him triggered when he spoke again. "Can I hold you?"

Taehyung swiped a dragging palm over his cheeks in turn and sniffled. "Yes."

Jungkook shifted next to him and gently guided him back until they lay on the blanket facing each other. He fused their naked bodies with a secure grip of his arm around his waist and peppered mollifying kisses on his forehead. "Let's not waste our last night together with crying and depressing thoughts, hmm? I know you're not doing it on purpose. But we have this night ahead of us." He held his cheek in an utterly delicate palm, peering into his reddened eyes. He was relieved to see no more tears threaten to fall, and his chest fluttered to a plodding cascade.

"For the rest of this night, you're mine, angel." Jungkook pecked his nose sweetly, leaving soul-soothing caresses of adoration on his back. "And I'm yours."

Taehyung's body melted like snow from a fire at the euphoric sound of these words. They twirled in endless circles throughout his head, inebriating it and blurring it with bliss. He didn't know how

much he was pining to hear these words until they coiled around his ears with a sort of magic that made them linger.

Even if it was only for one more night, he craved to be his. And he longed like never before to make Jungkook his as well.

Taehyung closed the small gap between their faces, kissing him with the tenderness and possessiveness of a love-struck man. “Now I understand why you had asked me to repeat it so many times.”

Jungkook smiled against the plump pillows of his mouth and captured them again. “Should I do the same for you? Repeat it over and over?”

“Please,” he whispered, then stuffed his tongue into his mouth again. He moaned at the avidity of Jungkook’s tongue that explored his heat and pressed against his own. “Say it.”

“I’m yours, baby.”

A desperate whine burred in Taehyung’s throat as he dove for another round of rolling lips and clashing tongues. His cock, already dripping with precum, jolted every time it brushed against Jungkook’s equally hard one. “Fuck, you’re mine.”

“And you’re mine too.”

They drank each other’s air up with voracious mouths, only stopping for a repetition of these words that ignited their fucking soul and frenzied every particle of conscious thoughts.

The thought of tomorrow didn’t exist anymore in their woozy heads as they claimed each other greedily and got lost in flames of ecstasy. They fucked again and again, steadily and carefully weaving their hearts together with a thread of love exchanged in even amounts. They took everything, wrung every drop of pleasure from the other until the approach to another orgasm didn’t seem possible, but they kept fucking nonetheless, kissing, sucking each other off, just to feel one another to the max.

And even when their bodies burned out and their eyelids fought against the heaviness dragging them down, the yearning for each other was still ablaze. Their hearts pulsed in one melodious song, now fully interwoven.

The disjuncture of their hearts tomorrow would leave them bleeding and suffering — they knew it from the very start of their second round — but they simply couldn’t help themselves. They needed this connection like a living being needed oxygen. And they cherished it wholeheartedly, latched onto it, got hypnotized by it, let it overload every single inch of them.

Even if that thread of love used to knit their hearts together would peter into a spiked wire tomorrow that would tear them to shreds.



It's the first time I feel sad while writing smut But I really loved writing this and the next chapter, which is coming tomorrow

Why Are You Doing This To Me?

Jungkook clasped the naked body that was melted against him tighter as soon as his senses crawled back to him from his halcyon sleep, then relaxed his muscles with a silent, content sigh.

He loved waking up cocooned in Taehyung's warmth. It sent constant ripples of serenity through his heart, with an underflow of bliss and safety.

Jungkook never felt safe in his life. Peril always lurked everywhere because of his family's business, and he dove into the said peril as well when he joined. He chose this life — he enjoyed this life. Even with all the danger, being the best of the best in the underworld was what thrilled him to the core. Money and ascendancy. He thirsted for them. He never thought he would find something he would crave more than these two things.

Until he stumbled upon the gorgeous angel who answered to the name Taehyung.

Taehyung obliterated everything he thought he knew about desires in life and what truly brought happiness. Fearing even the sound of his name, betraying others just so they could buy his products, begging to let them enter his nightclub and casino, since his businesses were only for elites. He spent the past five years believing these factors were more than enough for a successful, happy life.

But simply waking up next to Taehyung gifted him such bliss that nothing could transcend it.

Now he was about to return to a life without Taehyung. He had to. And he wasn't fucking ready. Spending the whole night feeling each other in every possible way wasn't enough to satiate a fraction of his yearning for him. Even a lifetime wouldn't be enough, he believed.

He couldn't allow Taehyung to see him break down. Maybe if he thought Jungkook didn't feel the same, he would forget him easier and his pain would be bearable. He clung onto that possibility as if it were his last hope of survival.

He hardened himself to the wrenching heartbreak he would experience. Or at least he tried, telling himself to remain calm in the moment of the goodbye, to smile and kiss him and wish him all the happiness in this world because he deserved nothing less, to hug him tight and let him know how much he enjoyed their time together.

And when Taehyung would walk out of the room with his luggage and Jungkook's bleeding heart, he could surrender to that wrenching heartbreak body and soul.

Through the wistful haze of his mind, tender strokes on his back entered his senses, and he smiled gently at the image of Taehyung's half-closed, puffy eyes. He pecked his nose and had the privilege of watching his lips form that spellbinding, addictive smile of his that was like a warm ray of sunlight illuminating even the darkest parts of his hurtful thoughts.

Taehyung caressed his mouth with a chaste kiss, sighing nasally. "Good morning."

"Good morning, angel." Jungkook pressed his lips against his once more.

"What time is it?"

Jungkook rolled onto his back and reached for his wristwatch. "It's after twelve," he uttered as he

caged him into his embrace again. “What time are you leaving?”

There was a moment of stillness as Taehyung’s face clouded over with the sorrowful reminder. It had completely slipped through the cracks of his mind with Jungkook’s soul-soothing warmth and touch. As if a cloak that was too heavy to bear dropped over his existence, everything felt too grim and his chest plunged to the ground.

He didn’t let it gain more control over him, though. He was determined to say goodbye to him with a smile on his lips. He didn’t want their last memory to be agonizing, with his pleas to come with him to Seoul or come find him when everything would be over. With his endless tears of poignancy. With his pained fury because Jungkook didn’t fall for him as Taehyung did. He wanted to leave with his heart full of his precious memories with Jungkook and block out anything distressing.

If he would be able to do that, though, was another story that hadn’t been written yet.

“We have to be at the port at four,” Taehyung said with a little smile that held no vibrancy and pecked his lips.

Jungkook recognized the falseness of his smile, though he didn’t comment on it. It was his weapon to deal with this, he believed. “You still have time then.”

“Not really. There are so many things we need to do.” Taehyung stretched his sore body, yawning, then flopped onto his back. He twisted his head to look at him. “I have to go back.”

Jungkook’s eyes flitted quietly over his gentle expression in a probing dance of mystification. Was his forced smile and his calm countenance really just a tool to cope with the anguish of their separation? Or... did Taehyung’s longing for him burn out?

He should be relieved with his somewhat distant behavior. And if his longing for him truly diminished, he should be relieved with this, too. But why did his heart ache so brutally just at the thought?

He obscured the spate of his convoluted, conflicting emotions behind a mirthless smile. “Yeah, let’s go back.”

And they did, with a stealthy oppression shrouding them.

They dressed their bodies, that were sticky with dried cum and remnants of sweat, took their things, and trudged downstairs. Jungkook noted his slight limping and reassured him he would return later to collect the tent. Taehyung replied with a ‘thank you’, barely glancing at him for a second.

And fuck, it bothered him more than he could ever imagine. But he still said nothing about it.

“I’ll go freshen up first,” Taehyung said, slipping the case with his toothbrush out of his pocket.

“Let’s go to the private bathroom.”

Taehyung wordlessly trailed behind him until they arrived. Jungkook already had his toothbrush there, and they brushed their teeth side by side, avoiding eye contact. They also washed their faces, and even after they finished and headed back to their room, not even a word was shared between them.

The sight Taehyung encountered the moment he opened the door had him flying into a mire of consternation and rushing to smother a crying Jimin in his hug. “What happened?” he asked in a

fragile tone as he sat beside him on the bed and rubbed palliative patterns on his back.

Jimin only wailed harder, burying his face into the crook of his neck.

Hoseok, who was sitting next to the crying man, sighed. “Yoongi...”

Taehyung locked eyes with him. A notion of what must have happened spiraled inside him only at the mention of his name.

Jungkook averted his eyes from the harrowing scene as they brimmed with gloom. For a moment, he pictured Taehyung wailing in his friends’ embrace after their dolorous goodbye, but then his distant demeanor leaped into his mind. Maybe Taehyung wouldn’t react this way, after all.

He trod to the closet and grabbed clean clothes. “I’ll go take a shower,” he said and stepped out of the room without waiting for an answer.

Taehyung drew in a long breath, filling his lungs to the hilt. Pretending to be unaffected or even nonchalant about their impending separation was so enervating and challenging, to be honest. A deluge of sobs simmered in his chest and threatened to erupt from him at any moment, despite that he kept telling himself it was okay.

Nothing was okay, and it would never be without Jungkook in his life.

The persistent twitching of Jimin’s frame perforated the blur of his thoughts, and he ran his palm over his back in another set of strong caresses. “Calm down, Chim. Tell us what happened.”

Jimin furiously wiped his drenched cheeks and took one more tissue to blow his nose. His shoulders still quaked with his stifled sobs, though he compelled his composure to return to him. “He ended it yesterday.”

Jimin’s wrecked voice rang with such suffering it sliced right across his friends’ hearts. Taehyung squeezed his shoulder again and again, feeling every scrap of his pain. “Because we’re leaving, huh?”

“Yes.” Jimin swiped a hand over his reddened cheeks to dry the next silent wave of tears. “I asked him why do we have to end it like this. We can still talk and even meet in the future. I can come here on the weekends. I gave him so many solutions. But he didn’t change his mind.”

The other two remained mute. They waited for him to continue, letting the heavy silence travel through the room with only Jimin’s sniffles breaking it.

“I kept asking why,” Jimin sighed, tears now confined behind downcast eyes. “And eventually he told me about his life to make me realize we can’t be together.”

Bewildered agitation eddied in Taehyung’s gaze as he analyzed his words, striving to apprehend their meaning. “You don’t mean...” He noticed Jimin’s eyes crept up to rest on his face and realization struck him like a brick. “You know.”

“Apparently, you too.”

“What do you guys know?” Hoseok asked with an edge of obvious eagerness as his gaze ping-ponged between the two.

Jimin glanced at him, then redirected his focus to Taehyung again. “I’ll say it.”

Taehyung nibbled his bottom lip, uncertainty surfing across his darkened features. "They'll be mad if they found out we talked..."

"I don't care. Yoongi dumped me as if everything we lived was nothing. And it's Hoseok hyung. He's trusted."

"Of course he is. But if Jay asks, you will tell him I didn't say a word."

Jimin huffed a wan snicker. "Why are you protecting him? He's no better than Yoongi. He'll dump you too."

"Chim..." Hoseok murmured as he regarded the sullenness that ripped through Taehyung's face at once.

Jimin lowered his head in instant remorse. "Sorry. I'm just upset."

"It's okay," Taehyung uttered, smiling sadly through his wretchedness. "I know he will. I don't expect him to ask me to stay or something."

Hoseok gazed at the shared misery that was inscribed on their countenance with gloomy eyes. But his curiosity only festered by the second. "Guys, tell me. What do you know?"

Jimin inhaled slowly, and his shoulders drooped more with the breath that shuddered out of him. "They're drug dealers."

Hoseok's brows flinched upwards and stood there in two high curves of shock as the revelation swirled through his senses. "What? Are you serious?"

"Yes," Jimin said. "They have a business with drugs in Seoul."

Hoseok expelled a staggered sound, still unable to soak up the news. "So they're criminals."

"It's just a family business," Jimin mumbled. "They sell marijuana pills. Nothing dangerous like cocaine."

"It's still illegal, Jimin," Hoseok stressed on every word with a sudden spark of vexation. "I don't think you understand the severity of the situation. They're criminals. They probably handle guns. They deal with dangerous scumbags on a daily basis. How can you be so fucking cool about this? How can you still want them in your life?"

"I don't know about Taehyung, but I'm in love," Jimin shot back with the same ferocity, though a trace of desperation saddened his tone. "I don't care about his job or who he is as long as he doesn't hurt other people."

"Your lives can get in danger next to them!" Hoseok hissed. "Thank God we're leaving. Pack your things. Now." He jolted out of his seat and stormed towards his luggage.

Taehyung observed with an ever-increasing wistfulness as Hoseok leveled out his luggage over the floor and started shoving his clothes inside. "Hyung. Has anybody ever chosen who to fall in love with?"

His bitterness-filled words floated in the charged atmosphere, slowing down Hoseok's movements until he stood still with his back turned to him.

"Has anybody stopped being in love with someone just because it was wrong? Yes, you can

constrain your feelings, but you can't force them out, even if you're not meant to be with that person. They're not bad guys, hyung. They live a dangerous life, but they're not a danger to us. They don't want to let us in their life because they don't want to put us in danger. And this says a lot."

Hoseok sighed heavily as he dragged his feet back to the bed and plopped down next to them. "I get it. But either way, we're leaving. You'll forget them and we'll continue living our lives."

"It's not that easy..." Jimin said in a muted tone. "I miss him already."

"I know it won't be easy. But that's how life works. You forget with time."

Taehyung's gaze tumbled to the floor as agonizing thoughts flickered through his mind. Would he really be able to forget Jungkook with time? Would he stop missing him, asking for him, his touch, his kisses? In that moment, with the all-consuming despondency grinding through his chest, it didn't seem possible.

And in that very moment, all he craved was to feel him close again. Pretending to be so nonchalant wouldn't cushion the blow of his heartbreak, anyway. Nothing would.

In the blink of an eye, everything Taehyung strove to convince himself to do at the time of their parting crumbled. He *wanted* to cry for him, beg him to come with him or for Jungkook to let him stay, tell him how much he was in love with him. How desperate he was for him. And since he didn't think he had the strength to vocalize all that, he opted to tell him with his actions.

Jimin and Hoseok flinched when their friend suddenly jumped to his feet, and they stared with creases of confusion as he snatched clothes from the closet. "What are you doing?" Jimin asked.

"I need to be with him," Taehyung spluttered, his breath coming faster and faster, as if an unknown dread hunted him.

"Taehyung, we're leaving in almost two hours!" Hoseok yelled, but then the door shut, and Taehyung disappeared.

Taehyung scuttled all the way to the private bathroom, each step shaky by the ferocious bangs of his heart against his ribcage. He flung the door open and locked it behind him. With the pouring water echoing in the room, he hung his clothes and undressed, then drew the folding door of the shower aside.

Jungkook shot his head up at the sound, though he didn't rotate to face him. His sunken traits regained a tinge of life and his pulse brisked at the electrified quietness that ensued.

Taehyung's eyes prowled on his wet back. His breath spewed even harsher from him as the forbidden words his brain conceived again pinwheeled all through his senses until they frenzied him. "I'm in love with you."

The silence was deafening and bore down on them like a boulder. The weight of his confession froze time, even though Jungkook was already aware of his feelings. Even though Jungkook knew and didn't care about them.

Taehyung edged closer. He felt a ton lighter with the forbidden words finally out there. "I'm in love. With you, Jungkook." He set his palms on each of his shoulders and nestled the side of his head against his nape.

Jungkook swallowed. His body was as rigid as a wall and his poor heart writhed in devastation.

“Why... Why are telling me this?”

“I had to tell you,” Taehyung whispered. “Even if you already knew it. I wanted you to hear it from me.”

“I didn’t want to hear it!” Suddenly, vile spikes of unreasonable rage punched Jungkook’s form that wrenched the nasty words out of him before he could stop them. He felt Taehyung jerk slightly, but even when the resonance of his voice vibrated in the limited space, he didn’t pull away. “Why the fuck are you doing this to me?”

Taehyung squeezed his eyes shut, that sparkled with a burning wetness in seconds, and clutched him tighter. “I’m sorry. But I’m in love with you.”

“Shut up, Taehyung. Just shut up.”

“Kiss me,” he begged. “Let me feel you.”

Jungkook’s body grew so tense it shook, his fists clenched roughly, his chest waving with strenuous pants. His need for him blazed as hot as sparks in his gut, but his inability to confess his feelings as well was what scorched his skin like dots of acid.

The pain unhinged every drop of his rationality, and he swiveled with a jolt, only to get a hold of his frame and push him against the cold wall. He dove in haste to capture his mouth — that damn mouth that hurled prohibited, absurd confessions and needy demands without a care in the world.

“Why are you doing this to me, huh?” Jungkook devoured his lips fiercer, tongues fighting in a turbulent dual. He reached blindly with his left hand at the shampoo rack and felt for the small bottle of baby oil. He knocked down a bigger bottle in the process, but he paid no mind; he popped the oil open and drenched his fingers.

“Why the fuck?” he muttered against him and tilted his head into another ferocious kiss. His fingers slithered between his legs to rub over his sore hole, and he clawed at Taehyung’s thigh the moment he curled his leg around his waist.

Taehyung’s moans blasted through the shower from the very first touch of their lips, and they only seemed to increase in neediness and volume with the cruel slide of two long fingers into his hole. His repetitive question kept ringing in his already dopey senses, and it took him a while to realize he repeated it once more as he split him open relentlessly with his fingers.

“Why are you torturing me like this, hmm?” Jungkook rasped, eyes dark and boisterous, like a stormy sea, secured on him. He dug a third finger into his wrecked hole, too impatient and lost in the fierceness of his messed-up emotions to take it slow. “You’re supposed to be with your friends packing right now. Why the fuck are you here telling me you’re in love with me?”

Taehyung grimaced and hissed at the burning stretch, but he still rocked his hips against the brutal jabs of his fingers. “Because I am,” he choked out between gasping breaths, eyes glittering with an overwhelmed dampness. “I’m so in love with you, Jungkook. I don’t want to leave.”

A new tautness gripped at his features, hardening them impossibly. The pounding of his hand intensified so much he convulsed his whole body with each plunge. “What the fuck is wrong with you now? You barely seemed to care about leaving earlier.”

Taehyung tossed his head back as his teeth cruelly latched onto his lower lip with the speedy grinding of his fingers against his sensitive walls. “I told myself I won’t cry. I won’t beg for you. That I want to say goodbye with a smile on my face. But I can’t, Jungkook. I need you. I want you.”

I'm yours. I'm in love with you."

The words bombarded Jungkook's existence with prickles of pure suffering, which triggered an even bigger, horrid outrage in his core. Because he couldn't say them back, couldn't keep him here, couldn't go with him, couldn't let him into his life in no event. And it crushed him.

The muscles along his jaw contracted, and an aching sheen glazed his incensed eyes as he removed his fingers and slathered his dripping cock with oil. "You have no place here." He grasped his thigh and lifted his leg, then guided his cock to his entrance. Deep furrows were engraved on his forehead as he delved into Taehyung's heavy-lidded eyes that had given over to the anguish rampaging inside him. They were just two chocolate pools of sorrow, laden with desperation and at the ready to spill an ocean of tears.

"You don't belong here." Jungkook eased his hips forward, burying his cock balls-deep in a smooth glide. He squirmed at the rapturous constriction around his length and slammed his palm against the wall to steady himself. "I don't want you anywhere near my life." He detected trickles of tears escape his harshly shut eyes and leaned to soothe them with tender kisses.

"You're cruel," Taehyung drawled as he clung onto his robust frame stronger. "But I'm still in love with you."

"I know." Jungkook dragged his lips to his other cheek and peppered it with affectionate kisses. "Nothing will change that, right? No matter what I say. No matter what I do. Right?"

"Yes." Taehyung's watery eyes unsealed. He snaked one hand into his hair and pulled just enough to bring his face a breath away from his. "I belong to you. I'm yours. Even if you don't want to be mine."

Jungkook gripped his other leg and wrenched it off the floor. He pressed him harder against the wall, clasp his thighs in a secure hold. "There's nothing I want more right now, Taehyung." Just as he perceived hopeful surprise bloom on his features, he edged away to the tip and rolled into his tight heat again. "Right now, I'm yours. Right now, I belong to you like you belong to me."

Taehyung fastened both arms around his nape, his legs already circling his waist. His back rubbed achingly against the tiled wall with the rough pounding of his cock, but he *loved* it. He got drunk on the pain. It was exactly what he needed for his shattered heart. "And what about tomorrow?"

Low grunts buzzed in Jungkook's throat endlessly as he impaled him on his cock with swift, precise thrusts, the grip on his thighs brutal enough to bruise them. "Tomorrow you'll be gone. So it doesn't fucking matter."

"It matters," Taehyung said. "All you have to do is ask me to stay. And I will."

"No," Jungkook growled in a low timbre, his jaw clenching with another burst of pained fury. His cock drilled his fluttering walls more rowdily, the swollen tip prodding his prostate at each rapid dive. "I don't want you here."

"You do. I can feel it in the way you're fucking me. You want me. Like I want you."

Jungkook pitched forward to shut his damn mouth with a raging kiss. He bounced him on his cock faster and rougher than any other time in a wordless confirmation of his breathless statement. Every part of his being grew hyper-aware of everything with the harrowing reminder that this was the last time he could fuck him, feel him writhe against him, kiss his voluptuous mouth, hold him, and simply exist in the same room as him.

He savored his hot, needy mouth and eager tongue that kept swirling and pressing against his own. He assimilated the feel of his tender, sinewy thighs under his palms that ached from the bruising hold on them. He relished his suave moans that thumped on his ears with such entrancement he was sure their echo would linger in them. He immersed himself in the way his delicious hole gripped his cock, clenching and twitching, sucking him in deeper.

He lapped up everything about him. Hoping to feel him for days, hoping it would assuage a dram of his agony when Taehyung would be miles away. Hoping and praying his remembrance and memories with him would keep him sane enough.

Taehyung's cock flailed pathetically between their bodies with the unmerciful hammering of his hips, spurting small eruptions of precum. It slapped so heavenly against Jungkook's abs and that alone was enough to fan the flames of his oncoming release.

His ecstasy crested unexpectedly, so blazing it overwhelmed him like no other time. Every inch of his skin tingled with the consuming conflagration, his heart rattled manically, and his body jolted, causing their mouths to disconnect.

Jungkook's eyes, dazed with frenetic longing, centered in on him. They anatomized each sensational change of his breathtaking face as he came untouched, making a mess of their chests with his springing cum. "You're pure heaven, baby," he drawled as the rutting of his hips boosted in the chase of his own orgasm that loomed nearby at the ravishing sight. "You're my heaven."

Just the vocalization of these words made Jungkook's stomach lurch. He was tilted by a sudden desire to say more. But the flame in his core snapped before he could do something he would regret.

He guzzled his mouth with a volcanic kiss and grunted lowly as he rolled his hips in jerky stabs, stuffing him full of his hot release. The tide slowed in pulsing wavelets and the fierce brush of their lips petered into gentle caresses as his body stilled.

He ended the kiss sooner than he wanted and fused their foreheads instead, struggling to draw air into his lungs. His eyes split open with a notion of hesitation. Because the moment he loathed came. That heart-wrenching moment. The moment of separation.

Jungkook delicately lowered him until his feet touched the floor. Just as his hands retreated, they rushed to him again to hold him and steady him when Taehyung's knees gave out. "It hurts, hmm?"

With his strength slowly returning to him, Taehyung slithered his hand away from his frame. "Not as much as my heart."

The unforeseen words smacked Jungkook in the most brutal of ways, razing his already fragile heart to the ground. God, it was sheer torture. Parting from him. Never seeing him again. The thought destroyed him.

Jungkook maintained his sullen eyes on the floor. "Maybe I can't do anything about that," he said, his voice wafting with the same heaviness that ringed his being, "but I can do something for the other pain."

Taehyung watched, unmoving and speechless, as Jungkook reached out for his hand and instructed him to turn around. His chest shuddered with a subdued gasp at the first stroke of rosebud lips on his aching back.

Jungkook salved the brute redness etched on his back with sugary, dragging kisses. His hands

skimmed up and down his arms just as gently, as he mouthed at the sore muscles. He gradually sank to his knees and continued his journey of unhurried kisses on his round cheeks. After showering them with the same tenderness, he pulled them apart to reveal his wrecked, cum-filled, gaping hole.

He petted the swollen, scarlet ring of muscles with mollifying pecks, tasting his release that had oozed out. His aftercare was loving and slow, with no intent to enkindle. He cherished the throbbing hole with his mouth and relieved its soreness with fond, careful swipes of his tongue.

The sweetness and affection of Jungkook's ministrations stirred a flurry of clashing emotions within his chest. And as his caring mouth slid up his figure again and then disappeared, only one of them climbed at the peak and overrode anything else.

Heartbreak. Numbing heartbreak convulsed inside him, leaping and surging all through his blood and bones. Because he had to leave now. And Jungkook wouldn't stop him.

Jungkook wordlessly backed away under the pouring water. He regarded his frozen form with an unyielding fog of sadness in his eyes. He dipped to grab the scattered shampoo and squirted a decent amount in his palm. He scrubbed the liquid over his hair and massaged his skull thoroughly.

Even after he washed out the foam, Taehyung hadn't moved an inch. He knew he was crying. And maybe that was why he couldn't bring himself to tell him to turn around or join him. He couldn't bear the sight. He began cleaning his body instead.

His eyes caught a slight twitch of his frame and plummeted to the floor. "When I was thirteen... my father had slapped the shit out of me one time. I had secretly taken his gun because he wouldn't give it to me and I was curious about it. He caught me and threw slap after slap on my face until he knocked me down. That's how I feel right now, Taehyung. Knowing that you're crying. Knowing that I can do nothing to stop your tears."

Taehyung raised a frail hand and swiped it across his soaked cheeks. His legs, vitiated by the plangent void in his gut, moved on their own and crawled closer. "What did he do afterwards?"

"He cried. He told me he was scared to death by what I did. Because I could have shot myself accidentally."

"Why did he even have a loaded gun with a little kid in the house?"

Jungkook finished scrubbing himself and stepped under the water again, his eyes riveted on Taehyung's lowered head. "He always kept a loaded gun locked in a drawer of his room in case someone attacked us. I found the key. And opened it. I know it was stupid of me."

"Yeah. It was."

Jungkook rinsed his body in the silence that spiraled around them. He extended his hand to get a hold of his and gently tugged him forward, uniting their chests. He cradled his cheeks, expelling a slow, heavy breath. He dabbed his lips on his forehead in a long kiss, closing his eyes at the touch.

He laid his overflowed with melancholy eyes on him. "Thank you. And I'm sorry." He closed the space between them in one last tender merging of their mouths. It felt so bitter. The iron grip of devastation around his heart squashed it until it shredded it. Even existing was agonizing at that moment.

He didn't know how he managed to fence in the torrent of tears pricking his chest as he drew away. He didn't know how he didn't break down at the sight of his cheeks getting drenched with a

fast-flowing wetness. But maybe he knew. It was because he had to keep Taehyung safe. And he would only be safe away from him. Away from his life.

“Angel,” he whispered with a sudden unsteadiness in his voice. He paused. His voice was about to crack along with the bulwark of his self-restraint and sanity. “You were my heaven.”

He was barely able to watch for a few seconds the rill of tears pouring from his eyes quicken its gush as Taehyung’s face wrung with heartache. His vision clouded over with the first crevice on the said bulwark. His breath broke out of him in brisk, shallow pants at his exertion to lease his feelings.

He bolted out of the narrow space just as every shard of constraint slipped through his grasp and imploded devastatingly. He dressed with tears tumbling down his cheeks without end, too lost in his despondency to remember to dry his body first.

And he vanished, leaving Taehyung on his knees sobbing his shared heartbreak into his palms under the cold water.



You Don't Deserve It

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The harrowing pain howled inside Taehyung's jarring body, the earsplitting echoes stabbing his heart and punching holes to his stomach. It hurt so much his mind couldn't even digest it, and it reeled with the fatal aftershocks.

The ache in his legs by his extended kneeling stance was drowned in the unsparing despair streaming through his blood like molten lava, heating him to an unlivable degree. He wheezed and sobbed, fresh tears swimming in his vision nonstop and gushing out in wave after wave of heartbreak.

The cold water battered his head and back in little pricks like hailstones, but any other sensation except for that gut-wrenching stranglehold around his heart was long forgotten and ignored.

He was ruined. Completely torn to shreds without Jungkook. He didn't know how to exist without him. And the search of an answer to that dolorous question only wrung more tears out of him, vehement, hot tears, underlined with gasping breaths and convulsions.

Time seemed to flow without his awareness as he remained in torture, causing him to lose track of it, but tears kept coming and coming like an unending rainstorm.

The worst part of his wretchedness was that he had no idea how Jungkook felt. He offered him plenty of chances to tell him if he was in love with him too or not. But the only thing Jungkook did was change the subject or tell him it didn't matter.

It wasn't about if he was in love with him or not, though. It was about their moments together and everything they lived in these few days. If Jungkook really didn't feel anything for him, what did all these moments mean? What were they? So many questions flitted like deadly darts through his mind, but they were all swept away by the rip current of suffering.

Two knocks tangled with his sobbing and the sound of the streaming water. He unburied his wrecked face from his palms in haste as a glimmer of hope glowed in the pit of his misery. It was Jungkook. It had to be. He couldn't stay away from him either. He couldn't let him leave either.

But his hopeful assumptions were steamrolled before he could even push himself off his mire of heartache.

"Tae? Please come out. We have to leave in forty minutes."

Taehyung's head hung at the sound of Hoseok's voice. He slid a hand down his face that was a mess of tears and snot and rose to his feet through great struggle as his enfeebled body kept giving out. "How did you know... I was here?" His voice sounded as destroyed as his heart — so croaky and small.

"Seokjin told us. Jay asked him to tell us to come take you," Jimin said.

The tears refused to stop, even though his sobs had quietened now. "Like he cares," Taehyung murmured. He adjusted the temperature of the water to a bit warmer and began his shower with listless moves. "I'll be out in a while."

“Okay,” Hoseok uttered. “We’ve already packed your things for you, so don’t worry about that. See you in a bit.”

Taehyung didn’t respond. Even standing felt too strenuous. He felt like he didn’t want to exist. And he definitely didn’t want to exist in a world without Jungkook. He still didn’t know how to do that. It didn’t seem like he would ever find an answer to this question.

The fresh mounting wetness in his eyes spilled over again without sound. It cartwheeled down his cheeks throughout his shower and didn’t stop even after he finished.

He dragged his ponderous body back to the room and waited until Jimin opened the door for him.

The sight of him was one of the most heartbreaking they had ever seen. His eyes were so swollen and bloodshot, sunken into their sockets. They held tears in them that escaped here and there, trickling down his haggard features with the shadow of agony adorning them.

Simultaneously, they inched closer and enclosed him into their embrace. There was nothing they could say to him. Nothing they could say to alleviate his heartbreak. So they hugged him long and tight, leaving delicate caresses on his back.

Taehyung’s drained eyes flowed around the room and snagged on Jungkook’s empty bed. Each one of his memories with him paraded across his mind from their very first encounter. How he kept him company at night, how he took care of him when he got sick, when he led him to the storage room, when he saw his face, when he fucked him like no one else before for the first time.

How could he say goodbye to all these memories and move on with his life? Fuck, he couldn’t. He really couldn’t.

“We have to go, Tae,” Jimin said in a soft tone as he squeezed his shoulder.

Taehyung’s unfocused eyes fastened on Jimin. “How can you be okay?”

“I’m not. I just can’t do anything about it. Yoongi didn’t fall for me like I did. It hurts to know that. But I think it makes leaving a tiny bit easier for now.”

Taehyung slipped into the contemplation of something invisible for so long Hoseok had to force him back to coherence with a pat on his shoulder. “Come on, Tae. Let’s go.”

His luggage was gently placed into his hold by Hoseok. Caring hands ushered him out of the room next. They felt like Jimin’s, but he couldn’t tell for sure. He had sunk out of consciousness for a while now, and everything happened mechanically. He didn’t know how or when he reached the reception.

Everything in his eyes and ears was just a blur. Until the sight of the exit leaped into his vision. His lifeless steps slowed to stillness. The emptiness inside him bristled with an exponential anxiety that lunged his heart into turbulence and festered the scurry of his breathing.

Hoseok noticed he straggled and twisted to inspect. “Tae?”

Taehyung’s mouth quivered in its attempt to form words. “I can’t,” he breathed out. “I can’t leave.”

As Yoongi slowly lifted himself to his feet in surprise, Hoseok stared at him with hard creases of bewilderment. “What are you talking about? We have to leave, Taehyung.”

Taehyung furiously shook his head as a newfound frenzy seemed to take possession of him. “I

can't. I can't." He spun around and ran with all his might towards the one his heart repeatedly cried for, deaf to the calls of his name by his friends.

He went up the stairs with a hasty skip as everything in his sight hazed over. The realization that he was crying again took a moment to sink in, but he didn't care. Nothing mattered in that moment than being with Jungkook.

He scurried all the way to the storage room and rammed the door open. He stood still for a second, panting, as he absorbed the image of Jungkook sitting on a chair with his elbows propped against the table and a beer in his hand.

Jungkook snapped his head at the sound. His weathered eyes twinkled with bemusement and shock as he lowered the can to the table and stood up from his seat. "What are you doing here?"

Taehyung shut the door. His tears escalated into an outpour as he bridged the space between them with three shaky strides of his legs and crushed him into his arms. "Jungkook. Baby. I can't leave. I can't—I can't exist without you."

Jungkook remained frozen stiff. His crying words drew every shred of pain within him and mounded it in a colossal tide that came crashing through his existence all over again, drowning his vulnerable heart. His eyes seared with tears he endeavored to contain through steady, deep breaths. "Taehyung. Don't do this. Hmm?" Despite his efforts, his voice broke and trembled like Taehyung's frame against his body. "You know you can't stay here."

Taehyung clasped him tighter, squeezing him over and over, as the torrent of his tears stained Jungkook's shoulder. "I can. I will."

When he felt his cheeks warm with the wetness that oozed out of his eyes unwittingly, he harshly wiped them and wrenched him away from him. He maintained the brutal grip on his shoulders as he peered into his devastated gaze with aching outrage. "What do you not understand? I don't want you here."

Taehyung's chest writhed with suppressed sobs as he shook his head. "That can't be true," he choked out. "You just don't want to put me in danger. But I—I don't care. I don't care, Jungkook."

"I fucking care," he growled as more tears rolled down the forcibly contracted muscles of his face. He brushed them away quickly and stepped back. "You don't understand how dangerous my life is because your head is full of being in love and shit. Snap out of it. And fucking leave."

"I can't!" Taehyung howled, his body shaking uncontrollably. He struggled to bring air into his lungs, as if something obstructed his breathing.

Jungkook grew agitated and alert by his strained, gulping breaths. His heart raced in fear, and he was found engulfing him in his arms, rubbing soothing circles over his back. "Breathe, angel. Breathe for me."

Taehyung wailed and churned against him as his legs caved under the insupportable oppression of his heartache. The secure hold around him firmed up right away and kept him steady. The palliative whispers of Jungkook telling him everything would be okay caressed his dizzying turbidity and stabilized his breath little by little.

He fished a tissue out of his pocket and blew his nose with one hand, then stuffed it back before clinging onto him again. "What am I supposed to do without you?"

Jungkook felt as if his heart were ripped out at the question coiled around his shattered voice.

“You’ll be a successful, famous artist.”

“I don’t care about that.”

Jungkook savored his hug for a few more quiet moments. Then, he withdrew and held his cheeks in two loving palms. “Go back, Taehyung. Where you belong.”

Taehyung closed his eyes at the next avalanche of tears that leaked out. “I belong wherever you are. I’m yours, Jungkook. Did you forget?”

Jungkook didn’t scrub away the wetness from his cheeks this time. Instead, he simply leaned to kiss his closed eyes in turn. “I’ll never forget.”

Taehyung’s view fell on the shimmering tear tracks on his cheeks when Jungkook strung their foreheads together. “Why... Why are you crying?”

A gleam of a smile rippled across Jungkook’s face. “It’s hard for me as well to let you go, Taehyung. Harder than you think.”

Taehyung tensed with the rivulet of hope that crossed him. “Are you...” He gulped his hesitation away. “Are you in love with me too?”

Jungkook’s eyes plunged, his traits glaciating with nervousness. “It doesn’t matter.”

“Jungkook.” He pulled back and fixed him with an intense, clear stare. “Are you in love with me?”

“It doesn’t fucking matter,” he spewed with a thread of uneasy vexation. “What will change if I am? What will change if I’m not? Nothing. We can’t have a future together with the life I have, anyway.”

Despondency wrapped itself around Taehyung’s chest like a belt of sizzling metal. Because he understood at the avoidance of his gaze and his sobering response. “You really didn’t fall for me like I did.”

Fuck, Jungkook wanted to *scream* he was wrong. His heart was racked with his need to tell him he was already in love with him since the first night they had sex. But he couldn’t. Because that was the only way Taehyung would go back to where he belonged. And that place could never be Jungkook with the life he had.

He sucked in a quaky breath and sighed, expelling that itching need along with it. “We had fun. The time we spent together was really amazing, Taehyung. And I’ll miss it. But that was it. Go back to your life now. And let me fix mine.”

“What about our night talks?” he spluttered in haste, brimmed with a new suffering now that he knew Jungkook didn’t share the same feelings as him. “It wasn’t just sex between us. It couldn’t be just that.”

It really wasn’t. Jungkook smoothed his thumbs over his cheeks, drying off the fresh brook of his tears. “I won’t forget you, Tae.” He drew closer to kiss his trembling lips, but every action ceased as Taehyung twisted his head away. With the crippling aftermath of shock weighing down upon his existence, Jungkook scanned the sudden harshness that smothered his features with a restless scrutiny. “Let me s-say goodbye to you, angel. Please.”

Taehyung fastened his fingers around his wrists and pushed his hands down, his misty gaze staring at his chest blankly. “You don’t deserve it.” The perpetual tint of desperation in his voice was now

overshadowed by painful anger. “You don’t deserve anything from me.”

Jungkook could only watch as Taehyung rotated and slouched off, despite that his heart shrieked at him to follow him. The door shut, and the echo of the bang vibrated in a deafening ripple. “Yes, I don’t deserve anything from you,” he whispered to himself, as any kind of restraint started to crumble. “But I’m so in love with you, Tae.”

With the barely audible confession came a spate of tears that convulsed his form and a wrenching void in his core that burned ruthlessly.

Taehyung was gone. Along with his happiness. And he could do nothing about it than cry his heart out.

...

The three friends trod towards the storage room around eight. They had texted Jungkook, asking if he was okay and if he wanted to meet earlier, but he had said no. They didn’t know what to expect when they would enter the room, but the scene they faced was beyond any speculation.

Jungkook was slumped over the table with the side of his face pressed against it and nine cans of beer scattered on it. His eyes were closed, but his lips kept moving, as though he were chanting something inaudible. He seemed too disoriented to notice their presence, and the cloak of stupefaction carpeting his traits betrayed his drunk state.

“Jungkook... What the fuck?” Yoongi expelled on a breath as he set a hand on his back. “Did you drink all of these? Are you serious?”

“I’m fine.” There was a mumbling drawl in his words, making them barely coherent. “So fine. Everything... is so... fine.”

Yoongi screwed his eyes shut in absolute frustration and rubbed his forehead with calming pressure.

“Kookie,” Seokjin murmured as he dragged his chair closer and smoothed delicate lines over his back. “You should get some sleep. You’re in no shape to talk.”

The three exchanged concerned looks as the younger slurred something indistinct under his breath. Everyone took their seats, and a sonorous sigh pushed out of Yoongi’s throat as he positioned his eyes on him. “Jungkook. The world doesn’t end just because Taehyung left, okay? You have bigger problems to deal with.”

Jungkook used the table as a brace to straighten his folded posture. A flood of dizziness mixed with a drilling pain swung in his head as he blinked languidly. His vision cleared when the last remains of his tears leached out. “Shut up.”

Yoongi’s head collapsed in complete defeat at his mumble. “I know how you feel, okay? I didn’t want to let Jimin go either. Isn’t it better for them to be safe? Even if we can’t be with them. Hmm?”

Everything seemed to move in slow motion for Jungkook. His brain tarried to assimilate the words thrown to him gently, and it took even longer to compose a response. “It doesn’t hurt less. Though. How can it not... How do you stop the pain?”

Namjoon’s chest quivered with a deep sigh as he analyzed him; his face was like a blank page, mottled with vestiges of something lifeless and tortured. His half-closed eyes, sore and cushioned

by heavy bags, lay glassy in their sockets, not focusing on anything. It wrecked him to see him in that state. But it pained him more that he could do nothing to help him.

Namjoon cleared the heaviness from his throat. "When we get out of this mess... you can go see him again. Secretly. Hmm? If they don't know about his existence, they can't hurt him."

Jungkook's eyes regained a fragment of aliveness as they darted all over his face. "Really?"

"Of course, Kook," Namjoon reassured with a smile. "It's better than nothing, right? Maybe you won't be able to have him next to you all the time, but you can at least see him here and there."

"It's... Yeah, it's something," Jungkook whispered. A seed of hope was planted inside him as he contemplated Namjoon's words with his turbid mind. Even seeing him once in a while would be better than nothing. He couldn't bear the separation. It strangled him.

"You should rest, Kook," Seokjin said. "Let me help you get to your room."

Jungkook nodded slowly, and soon enough, two tender hands helped him rise to his feet. Seokjin felt for his mask in his pockets and pulled it out when he located it, then slipped it on Jungkook's face. He ringed his body with an arm and led him out of the room at a plod.

Yoongi's gaze flung to Namjoon as the door closed. "You know that's still dangerous, right? How many times have they followed us randomly?"

"I know," Namjoon sighed. "I couldn't see him like that. I had to say something to give him hope. He was too drunk to realize that's dangerous as well."

Yoongi shook his head at a creep as he mulled over the messed-up situation they were plunged into once again. "This sucks."

"How are you holding up?"

His eyes lingered on him, then tumbled to the table. "I'm fine, I guess."

"You don't miss him?"

Yoongi's fist came to brush against the edge of the table and dropped on his thigh again. "I do. He keeps texting me about random things. Updates me on their trip. Like I didn't fucking break his heart."

A saddened smile budded on Namjoon's lips as he perceived his internal turmoil of distress, even if Yoongi strove to veil it. "He's in love with you, Yoon. He won't give you up that easily."

"Well..." He paused to draw in a fortifying breath. "I'm in love with him too. And I gave him up that easily."

Namjoon's surprise shined through his round, glittering eyes. "Wow. Never thought I'd hear you say something like this in my life." He cracked a smile at the snort he elicited from him. "You had no choice, though. It's not the same. You wanted to protect him. If we weren't in this business, I'm sure you would never give him up."

"Yeah. But we are. And it fucking hurts."

Another sigh emitted from Namjoon. He couldn't relate because the love of his life was in the same business as him. They grew up together. He never stopped protecting him. And he never

would. Even if Seokjin knew how to fight and always carried a gun with him, Namjoon kept an eye on him. All the time.

He had given up on the thought of confessing his feelings long ago. Seokjin seemed to like him only as a dongsaeng. So he had confined his secret longing deep inside him, and he had learned to be satisfied with simply having him in his life and protecting him.

He always thought one-sided love stirred the worst type of suffering. But seeing Jungkook in that state earlier... Being unable to be with the person you're in love with when the feelings are mutual is just as harrowing, if not more.



Chapter End Notes

Angst, angst, and more angst ☺ Why do I love angst so much?

We're about halfway through this book! I hope you'll stay till the end

How?

A world-weary soul was seated on a leather chair, surrounded by exquisite pieces of art adorning the walls of the sophisticated, average-sized store.

Taehyung's deep-set eyes, steeped in a cesspool of languor and ringed with red, stared at the blank page on the computer's screen for a while now. All they could see was Jungkook's gorgeous face — the same image that was embedded in his head. He ached with a need to draw him and all of their memories. But he restricted his urge until he would be in the privacy of his apartment again.

It was torture, just like he had thought. Being away from him. He lacked zest to do anything, though he couldn't keep his store closed for another day. His savings had already been reduced greatly by his costly trip to Jeju Island, and they were about to be depleted by the bills he had to settle.

He was broke and broken, and his will to triumph over that wrenching combination was scant.

He couldn't blame him or be mad at him. Taehyung asked for it. He told him, "Be a mistake. Break my heart. Don't fall for me," and Jungkook did all three. Maybe he said this because deep down he believed Jungkook would return his feelings eventually. At that moment, he truly didn't care about the consequences — didn't care about anything else than feeling every inch of him to the core.

And there he was, Taehyung, who did everything right his whole life, only had two dull relationships in the past, and never had his heart broken, drowned in his self-made ocean of misery and devastation.

Of course, he regretted his behavior at the final moment of their separation. He had the chance to kiss him one more time, hold him, feel him, but he was so overcome with pained fury he couldn't think sanely. That sickening emotion still vibrated tamely beneath his skin. In fact, he was just a being with a forest of conflicting, tempestuous feelings that kept forming eddies inside him and spiked with every unbind memory of Jungkook.

It was just the first day without him. Forgetting him gradually with the passage of time seemed unattainable to happen. And, to be honest, he didn't want to. Even if it hurt more than he could handle, he didn't want to forget Jungkook and all of their memories. No, he wanted to meet him again and create new ones.

The first set of customers captured his wandering mind and gifted a tinge of brightness in his haggard features. He welcomed them and let them browse the collection of paintings, souvenirs, and shirts with stamps and drawings he had created.

And his day carried on like this; he smiled his wretchedness away at the presence of customers and sank in it throughout when he was left alone until Seo Hyang came for his afternoon shift.

Seo Hyang was his employee since he opened the store two years ago, and he became a very good friend of his rather quickly. The twenty-four-year-old man was bubbly and cheery and always enlivened Taehyung's sulky mood when he was insecure, troubled about money, or just gloomy about anything.

It was impossible to mask his agony from him. Taehyung was quite vibrant himself usually, and Seo Hyang picked up on his distress at first glance. The customers that kept coming prevented Taehyung from explaining the reason of his state, and he instead promised to him they would go for drinks sometime soon to tell him everything.

He wouldn't share any details about Jungkook, of course, but the thought of talking about the wringing ache in his heart with that cordial man seemed a notch soothing.

Jungkook felt numb. As if every emotion was crushed from him and only gut-wrenching apathy remained.

An unbearable pounding girdled his head since the moment he woke up from all the alcohol he guzzled yesterday, and it only diminished a fraction when he dragged his soulless form out of his nest of misery to take a shower.

Taehyung's absence was torturous. The room, the hallways, the bathroom, the whole damn hostel was a cruel reminder of him. Especially that room. He kept facing Taehyung's bed while he lay there. He often closed his eyes as they randomly filled with unconscious tears, then for a moment he had the illusion that Taehyung would appear lying in his bed when he would open them. And every time he encountered his empty bed, his heart twisted a bit more.

He stayed there, encircled by the wreckage of the heaven he experienced with Taehyung. With a sudden recollection, he rolled onto his back and reached between the mattress and the wooden hedge of the bed. He slithered a piece of paper out and unfolded it. He shifted to his side again as he gazed at the sketch of his masked face. A volley of memories rushed in right away, almost dislodging his heart from the violent torsion it gave.

God, he was a wreck. Ruined wholeheartedly. Ruined for anyone else. Just staring at the sketch Taehyung had made absently that day was enough to crest his suffering until it bubbled over and leaked out of his eyes in a mild trickle. He told himself he wouldn't cry again. It was a restriction he couldn't follow, he soon realized.

How had he gotten there? Crying over a man. Hurting so much. Wanting to give up and fuck up everything just to be with him. It was *insane*. But that was his life now, apparently. The king of the underworld had become a little wounded lamb that shed tears against his will.

The Jungkook from five months ago would beat this Jungkook to a pulp without a second thought.

At some point, he pushed himself to a sitting position and took hold of his big button type phone to call his father. He had to return to Seoul. He couldn't stand that kind of pain, no matter how much he tried to convince himself it was okay or that it would get better.

There was no getting better in a hell like this.

"Yes?"

"Dad. How are you?"

Hyun Joon grimaced at his frail, croaky voice. "I'm good, but you don't sound that well."

"Don't worry. I'm fine. I wanted to ask... if we can come back now. There's no point being here."

We found Ji Hoo, and he only came here for me. We still don't know where his father is."

"You're right, son. But hiding there is safer. The police still monitor our family in case you show up. It'll be too hard to hide you here."

A new doom got lodged in his chest at the predicted words. He really had to live without Taehyung. How could he fucking do this? "Okay. Is the business going well?"

"Yes, everything is fine. I have to leave now, so we'll talk another time, hmm?"

"Yeah, okay. Bye."

"Bye, son."

Jungkook's hand collapsed to his side. He remained unmoving, staring hazily at the air. He slipped the phone back into its place and lay on his side.

Throughout the day, he kept falling in and out of sleep with the drawing beside him under his palm, as if cradling it. It was hours later when he climbed down from his bed again and slouched towards the storage room.

He entered and shed his mask, then joined his hyungs, who were already seated at the table, observing him.

"Hey, Kook," Seokjin uttered with a slight smile. "I know you haven't eaten anything all day, so please eat now. I got you japchae." He pushed the bowl closer, tentative.

Jungkook's red-rimmed eyes dipped down to the item. Although he had no appetite, he felt too weak to stay unfed the whole day. He removed the plastic wrap and grabbed his chopsticks. He stirred the food, each move listless, just like it was in everything he did.

"Are you feeling better?" Namjoon asked.

Jungkook ate his first bite and took his time to chew and swallow the food. "No."

"You will with time," Seokjin reassured.

Jungkook paused at the sound of these words. "Bullshit," he muttered and devoured another bite. His attention shifted to Yoongi, who hadn't said a word and kept his eyes glued to the beer in his hand. "How are you?"

Yoongi peeked at him to ascertain that the question was aimed at him. "Like shit. Jimin called me twice. And he still texts me random things. How am I supposed to forget him?"

"Well, Taehyung doesn't try to get in contact with me, and I still can't forget him. It sucks either way." Feeling a tad stronger after his third bite, Jungkook placed his chopsticks down for now. "Namjoon hyung. What you said yesterday. That I can meet him sometimes after all this. I can't. Because it's still dangerous for him."

A veil of gloom embraced Namjoon's features as he gazed at him. "Yes. Sorry, Kook. I wanted to comfort you a bit."

Jungkook reached for a beer and slunk lower into his seat. "I called my father. Asked him if we can return to Seoul since there's no point being here. He said it's safer to hide here."

"He's right," Seokjin said. "The search they did here was a formality. But in Seoul, it's more

intense. The police are going to our businesses every other day to ask about you.”

Jungkook sipped his beer and expelled a breath. “Yeah. My father said they’re still monitoring our family.”

“Let’s have patience, hmm?” Namjoon said. “Everything will be just fine.”

Would everything really be just fine? With the ever-present hurtful grasp on Jungkook’s heart since the moment Taehyung left, it didn’t seem like it would.

In the privacy of his apartment, Taehyung drew sketch after sketch of Jungkook’s stunning face and body. The image of him remedied his heartbreak one moment, then it fermented it since he couldn’t see him anymore.

His phone that started ringing sucked his eyes to its screen, and he picked it up from the desk. He regarded the name for a stretch and accepted the call with a subdued sigh. “Hello, mother.”

“Hi, baby. How are you?”

“I’m okay. You?”

“Me too. Have you eaten dinner?”

Although it was already after nine, the thought of eating didn’t occur to him at all. “No.”

“Good. Come here to eat with us. We missed you.”

A muted, bitter huff fell from his lips. “You mean *you* missed me.”

Hee Jin maintained her silence as she cast a subtle glance at Mi Sung, who was sitting on the couch. She trod back to the kitchen to check the food. “Yes, I missed you. So come here.”

“Okay, I’ll be there in a bit. Bye.”

“Bye, son.”

Taehyung pushed himself to his feet to get ready. His parents’ lavish house was just ten minutes away, and he was soon on his way there with his car.

He waited outside of the gate to open for him, and he drove further inside to park the car next to the other four vehicles his parents owned. He walked along the granite path that led to the entrance, eyes absorbing the greenery and freshly planted flowers in the garden.

The door was already open, and he was greeted by his mother, who invited him into her hug right away.

They had fought countless times in the past because of the life Taehyung chose for himself, but she always gave him love despite it.

Taehyung caressed her back and withdrew. The smile he wore was small and mirthless by the ravaging agony swimming across his insides, and Hee Jin seemed to notice.

“Whats wrong?”

“Nothing. I’m just tired.” He closed the door and set a hand on his back to lead her inside. He took in the empty, spacious living room with a slight frown. “Where is father?”

“In his office. The food is almost ready.”

“I’ll go greet him.”

“Okay.” Hee Jin patted his head and retreated to the kitchen.

Taehyung trudged across the living room and turned left into the hallway. A few seconds later, he was standing in front of the double sliding door, and he raised his fist. A muffled voice impeded him from knocking, and he leaned closer, placing his ear to the door.

“Yes, yes, don’t worry. What time will Dong Myun be at the spot on Sunday?”

Taehyung’s brows pulled together. He remembered seeing a phone on the coffee table in the living room, so that could only mean his father had another one, which he hadn’t seen before.

“Five big ones, right?”

Taehyung’s already baffled face twisted even more. *What the fuck does this mean?*

“Okay. Thank you, Kang Soo-ya. I hope to see you soon.”

From narrowed, Taehyung’s eyes expanded with surprise and dread. *Kang Soo? Han Kang Soo? Oh my God.* He forced his internal consternation to quieten and hurried away from there. His heart raged in its cage, and he threw a hand over his chest, as if wanting to soothe it. *Is it really... the same Kang Soo? How? How can he know a scumbag like him?*

Everything he thought he knew about his father seemed to crack before his eyes. But, although he struggled, he composed himself enough as he stepped into the kitchen.

“Did you greet him?” Hee Jin asked as she placed the last plate on the table.

“No. Um, I changed my mind. I didn’t want to bother him.”

“Oh. He’ll join us when he’s ready, anyway. Let’s sit.”

Taehyung sank into the chair. He extended his hand to get a hold of his glass of water, and only then he comprehended its quivering. He gulped down half of it and held his hands together, telling himself to calm the fuck down.

“Taehyung.”

The voice of his father brought a new tension to his muscles, downcast eyes flitting left and right. “Hello.” He bowed his head in a greeting.

Mi Sung took his seat across from him. “I haven’t seen you in a year.”

“Yes. I think... neither of us tried enough to meet.”

“True. So how’s life going?”

Taehyung’s gaze passed over his face. Catching him filling his glass with soju, he allowed himself to regard him since he wasn’t looking at him. He hadn’t changed at all. He still wore that neutral expression like a jewelry, he noted. “Good. How about you? Are you still working all day?”

“Yes. That’s the life of a surgeon.”

“What about you, mother?”

“My schedule isn’t that demanding since I’m a nurse in a private clinic. But it’s still tiring.”

Taehyung had recognized the weariness in his mother’s eyes in a single glance when he met her.

“Thank you for preparing all this for us. You should ask Na Min-ssi for help more so you can rest when you have time.”

“It’s okay. I want to cook for you when I can. Eat, baby.” She directed a loving smile at him, which brightened when Taehyung returned it.

The dinner had an awkward notion spiraling in the atmosphere, just like every time Taehyung and Mi Sung were in the same room. Taehyung never felt close to him, and the gap between them only deepened after the bizarre phone call he overheard.

He heard him often say the name Kang Soo on the phone when he lived there. His father was well known and had numerous acquaintances and friends who were elites like him, so he thought Kang Soo was just one of them. If he really were the Han Kang Soo Jungkook told him about, it meant his father was involved in some shady things that didn’t match his image in the slightest.

He had to find out more. And it wasn’t just about Jungkook. He had to know if his father truly associated with the underworld and why.



And I Am

Taehyung filled his lungs with a long inhalation as he stood beside his car and bloated his cheeks when he pushed the air out.

After the bewildering call he overheard yesterday, a pothole of unease hunted him at all times with the scheme his brain conceived. And he couldn't blot it out of his mind in the slightest throughout his shift.

So there he was right after he finished work at his parents' house, steeling himself to sweep his father's office for any clues about his connection to the underworld.

It was still early, and he knew Mi Sung wouldn't be home yet. Usually he came home around eight, so he had about two hours to find anything, if there was something to be found.

With his apprehension a notch calmer now, he advanced to the door, that was already open for him. "Hello, mother."

"Hi." She enclosed him into her hug. "I didn't expect your call, but I'm glad you visited me again so soon."

Taehyung smiled his awkwardness away as he pulled back. "I wanted to see you."

They made their way to the living room and settled down on the couch next to each other. "Do you want something to drink?" Hee Jin asked.

"No, I'm okay."

"How's work going?"

"Good."

A shadow of doubt crossed Hee Jin's elegant characteristics at his plain answer. "Just good?"

Taehyung glanced away from her probing view. "I'm just... I'm struggling a bit financially at the moment. But I'm sure I can overcome this."

"Baby." She took his hand into hers and cradled it. "You know I can help you—"

"No. I don't want to take money from you. You helped me enough with the opening of the store."

"But that's what parents are here for. To help their children."

Taehyung's stance sank a little, just like his features. "I can't take any more money from you. I... I already feel bad because you didn't even want me to be an artist, but you still helped me in everything. And now... I'm struggling financially and I'm disappointing you and father."

Hee Jin released a nasal sigh, hesitating. "I know I didn't want you to follow this profession. But I remember how happy you were every time you talked about your dreams. That's why I helped you, even if I was against it. At the end of the day, I just want you to be happy."

Taehyung reveled in the pool of warmth that blossomed in his gut, intense enough to make his eyes glimmer and distort the gloom in his face with a soft smile. "Thank you, mom. I'll try very hard to

make you proud.”

“Don’t worry about that, son. I’m already proud because you’re the kindest boy ever.”

Taehyung giggled. “I’m a man now.”

Hee Jin shook her head, smiling playfully. “You’ll always be my little boy.”

Taehyung caressed the back of her hand as a response. “You didn’t call Na Min-ssi again, huh?”

“No, it was a slow day, so I’m not that tired.”

“Do you need help with anything since I’m here?”

“Hmm, I think I only have to do the laundry.”

“Okay. How about you make something for us to eat and I do the laundry?”

“Okay. Thank you,” Hee Jin said, and patted his nape before she vanished towards the kitchen.

Taehyung’s smile fell off his face with the sudden tide of anxiety that crashed over him. This was his only chance. He headed to his father’s office, glancing above his shoulder to ascertain that Hee Jin wouldn’t appear. Once in the hallway, he sped up his pace until he reached the double sliding door. He slithered it open at a creep and closed it behind him.

In one sweep of his hawk-like eyes, he raked the luxurious office and quickly decided to start with the desk. He flicked through binder after binder, but only found medical stuff written there which he didn’t understand.

He shut the last binder with a sigh, and his gaze landed on a drawer with a lock, while the rest didn’t have one. He immediately searched for something sharp to use to open it and located a bowl of paperclips. He pulled on its pointy edge to straighten it and grabbed the lock, then stuck it inside. He dug it in further, twisting and pushing, as he chewed on his bottom lip.

A low groan burred in his throat at his inability to complete his task, though he kept trying, rotating the paperclip harder until a click rang in his ears along with the hammering of his heart. His movements froze, round eyes staring at the open lock. With a surge of nervous overexcitement, he hastened to unhook the lock and tugged the drawer open.

What... the fuck? Was all he could think as he gaped at the content. There was a handgun in there, stacks of cash, and two big button type phones. Not once in his life he had the suspicion that his father used guns, and it could only mean he was right. Mi Sung was involved in some shady shit, for sure.

With his trembling hand, he took out the one phone and opened the call history. It was filled with a single number, as he saw with a quick search, and he went back to the most recent call. The time the call was made matched with the time Taehyung heard him talk on the phone, leading him to believe this was Kang Soo’s number.

He swiftly checked the messages too, but he found nothing there. Then, he placed the phone back in its place and took hold of the other one. Small creases of mystification etched on his forehead as he observed the empty call history. And as expected, there was nothing in the messages. *That’s weird. But everything is fucking weird right now.*

He made sure to leave everything as he found them before he fastened the lock again and scurried

out of the office. He staggered to a halt once he reached the living room at the presence of his mother and broke into a titter. “I thought the laundry was in the bathroom at the end of the hallway.”

Hee Jin chuckled, all confusion melting out of her face. “No, sweetie. It’s in the bathroom upstairs.”

“Okay. I’ll be quick.”

“Do you want sour cherry juice or orange juice?”

“Sour cherry for change.” He aimed another smile at her and ascended the staircase behind him. His legs still quaked by his bottled-up fright of getting caught and everything he discovered. He was never close to his father, but fuck, even the few things he knew and thought about him could be invalid now.

The rest of the evening was consumed with lighthearted chatter with his mother while they ate the pancakes she made. He left a little after seven thirty, as he didn’t want to encounter his father, and called his friends over to his apartment. Although they were swamped with work because of their two-week vacation, they dropped everything to meet their friend.

Taehyung could feel how worried they were for him, even through their text messages. It was reasonable since he was going through a heartbreak for the first time in his life, but to be honest, with the few discoveries he made about his father, he managed to forget about his wretchedness for a while.

Jungkook’s existence and all their memories were persistent, though, and they didn’t take too long to flood his head, bringing back that ocean of misery and devastation that engulfed him since their parting.

Dressed in comfy clothes, Taehyung buzzed his two friends in and opened the door. Soon, they slid into his vision, and an unconscious smile curled the corners of his lips. “Hey, guys.” He outspread his arms and hummed blithely as they sneaked into his embrace.

“Hey, Tae. How are you?” Jimin asked.

“Okay, I guess. I missed you.”

“We missed you too,” Hoseok said as they broke apart.

They entered the apartment and seated themselves on the large couch. “How are you guys?”

“Busy,” both said and exhaled a chuckle.

“My father doesn’t let me rest at all after our vacation,” Hoseok sighed.

“Same. At least with the load of work, I keep myself occupied.”

Taehyung smiled sadly as he cottoned on to what Jimin was referring to. “He still doesn’t answer your calls?”

“Yeah. I called him today and texted him, but nothing.”

“Maybe you should... give up, Chim,” Hoseok uttered.

"I can't. I can't forget him. I miss him so much."

Taehyung offered him a pat of sympathy on his back. "I feel you."

"You really seem okay, though, Tae," Hoseok observed with a little smile. "I'm glad."

Taehyung's chest deflated with a subdued exhalation as he sank back into his seat. "Every time I remember him, it hurts. But... something happened, and it took my mind off him for a bit."

"What happened?" Jimin asked, face warping in a frown.

Taehyung faced them, crossing his legs on the couch. "My father. There's something weird happening. I overheard one of his calls yesterday when I went to my parents' house. It seemed like he was planning a meeting."

"With who?" Hoseok asked.

"That's not important. The thing is, the guy he was talking to yesterday deals drugs."

"What?" A chock-full of surprise huff jumped out of Jimin's mouth. "That can't be true. Your father never associated with this kind of people. You know, *criminals*."

"I don't know what to tell you, guys."

"How do you know that guy deals drugs?" Hoseok questioned.

Taehyung peeked at him and drove his chin into his chest. "I can only tell you that Jay had mentioned that guy. That's how I know him."

Hoseok released a contemplative sound. "I still don't get why would your father know a drug dealer. He doesn't use drugs."

"Well, he can be... selling them."

Taehyung didn't react to Jimin's speculation because he had thought about it too a myriad of times. "I went to my parents' house earlier, and I sneaked into his office. I found a locked drawer and opened it. Guys. I found a gun in there."

"Fuck, that means he's indeed involved with the underworld," Hoseok muttered.

"Yes. I also found lots of cash and two other phones. You know, these ancient little things like what Jay had."

"That's not good," Jimin commented with a sigh. "What are you gonna do?"

Taehyung's eyes flew over his friends in a swing of hesitation. "I want Yoongi's number. To tell him about what I found out."

"Okay. But you can tell us what's Jay's connection with that guy, Tae. He won't know you talked to us," Jimin said.

"Still... It doesn't feel right. He opened up to me. And even if I don't see him again, I don't want to betray the trust he showed me."

"I get it," Jimin smiled. "He would be so lucky to have a man like you beside him."

“Yeah, except he’s a criminal and that would do no good to Taehyung,” Hoseok spat out, a sudden edge of vexation hardening his tone.

“I won’t see him again, anyway,” Taehyung mumbled. “Give me Yoongi’s number.”

Jimin typed the number and passed the phone to him. “I hope he answers.”

“Me too. I’ll be back.” He arose and retreated to his room for privacy.

Taehyung sat on the edge of his bed. He gulped as he took in the time, unease braising in his gut. It was a little after nine, and he knew all four would be together. The thought of hearing Jungkook’s voice knotted his stomach in little intricate twists of eagerness and a dose of restlessness.

Ignoring the thumping of his heart, he tapped the call button and put the phone to his ear. Each beep echoed in his senses — in his very woozy senses from the unrelenting battering of his pulse — and his throat felt more and more dry at the lack of response.

Taehyung’s eyes swelled and his breath glaciated for a second at the sound of Yoongi’s voice.

“Yes?”

He swallowed again, then cleared his throat. “Don’t hang up. It’s Taehyung.” A throaty sigh was heard through the phone — a sound hinting at Yoongi’s frustration. A fraught quietness sifted through the air right after, though he soon realized Yoongi hadn’t ended the call. “Are you with your friends?”

“What do you want?”

“I found something. It’s about Han Kang Soo.”

Yoongi’s body went rigid as his enlarged eyes roamed around his friends in quick little flicks. “I’ll put you on speaker.” He pressed the speaker icon and set the phone on the table.

Taehyung cleared his throat once more. “Um, hi.”

An agonizing wistfulness clasped Jungkook’s heart instantly. The organ felt as if it bled at the sound of his voice. Memory after memory whooshed into his mind, muddling it with sorrow, just when he had told himself he got this. Just when he had accepted his doom and had prepared himself to live without Taehyung. The dreamy sound of his voice wrecked it all.

“I’m Taehyung,” he continued after a moment’s pause. “I found out something about Han Kang Soo.”

“What?” Seokjin spluttered as he pitched forward. “How?”

“I visited my parent’s house yesterday, and I heard my father talk to Kang Soo on the phone. He had left his regular phone on the coffee table, so I figured he had a different phone to talk to him. I visited them again today when I knew my father wouldn’t be there and searched his office. I found a locked drawer and opened it. There was a gun in there, cash, and two ancient phones like—” Taehyung expelled a sigh instead of the words he wanted. Jungkook was probably there too. Could he recall that memory so vividly like Taehyung? It made him wonder...

“Um, I mean these old phones with buttons. I checked both. The call record on one phone was empty. It was like he hadn’t used it before. The other had only one number on the recent calls, and the time I heard him talk matched the time of the last call.”

Yoongi perceived Jungkook's doleful state at a single glance, but he disregarded it for now. "What did you hear?"

"He was planning a meeting. He asked what time Dong Myun will be at the spot on Sunday. And then he said something about five big ones. I didn't get that part."

"They were talking about money," Namjoon informed. "A big one is one million won."

Taehyung's jaw dropped, mouth quivering at its attempt to articulate words. "So—So he'll give him five million?"

"It's not really that big amount for drugs," Yoongi said in response to his shocked voice. "Do you know where they'll meet?"

"No. My father also said, 'Thank you, Kang Soo-ya. I hope to see you soon.' Then I returned to the living room."

"So they're meeting in five days," Seokjin reflected. "Is there a way you can find out about their meeting spot until then?"

"No, I don't think so."

A heavy silence washed over the four in the storage room as they dove into their brains for what they could do about this information.

"But I can follow him," Taehyung added with no inkling of vacillation.

Jungkook jolted to the edge of his seat, agitated eyes gouging holes into Yoongi, as he shook his head frantically.

Yoongi registered the unspoken meaning of his restless actions. "Don't follow him. It's dangerous."

"But I want to help," he said. "Maybe they meet at the same spot every time."

"We don't need your help. Stay out of it," Yoongi stated.

Taehyung grimaced at his strict tone. "Why should I listen to you? I can do whatever I want."

Jungkook's head collapsed onto the table as he drew in a jerky breath. Taehyung was stubborn — he knew it from the start and hated it wholeheartedly at that moment.

"Don't be so childish," Yoongi grunted. "You helped us enough with what you found out. Now you stop here. We'll handle it."

"I want to know why the fuck my father is buying drugs. And I will. I'm going."

"Taehyung." Jungkook's voice left him before he could do anything to constrict it. His name rolled off his tongue in a grave undertone, but rushed and shaky, while he stared at the phone so intently, as if peering into his eyes.

Taehyung clutched the phone in his hold with the tension that coiled around his muscles. God, he had missed him. His face, his voice, his touch, his kisses, everything. So much. So fucking much he felt like a vacant mess without him. And he was.

There was a burning heaviness lodged in Jungkook's throat and his attempt to disperse it with a

swallow failed miserably. “Don’t go. Hmm? It’s dangerous.”

The agony of their separation crawled up every inch of his form until it throttled him. But beside that wrenching emotion, spikes of bitter anger emerged that punched words out of him he couldn’t control. “Oh, you remember me? I thought I didn’t exist anymore for you.”

Jungkook let his head hang as his vision prickled with a vile dampness. “Taehyung. Don’t get involved in this shit. Please.”

“I’m already involved,” Taehyung shot back with a trembling element, which originated from the churning of conflicting emotions blustering in his gut. “And not because of you. I was involved even before I met you without knowing it. Because of my father.”

“Pretend you don’t know anything and continue living your life.”

“My life?” Taehyung drawled and huffed a meek sound of taunt. “My life is ruined. I’m ruined. So I don’t care what will happen to me.”

“I care!” Jungkook roared as he banged his fist on the table hard enough to shake it off its place. The deafening thud carried far in the room, reverberating through the silence that followed. With the sudden tsunami of melancholy that toppled over him, his stance drooped, chin digging into his chest again. “Don’t make me regret what happened between us. Please. If you get in danger, I’ll regret it. I’ll regret everything. And I don’t want to.”

Dark sorrow crazed Taehyung’s features as his eyes gathered suffocating tears. The hot wetness was so thick it poured down his face in rivulets, but he scrubbed it away with a harsh swipe of his hand. “Do whatever you want. Regret it or don’t regret it. I don’t care.” He wanted to force an indifferent, stern tone into his voice, but it came out light and unsteady, tangled with his choked breaths.

At the comprehension that Taehyung was crying, a new despondency seized Jungkook’s existence that transfixed him, leaving fatal wounds of resignation all over his poor frame. Because this time, he wasn’t there to soothe his sobs and hold him. He wasn’t there to run his fingers through his hair and kiss his poignancy away. And it pained him more than he could handle. Truly so much that droplets formed along his lower lids that clouded his vision. And before he could do anything — before he could process what was going on — he was silently crying with him. *For* him.

Taehyung picked up on a strangled noise similar to his and palmed his mouth to constrain himself from making any other sound so he could focus on it. He heard a broken inhalation and some sniffing, then utter stillness ensued. “Are you... Are you crying?”

Jungkook brushed the unwanted tears away when he registered how wet his cheeks had gotten. “Listen. Okay. Do whatever and I’ll do whatever. But know one thing, Taehyung. If something happens to you because of me... I’ll die with you.”

His damp eyes turned into two chocolate blank holes that gaped at the floor as his brain strove to make sense of the words Jungkook spewed. Tears still dripped down his cheeks, but he could feel nothing — he could see and hear nothing except for these damn words pounding in his ears. “Wh — Why would you say this if... if you don’t feel... if you’re not...”

“Because I feel. And I am.” Although his confession was vague, it was enough for Taehyung to understand it, he believed. He couldn’t secrete his emotions any longer. The thought of Taehyung getting hurt festered them, coercing him to vocalize them in his efforts to keep him safe.

The revelation, even though unclear, whirled throughout his existence, bringing a lull to his mind. His logic warred with what was said, unwilling to believe him. “You just... You just don’t want me to go. You can’t be... You wouldn’t have let me leave otherwise. You wouldn’t have pushed me away when I came back.”

Jungkook wiped the next stream of tears with his sleeves. Now that his emotions surfaced again, it felt impossible to tame them or leash them. “I am,” he croaked out. “And that’s why I let you leave. That’s why I pushed you away. That’s why I didn’t get in touch with you. I thought it’ll hurt too much. And fuck... It does.”

Taehyung threw a hand over his mouth, teeth clamping on his bottom lip. He was a wreck of tears and downtrodden sobs, but still, in all that agony, a twinkle of joy budded along with a dram of hope. Jungkook felt the same. Jungkook was in love with him, too. It pained him just as much to be away from him. Fuck, so many questions rose in his head again, spinning in furious circles that dazed him. But only one prevailed. One that sparked from his immense need for confirmation in hopes of soothing his bleeding heart.

“You’re in love with me?”

The single word of agreement was right on the tip of his tongue, teetering, dangling, but it couldn’t slip out. “Promise you won’t go.”

“Are you in love with me?” Taehyung asked again, anxious desperation leaking from his pitch.

Jungkook’s chest plummeted with a shuddering breath. “Promise me you’ll stay away from everything. Away from any danger. Away from my messed-up life. Until I fix it.”

Taehyung accepted defeat without protest this time. For whatever reason, Jungkook didn’t want to admit it, but his obscure confession was enough for him for now. He dabbed at his wet eyes with his shirt and sniffled. “I’ll help you fix it.”

“Fuck, Taehyung,” he let out in a breathy voice coated with pure hopelessness. That gruesome feeling triggered flames of rage within his chest that soon erupted from him in a screaming tirade. “You can’t do anything to help me fix it! Do you want me to go fucking crazy? Don’t get involved with your father’s business. We’ll deal with it.”

Taehyung screwed his eyes shut at the torturous sound of Jungkook’s forcefully muted pants. He drew in a wavering drag of air meant to impound his own sobs. “Okay. I won’t go,” he lied to assuage his crying state. “Forget what I said, hmm?”

Jungkook wiped his tears, but fuck, they carried on showering down his face against his will. “You really won’t go?”

“Hmm. I won’t.”

A fitful exhalation thrust out of his hoarse throat. “Okay. Take care.”

“You too. And Yoongi?”

“Yeah?”

“Accept Jimin’s calls. I don’t get why you can’t talk over the phone.”

The corners of Yoongi’s lips hung as his eyes prowled over the floor. “I don’t want to give him false hopes.”

Taehyung scoffed weakly. “You have no idea how much he’s in love with you, huh? He won’t give up on you. Even if you have given up on him.”

A thick silence leaped out that lasted for a while. Seokjin studied Yoongi for any sign that he would respond, but found none. “Thank you for everything, Taehyung. Stay safe.”

“You too.” Taehyung knew that was his cue to hang up the phone, but he couldn’t bring himself to do it. Instead, he nibbled on the inner side of his lip as his pulse brisked. “Jungkook...” A deep efflux of air escaped him, his eyes drowning in fresh tears just at the thought of phrasing the words his brain produced. “I miss you.”

The wetness spilling from Jungkook’s eyes increased to an outpouring that had him slumping over the table. “Don’t—Don’t do this to me, Taehyung.”

“I’m sorry,” Taehyung choked out. “Stay safe for me, hmm?”

Jungkook furiously dried his face with his drenched sleeves and wore a firm facade with devastation snaking out of the cracks. “You too.”



That Won't Happen

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung finished the drawing he was currently making with a few more strokes of his stylus pen and examined it thoroughly. It was a specific order from a couple. They wanted him to draw the scenery of the beach with a vibrant sunset and a couple holding hands.

The image of Jungkook kept coming to his mind like an addictive melody he couldn't ward off throughout the process. He craved so much to live a moment like this with Jungkook. Just the two of them, holding hands and sauntering along the sand.

It had been a week since the last time he saw him, but everything was still so vivid. His touch on him, his kisses, his astonishing face, their memories. Just like the heartbreak he experienced.

The void in his heart only seemed to magnify as time passed without him.

Taehyung's eyes slid past the screen of his computer, and he smiled at the presence of Seo Hyang, who came for his afternoon shift.

"Hello, Taehyung-ssi. How are you today?"

"Good. Well, the same, actually." The smile on his face saddened a fraction.

They had gone out for beers two days ago, and Taehyung shared with him the reason for his melancholic state. For a twenty-four-year-old, Seo Hyang had a lot of great and mature advice to offer him, though Taehyung wasn't ready to follow most of them. He could only occupy himself with things he loved to do and let himself feel the pain so he could get through it.

"How about you?" Taehyung asked.

"I'm fine. Go rest now. Your eyes are red."

Taehyung saved the drawing and rose from his seat. "Yeah, I can't sleep that well. Anyway. Call me if you need anything."

"Don't worry." Seo Hyang gave his shoulder a squeeze and tucked his bag under the desk. He snapped his eyes at the door once a ding rippled across the store and smiled. "Welcome."

The two women returned the greeting and began browsing the place as Taehyung took hold of his bag. "Bye, Seo Hyang-ah."

"Bye."

Taehyung headed off to his car and slipped inside, throwing his bag on the passenger seat. He remained unmoving, as if lost in contemplation. It was the day of his father's meeting with that Dong Myun, who was probably Kang Soo's man. And he was about to defy Jungkook and his crying entreaties not to follow him.

He dug a hand into his pocket and pulled his phone out. He located Jimin's number and called him, then set the phone in the holder. He started the engine as he waited for him to pick up and reversed

the car to drive away.

“Hey, Tae.”

“Hey. Where are you?”

“Home. I’m looking over a messed-up case. What’s up?”

“Um... Can I borrow your car?”

Jimin reclined in his seat as his forehead scrunched up. “Why? Is something wrong with your car?”

“No. I want to follow my father.”

From creased, Jimin’s countenance hardened with disapproval. “Why?”

“I just want to see where he’s going. If he goes home right after work.” He was glad Jimin couldn’t see his face because he would detect his lie at once. He didn’t enjoy lying to him, but he didn’t want to worry him.

“Are you sure it’s just that?”

“Yes.”

“So you’re not about to do something dangerous?”

“No, Chim. Don’t worry.”

Jimin let out a throaty sigh. “Yoongi said to keep an eye on you and tell him if you get in trouble.”

Taehyung’s eyes rolled subtly within their sockets. Two days after he talked on the phone with them, Yoongi finally accepted Jimin’s call, and they started chatting again. He only asked him to accept his calls for Jimin’s sake because he despised seeing him in the wrecked condition Taehyung was himself. Not for Yoongi to interrogate Jimin about him. But that had to be Jungkook’s idea.

“Don’t tell him about this,” Taehyung said. “I don’t want you to report back to him about my every move.”

“I won’t, Tae.”

“Okay. I’ll be there in fifteen. I’ll leave you my car in case you need it.”

“I’ll wait for you. Bye.”

Taehyung said his goodbye as well and ended the call.

The ride to Jimin’s house wasn’t long, and he was soon driving through the gates. He detected Jimin standing in the parking lot, and he stepped out of the car. “Hey. Thank you for this.”

“Just be careful, Tae.” Jimin passed him the keys and stopped him when Taehyung tried to do the same. “There’s no need to leave me your keys. We have three cars already. Don’t worry.”

“Okay. If I finish late, I’ll come take my car tomorrow, so I won’t bother you in case you’re

sleeping.”

“You know I never sleep before midnight. I just hope you’ll be done by then, because I’ll get really worried.” There was a strictness in Jimin’s traits that hinted at his discontent about his actions.

And Taehyung could only sigh and look away from it. “Everything will be fine. I’ll call you when I’m done so you won’t have to worry, okay?”

“Okay.” Jimin curled his arms around him, nestling his chin against his shoulder. “I don’t know if I should tell you this... Yoongi said not to.”

Taehyung withdrew as lines of bewilderment leaped into sight on his forehead. “What?”

“Jay. He’s a wreck. And scared you’ll do something that’ll put you in danger. At first he didn’t want to tell me about him at all, but I persisted.”

Taehyung lowered his eyes as the oppression in his chest deepened. “I think... he’s in love with me too. He told me indirectly when we talked on the phone. I didn’t say anything to you guys then because I hadn’t processed it. And I still can’t, for some reason. It feels so... Like a dream, you know? Even if we can’t be together. Just knowing that he feels the same makes me happy. Because it means everything we lived was real for both.”

A closed-lip smile sprawled on Jimin’s face as he planted a hand on his shoulder. “I know what you mean. I feel the same with Yoongi. When he told me he wants me and misses me... God, I was elated. Even if we can’t see each other for now.”

Taehyung’s features brightened at the sparkling eyes of his friend while he talked about him. “Did he say he wants to see you?”

“Yes. But I can’t go back for now. I have too much work.” He squeezed his shoulder and retracted his hand. “Why don’t you talk with Jay too?”

As if a veil dropped on his face like every time he thought about him, his countenance clouded over with gloom. “It’s not the same.”

“Why? Because he’s hiding?”

“Yes. And I can’t go see him. I have financial problems with the store. But even if I didn’t, I don’t even know if he wants me to go there.”

“Ask him. I know he told you he didn’t want you in his life before you left, but now maybe he changed his mind. Like Yoongi.”

Taehyung pondered over his words. “Did you ask him why he changed his mind?”

“No. I don’t want to ruin the mood. It’s enough for me that he did and we can talk now.”

His acknowledgement of his remark was a small smile and a tap on his shoulder. “Thank you again for the car. I’ll call you.”

“Don’t worry about it. Just be careful.”

With a nod, Taehyung unlocked the dark blue BMW and entered. It was such an upgrade from his little 2005 model Ford Fiesta he was driving around, but he was accustomed to the state-of-the-art

BMW as he had borrowed it countless times in the past.

Taehyung drove away and turned on the radio, hoping the music would help drown out all the turmoil in his head. And it did partly. He headed to his apartment since it was still early, taking the opportunity to eat something first.

He ate the leftovers from yesterday's food, along with freshly cooked noodles, took a quick shower, and lolled on the couch for half an hour before he made his way out of his apartment again.

With his phone already placed in the holder and with chill music for company, Taehyung set off towards the hospital. The sun was low as it was about to sink, streaking the sky with carotly and yellow hues.

He soon parked the car outside of the hospital, just close enough to have a clear view of the parking lot's exit. His eyes remained anchored on their target at all times as he sat there. Monitoring someone was so boring, he quickly concluded.

But the boredom waltzing around his traits flew off at the sight of his father's car exiting the parking lot. He hastened to start the engine, and he sped off behind him. He made sure to have two vehicles between them so Mi Sung wouldn't catch on to him.

The GPS was already enabled, and the maps displayed on the screen to check towards where he was heading. The realization that he wasn't driving to his house spiked Taehyung's heartbeat unwittingly. That was it. He was going to the meeting.

They drove and drove until they abandoned civilization, and dark, gigantic mountains surrounded them. He had turned off the lights of his car for a while now and monitored him from a safe distance. He could barely see the road with the eery darkness, and the sparse streetlights along their path were of little help.

He espied he slowed down, then turned right. Taehyung followed him into the gravelly road, and he hit on the brakes soon. There was a building at the end of the road with two vehicles parked in front of it. The car lights illuminated two figures, but he was too far to distinguish their characteristics.

He spectated for a bit more, although he couldn't descry much. His father then presented something to the stranger — a briefcase, he believed. The other showed him the content of his similar briefcase, and they exchanged them.

Taehyung drove back at a creep. He had already found out enough, and there wasn't anything else he could do. His eyes passed over the two for a last inspection, but they bulged as he caught his father sprinting to his car. Had he hunted him out? Whether he had or not, Taehyung stepped on the gas and reversed the car into the main road. It screeched to a stop, then he sped away as a quiver of blazing anxiety engulfed his hands, making him clutch the wheel hard enough for his fingers to ache.

The sudden awakening that he had no idea how to return to his house thundered down on him, and he touched the shortcut for his address on the maps. He kept glancing at the rear-view mirror, and a bubble of a sickening consternation braised in his stomach at the sight of car lights in the distance.

Mi Sung was following him.

He accelerated, thankful for Jimin's state-of-the-art car. As long as he didn't make any mistakes, his father wouldn't be able to gain upon him. Taehyung was an excellent driver, after all.

With everything going well, the first signs of civilization appeared again, and his chest fluttered to a plunge with the sigh of relief that thrust out of him. His father's car was nowhere near his range of vision anymore. He was safe.

He called Jimin and put it on speaker, then changed the destination to his house since it was only eleven at night.

"Tae? Are you okay?"

Taehyung chuckled at his harried tone. "I'm fine."

"Well, I'm not," he spat out. "Why did you lie to me?"

A frown overran Taehyung's face as his eyes darted all over the dashboard before settling on the road ahead. "What do you mean?"

"You followed your father to that meeting with the drug dealer! Are you insane?"

"How do you—" He cut himself off with the instant guess that slammed into his head, his jaw tightening dangerously. "Did you tell Yoongi?"

"I didn't mean to, okay? He asked me if you did something stupid since today was your father's meeting with that guy, and I was too shocked and worried, actually, to play it cool."

The long, frustrated exhalation that escaped Taehyung highlighted his displeasure. "You can't tell a damn lie?"

"He can read me like an open book even if he's not looking at my face!" Jimin flung back with a peevish thread in his voice, which melted into regret rather fast. "Sorry."

"Anyway. What did he say?"

"That you're stubborn and stupid. I asked him if he'll say something to Jay and he said no. The poor man begged you not to go, Taehyung."

"Well, I did, and everything is fine," Taehyung snarled. "So he's not curious to know what I found out?"

"He said to tell you they don't need your help and they won't... they won't accept your calls again."

The last remark wrenched a huff of pure disbelief out of Taehyung's throat as he shook his head. "They have to understand I don't do this just for Jay anymore. I'm involved, Chim. My father buys fucking drugs!"

"I know. It's messed up. But if he finds out you're following him around, you can get in danger, Tae."

"Whatever. It's not like he'll kill me."

Jimin kept his silence as he went over the ridiculous situation they were found in. "God, I can't believe the things we watch in movies are happening to you right now."

Taehyung released a nasal sigh. “Yeah. Me neither.”

Yoongi sipped his beer and sent a row of subtle glances at his dongsaeng, who was seated across from him in the storage room. The call he had with Jimin just minutes before he met his friends bothered him more than he thought. If Taehyung got in danger, Jungkook would go insane, and he was already wretched because of their separation.

He cleared his throat and leaned on the table, holding his can of beer with both hands. “Jungkook. You should know I started talking to Jimin again.”

The unexpected revelation reeled in Jungkook’s lugubrious eyes and hooked them on his face. “That’s why you seem so normal,” he uttered, and an attempt of a smile lifted the corner of his lips just barely. “Does it really help?”

“Not really. I still miss him. I think it’s crueler at times.”

“How come you changed your mind?”

“I thought about it. For now, we’re not working at our regular business. As long as we’re hiding, he won’t get in danger because of me. Later, we’ll see.”

Jungkook brushed his thumb over the sticker on his beer as he tracked the movement. “I want to talk with Taehyung too...”

“It won’t help you, Kook.” Yoongi was quick enough to crush any hopeful thought. “Trust me. You’ll only miss him more.”

“He’s right,” Seokjin said softly. “It’ll help to forget him if you don’t talk to him.”

“That won’t happen,” Jungkook drawled and chugged down his beer. “Did you talk to Jimin today? Did Taehyung do something?”

“I talked to him. Everything is fine.” Yoongi maintained eye contact and a neutral facade as he lied.

“It’s hard to believe he changed his mind.”

“Well, you begged him,” Namjoon chimed in. “He didn’t want to worry you.”

Jungkook nodded slowly at his words. As long as Taehyung was safe, he could handle any heartbreak, no matter how consuming.



Chapter End Notes

Another filler chapter, and now we're diving into the good part again 😊

You Know What I Believe?

Taehyung hummed mildly to the soothing melody of the song playing through the speakers of his car. Music was always his company when he was stressed, and today he was a lot as he headed to his parents' house.

In the five days that crawled by, nothing happened and nothing changed; his father didn't get in contact with him, there was no news from Yoongi or his friends, and he didn't attempt to call them either. He still couldn't get used to Jungkook's absence from his life, and he truly believed he never would. His longing for him only blazed fiercer, and his suffering kept increasing like a black hole that could suck him in at any moment.

The sales of his store were few and his bank account was near empty once he paid all of his bills. He had to find a way to attract customers. Keeping his store closed for two weeks caused damage that could even put him out of business.

Taehyung soon parked the car and stepped out. He sauntered towards the door and found his mother waiting for him. "Hello," he smiled as he enclosed her into his embrace.

"Hi, son." Hee Jin caressed his back and pulled away. "How are you?"

"I'm good. You?"

"Me too. I'll go to the kitchen to continue cooking and we'll catch up later, okay?"

"Yes. I'll use the bathroom and come find you."

"Okay." Hee Jin pinched his cheek, smiling, and retreated to the kitchen.

Taehyung stole across the living room and scurried to his father's office. He slid the door aside and sneaked in. He aimed for the desk right away and pulled a paperclip out of his pocket. He drove it into the lock and twisted it left and right until it clicked open. Maybe it was because this was his second time doing this, but it seemed easier than before.

He unhooked the lock and left it on the desk, then opened the drawer. Everything was the same as the last time he was there, he observed, and he took hold of the phone Mi Sung was using to talk to Kang Soo. With a swift search of the call history, he detected they talked on the phone every day. He also noted they had a long call the day of his meeting with Dong Myun.

A ringing had him jolting and almost dropping the item in his hand. His frantic eyes flew to the open drawer and stared at the small screen of the other phone. Through his immense disquiet, he put the phone he was holding back in its place and dug his own out of his pocket. He took a photo of the number on the screen, then shut the drawer and locked it. He dashed out of the office with his heart still battering against his ribcage and hurried all the way to his living room.

He planted a hand on the wall to steady himself as he held his stomach, which was swimming in alarm. *Fuck, I'm not made for this.* And he truly didn't think he was. Because he was on the verge of fainting by the scare he experienced.

With stable, deep inflows of breath, he managed to tone down his manic pulse. He advanced to the

kitchen and chatted with his mother, also helping her with cooking.

With the table set a while later, they took their seats. “When is father coming? Around eight, as usual?”

“No, a little earlier. He has to pack, and he doesn’t like driving long distances at night.”

The unexpected words prompted a baffled expression from him. “What? Where will he go?”

“Oh,” Hee Jin breathed out. “He didn’t tell you... He’ll go to one of our cottages for the weekend.”

Even more befuddlement was injected into Taehyung’s crumpled face. “Since when is he taking time off work? He rarely did that.”

“I know, but lately he’s been taking time off once a month.”

Taehyung found it extremely weird. Mi Sung loved his work — he was obsessed with it. Of course, he had to stay at the hospital almost all day long often because of emergency cases, but he sometimes stayed there for no particular reason. As the chief of cardiothoracic surgery, he had a lot to take care of and couldn’t miss a day of work. And now he was about to miss two days of work.

His eyes regained their focus on his mother as a question breached through the billow of his trance. “When did this start?”

Hee Jin tilted her head back slightly as her gaze slunk to the top right corner in thought. “Hmm, I think about four months ago?”

“Four... months...” Taehyung muttered as a vile suspicion bolted to take root inside him. *Is he meeting Kang Soo? If yes, why? Why is he meeting him every month?*

Hee Jin frowned at the faraway look in his eyes. “Son?”

Her voice jolted him out of his intense cogitation again, and he forced the perplexed tightness out of his features with a little smile. “Do you know in which cottage he’s going?”

“The one in Yeosu.”

Taehyung nodded languidly. *It’s three hours away from Seoul. Fuck, I’ll need a lot of gas.* With the one hundred thousand won worth of gas he was about to buy, he would officially go broke.

It was minutes later when Mi Sung entered the house, and he headed to his office first, Taehyung guessed. Soon, he leaped into sight, and he greeted them before taking his seat.

“Thank you for the food, mom.”

“Thank you for coming. I’m glad we can eat all together again before your father leaves.”

Taehyung’s eyes grazed over the figure of his father and plummeted on his food again. “Father. How come you’re taking time off work? You never did that.”

“Well, I’m getting old. I need some rest too.”

His impassive tone, face, and existence, honestly, told him nothing like usual. “You’re right,” he said with a feigned smile. “I hated how much you overworked yourself. You should rest.”

Mi Sung only gave him a brief view along with something close to a smile, but not really. It was more of a relaxation of the tight blankness in his countenance.

And they resumed eating, bantering here and there, until Mi Sung rose from his seat as he still chewed on his last bite. “Hee Jin-ah, get me the bottle of whiskey and the food you prepared when you’re done. I’ll go pack.”

“Yes, love.”

Taehyung guzzled his last bite too, as a couple of creases framed his expression. *Don’t tell me... he takes food and alcohol with him to give them to him. If he’s really going to the cottage, does this mean my father has been hiding him there this whole time? Fuck. I have to find out if he’s really there.*

Mi Sung emerged again with a sack in his hold. It seemed heavily packed just for the two days he would supposedly stay in the cottage. He squeezed inside the whiskey and the containers, and he was ready to go.

“Bye, Hee Jin-ah.” He placed a peck on the side of her head. “Bye, son.”

“Bye.” Taehyung returned the halfhearted smile with a bit more warmth and waited until he heard the door close. “Mom, I’ll go now too. I want to rest.”

“Okay, baby.” She pushed herself off her seat to accompany him to the exit. She wrapped her arms around his form and squeezed him, then withdrew. “See you again soon.”

“Yes, mom. Goodbye.”

Taehyung scuttled to his car as he watched the gates close. He hurried to get inside and reversed the car to drive towards the gates that slithered open for him soon enough. He pierced the phone into the holder and tapped on the maps, then typed the cottage’s address.

His eyes frantically hunted for his father’s car as he craned his neck and slanted from side to side to have visual beyond the vehicle in front of him. “Where are you? Where are you?” he chanted in a murmur and switched lanes, cruising past a few cars that drove at a slow speed.

“Fuck, if he’s not going to the cottage, it’s over.” His freakout ended as he located his car at the gas station, and with little time to think, he drove right past it. He encountered another gas station a few meters away and seized upon the chance to refill his fuel tank as well.

His gaze darted towards the road without end as the cordial man served him, and his heart gave small explosions of anxiety when he spotted his father’s car speeding away. Thankfully, he was almost done too, and he payed the man hurriedly before he maneuvered the car into the main road.

He left three vehicles between them to be certain that Mi Sung wouldn’t trace him out, and he sensed some of the tension caused by his enormous apprehension mitigate stepwise.

For a while, they continued like this; Taehyung was so focused on following him he completely forgot to turn on the radio. Another thing that eluded his mind was to call Yoongi and inform him of his findings. It burst on him about an hour later when he was sure his father was heading to Yeosu, and he hastened to call him.

His face morphed into bemusement as it rang and rang and rang... until the call ended on its own. *Don't tell me he's serious about not accepting my calls.* With this maddening thought, he jabbed his finger into the screen to call him again. But the same thing happened, and a groan erupted from him with the scowl that painted over his countenance. "What an asshole..."

He played some relaxing music as he resumed monitoring his father from a safe distance, and that was how a couple more hours crept by.

Reaching close to the beachside, isolated house, Taehyung tried calling him again in vain. He parked the car a little further away from the cottage and snatched the phone out of the holder. He poked the message icon and typed away furiously.

Taehyung: I know where Kang Soo is. My father is with him right now. I followed him. Answer your fucking phone!

He stared at the screen so fixedly he could dig holes into it. With every second that passed, his heart thudded harder and harder in his chest by his restlessness. But then, the *seen* sign popped up underneath his message. And finally, *finally* Yoongi called him back.

The car door flung open before he could do anything, and he snapped his head to the side as an ocean of terror razed him to the ground. There stood his father, and he gaped with owlish eyes as a devilish smirk scattered across his harsh characteristics.

"You think I didn't know you were following me again?"

The phone was wrenched out of his hold, and Taehyung chased after it on instinct. A brutal hand grasped his shirt and yanked him out of the car, then hauled him towards the cottage, as Taehyung strained to release himself.

Mi Sung swiveled abruptly and pounded his palm on the side of his face in a ruthless slap. "Behave."

Taehyung felt the sizzling ache throb on his cheek, fierce enough to dizzy his head. He was dragged forward again with a wrench, and he resigned to his defeat. He let his father tow him into the spacious living room and toss him onto the couch.

Taehyung's back slammed against the plush couch with a tiny whine. He evened out his head that swung back at the collision, and his petrified eyes stared at his father as his chest fluctuated faster with the scurry of alarm encircling his lungs.

Mi Sung loomed over him. The wrath in his gaze pinned him to the spot with exasperated discontent around the edges at the turn of events. "What are you up to, Taehyung?" He peeked down at the constant ringing of Taehyung's phone and slipped it out of his pocket. "Who's Yoon?" His brows lifted in two mild curves of curiosity as he sighted his eyes towards him again.

Taehyung gulped. Hard. If his father read his messages, he would be so fucking screwed. It was challenging to tame his disquiet with the incensed glower his father leveled at him, and he really couldn't help the quiver of his mouth as he unfolded it. "Just—Just a friend."

Mi Sung grimaced at the easy perception of his mendacity. The unrelenting ringing grated on his nerves, and he opted to shut off the phone for now. He dumped it on the table behind him, and his ferocious view searched for him again at once. "Why are you following me around?"

Taehyung kept eye contact, knowing he would suspect him of lying if he glanced away. It was already bad enough he couldn't maintain a poised countenance since the gushes of anxiousness

only grew stronger, but he had to craft a convincing story as fast as possible. Words tumbled from his lips a few seconds later, unsure if they made sense or not. “I heard you talk on the phone and I was curious to know what you were planning on doing. So I followed you. You bought drugs. Why? Why the hell are you buying drugs?”

Mi Sung huffed a disdainful sound as his head skewed to the side. “Why are you getting involved in my business?”

“Because I want to get into whatever you’re planning.” The fear from his eyes petered into unyielding determination that burned in vehement flames. The harried tremor in his frame subsided and his muscles untied themselves, mellowing in overwhelming confidence.

Mi Sung sank down onto the coffee table behind him and braced his elbows on his thighs. A glimmer of suspicion danced around his black eyes, incisive enough to spill over and suffuse his features. “Are you serious?”

“Yes. I’m broke. I want to make money.”

The sternness in the muscles of his face cracked with the snort that rifled from his mouth. “I don’t fucking trust you.”

Taehyung remained unfazed, although his poor heart kept thrashing against its enclosure endlessly. “What should I do about that?”

“You can do nothing, Taehyung. You’re not made for this,” he taunted. “I know you’re up to something. You rarely visited us after you moved out. And now you’ve been coming to our house often. Why?”

“I told you,” Taehyung said calmly, as if his father hadn’t just figured out everything. “I want to know what you’re planning so I can get in too.”

A husky sigh vibrated in Mi Sung’s chest as he meditated on his words, though the conclusion didn’t take too long to settle in. His son was too weak for this world. He wouldn’t survive a day and only cause him trouble. “Forget it.”

Taehyung scooted to the edge of his seat as an expostulation formed in his throat, but an unfamiliar voice rang to his left that strangled it.

“Let the kid join, Mi Sung-ah.”

The said man jerked up as if someone had yanked him out of his seat, enlarged eyes fastened on his friend. “What the fuck are you doing?”

Taehyung spectated as the man with rough-looking traits approached, taking note of a little sweet smile on his lips. “Who is this?”

“I’m Han Kang Soo. Your father’s friend.”

The information sank in Taehyung’s gut like a falling rock, gnarling it with tingling uneasiness. He was right, after all. Kang Soo had been staying in their cottage, and his father had been visiting him once a month.

“Yah, why did you come out? He’s not trusted,” Mi Sung hissed.

Kang Soo laughed his words off and perched on the couch next to Taehyung. “He’s your son.

That's how my son got into the business too. He was following me around until I caught him. He wanted in, and I trained him. We're the best team since then."

The unnerved doubt didn't recede from Mi Sung's gut; instead, it proceeded to flare wilder. He couldn't trust Taehyung. He didn't have a reason to. But he had plenty of reasons not to. "He doesn't have what it takes to join me."

"My son didn't either, Mi Sung-ah. He was too soft and weak. You can change that. Like I did," he chirped at last with a blithesome shrug of his shoulder. "They can even become friends. I can't wait for you to meet him when he joins us, Taehyung."

A frost of dread rippled across Taehyung's frame, icing up his muscles so much his heart felt like it seized along with his brain. He wrestled with the devouring feeling that wanted to flood his face with shock and succeeded in projecting a structured facade. "Oh, I have to get going. I work early in the morning."

"No, you can't leave now." Kang Soo's voice was flavored with a sickening sweetness, hiding nefarious innuendos beneath it that Taehyung couldn't grasp. "It's late, and Seoul is three hours away. Stay here the night."

"No, thanks," he mumbled, steering his agitated eyes away from his rigorous gaze. "I really have to get back." He swiped his phone from the table and strode towards the exit.

"Taehyung."

He stopped short on rigid legs at the gruff and imposing sound of Kang Soo's voice, clasp the phone in his hold.

"Stay."

Taehyung swallowed the lump of panic in his throat that almost cut off his air supply and reluctantly returned to his seat.

Kang Soo observed the bruising grip on his phone as his hands rested on his lap, his taut jaw, and his evasive eyes that wandered on the floor with a dose of discomfort. "Why do you seem so uncomfortable, Taehyung? As if... you're scared."

"I just want to go home," Taehyung said, throwing a glimpse his way. "I can't keep the store closed another day. I'm really broke now."

"Well, Mi Sung can help you with that, right?"

Mi Sung's hard eyes slashed through his friend before they landed on Taehyung. "I can give you money. Even though you don't deserve it. You wanted to be an artist," he scoffed.

Taehyung had never seen or heard his father talk like this. He always preserved a veneer of apathy whenever they discussed, but now he showed him a side of him he wished he hadn't come across. His cheek still throbbed and felt heavy from his brute slap — he was sure it was already bruised. And the contempt he spoke with cut through his chest, stealing the focus from his fright. "I just wanted to do what I love."

"And now you're broke. Why would I help you?"

"I'm not asking you to give me money. I'm asking you to give me a side job in the business you have with Kang Soo-ssi."

The bell boomed across the room, impeding Mi Sung from responding and striking another tide of dread into Taehyung's gut.

"Ah, finally," Kang Soo chirped with that familiar sweetness and heaved himself off his seat to open the door. "Son." He caged him into his hug and tapped his back, grinning. "I'm so happy to see you."

"Me too, dad." Ji Hoo had a similar widish smile on his lips as he drew back. He looped an arm around his waist, and they headed to the living room, but his steps soon faltered as any brilliance from his traits drained away. "You... What are you doing here?"

Kang Soo perceived right away that his son's bulging eyes were nailed on Taehyung, and the tip of his lips quirked. "You know him, son?"

"I met him on Jeju Island. He was staying at that hostel."

The understanding in Kang Soo's eyes smoldered stronger as he shuffled closer to the clearly fluttery man. "You were on Jeju Island recently? Why?"

"For vacation."

Kang Soo propped his palm on the back of the couch, leaning over just slightly to take a better look at Taehyung's lowered face. "And did you meet anyone?"

"No, not really."

"Not really? So you met someone."

"No, no, I didn't," Taehyung rushed to say as he shifted in his seat.

There it was. The spark of disquiet Kang Soo was certain he would see in his demeanor at some point. Taehyung really wasn't made for this business, anyway. "I think you were right, Mi Sung-ah. Taehyung isn't trusted."

Mi Sung's gaze sprinted to him. "What?"

"He knows who I am."

Mi Sung sprang up as the turmoil in his eyes amplified. "He can't know."

"He knows," Kang Soo said, each word punctuated with assuredness. "Because he met Jeon Jungkook."

Mi Sung stared down at his son. "Is it true?"

"Who even is this?" Taehyung retorted, striving to act oblivious, but the jittery edge in his tone was beyond his grip. "What are you talking about?"

With a ruthless grasp on Taehyung's hair, Kang Soo yanked his head back. "Don't play dumb," he growled. "Ji Hoo had seen your friend with Yoongi. We know you and your friends have a relation with Jeon Jungkook. You didn't even ask why I'm staying here, Taehyung. Because you know I'm in hiding."

Choked whines poured from Taehyung's mouth as he squeezed his eyes shut. He ringed his wrist with both hands, struggling to free himself. "I don't know what you're—"

Kang Soo threw him onto the floor violently, stifling his words. “Yoon was calling you, hmm? Yoon is Yoongi, Mi Sung-ah. Check his phone.” He recognized Taehyung’s efforts to sit up and shoved his foot into his chest to hold him down.

Mi Sung dug the phone out of Taehyung’s pocket and turned it on. “Pin.”

Taehyung groaned incessantly at the crushing foot hammering him down on the floor. “Father, p-please.”

An overriding spate of rage coursed through Mi Sung’s body that goaded him to push Kang Soo out of the way and hoist Taehyung’s torso with a feral tug on his shirt. He dropped the phone and smashed his fist into his face, panting out his labored breaths by his livid state. “Pin.”

The savage punch sent him heeling steeply to the side, and he would have slammed against the floor if Mi Sung had released his iron-like grip on his shirt. The shock of pain disoriented him, numbing him for a few seconds before it spurted throughout his worn-out form in an unbearable current.

Mi Sung convulsed him to grab his attention. “Talk.”

Taehyung kept grunting, eyes screwed shut. “It’s... It’s 2435.”

Mi Sung dropped him onto the floor again and picked up the phone. He entered the pin and waited until it unlocked. He barely had time to glimpse at the twenty-seven missed calls before it rang again, and he declined the call to open the messages. “I know where Kang Soo is. My father is with him right now. I followed him. Answer your fucking phone,” he read out loud, and his gaze crawled to Taehyung’s warped face. “You fucking lying piece of shit. You’re after Kang Soo?”

“I—I can explain,” Taehyung choked out, as Kang Soo’s constricting foot squashed him against the floor again.

“Why the fuck are you siding with Jeon Jungkook?”

“I’m not—fuck, can y-you let me t-talk?”

Kang Soo cast a glance at Mi Sung and saw him nod. He retracted his foot and lugged him to the couch, then plopped him down.

Taehyung touched his aching cheek and inspected his fingers, only to find dots of blood. Mi Sung’s ring must have slit his skin, but he was too lost in the thudding pain to comprehend it. “Alright. I met Jeon Jungkook at the hostel. I happened to overhear a conversation he had with his friends, and I found out the police were looking for him. He told me what had happened. And I just think it’s unfair. I remembered I heard you talk on the phone with someone named Kang Soo when Jungkook mentioned his name. And I wanted to find Kang Soo and ask him myself if he did this to him.”

“That’s why you’re following me around?” Mi Sung asked.

“Yes. I-I promise, I just wanted to ask if he did this to him.”

“My father didn’t do this,” Ji Hoo stated.

“Ji Hoo-yah.” Kang Soo held a silencing hand at him and directed his regard to Taehyung again. “And if I did this, what? What are you gonna do about it?”

“I’ll ask you why.” Taehyung dared to lock eyes with him. Now that they had discovered everything, his apprehension placated. How worse could it get, anyway?

“That’s all?”

“Yes. What did you expect? Kill you? I haven’t even held a gun before.”

“You know what I believe?” Kang Soo bent over him, bracing his hand on the couch. It was a move made to intimidate him, and it worked so fast his eyes glinted in delight. “You wanted to find me to rat my location on Jungkook and his friends. Which you already did, you motherfucker.”

Kang Soo’s arm swung back with the intent to deliver a blow to his face that would definitely knock him over, but the sound of constant, plangent bangs on the door paralyzed him with an abrupt spasm.

“Open the fucking door!” Jungkook screamed from the top of his lungs, voice carrying far through the enormous house.

Taehyung’s eyes reshaped into round ones, filling with a mash of emotions. Alarm, hope, eagerness, fear — all melded into one blaze that rocketed through him high and low, launching his heart into overdrive and blanking out his eyes with a prickling wetness.

Jungkook came to find him. While the police were hunting for him, he risked everything to get to him. Jungkook had come for him. And the simple realization nudged swift-flowing tears out of him and struck his heart with a conquering desire to hold him, kiss him, just feel him close and cry his bottled-up sorrow and disquiet in his embrace.



You Lied

Jungkook dragged his feet, along with his ponderous heart, towards the storage room at eight as usual.

That odious feeling of wistfulness was deep-rooted in his core, and he was incapable of banishing it or even soothing it just a notch. It was as if a part of him was missing. And nothing could fill the inflictive void within him, no matter how many days passed.

It had been almost two weeks since the day Taehyung left. And fuck, he missed him. Not the sex, but *him*. His vibrant, boxy smile, his chocolate eyes that always projected such warmth and fondness for him, his comforting embrace, his loving kisses. He missed his presence like nothing before.

Jungkook entered the storage room and greeted his hyungs as he took his seat. “Anything new?”

“No,” Seokjin said, while Yoongi tucked his chin into his chest at the question to avoid eye contact.

Yoongi had something new to tell, and that was the two back-to-back calls Taehyung made about an hour ago, which he ignored. He thought if they didn’t accept his help anymore, he would stop meddling, and he could only wish Taehyung would get the message this way.

“Let’s call Ji Hoo to see if he has news,” Jungkook proposed.

“Um, I’ll call him.” Yoongi slipped his phone out of his pocket and tapped on his name. A slight crease bloomed between his brows as it kept ringing with no response.

“He’s not picking up?” Namjoon asked.

“Hmm.” Yoongi lowered the phone when the call ended and tried once more. And again it rang for a bit, but his voice sounded this time.

“What?”

“Where are you? Let’s meet.”

“I’m busy.”

“With what?”

“Not your business. I’ll call you when I have time.”

Yoongi stared at the phone with a scowl once Ji Hoo hung up on him. “What the fuck?”

“What did he say?” asked Jungkook.

“That he’s busy and hung up.”

A frown of consideration crept over Jungkook’s face. “He’s hiding something.”

“Should I track his phone?” Namjoon suggested and hurried out of the room to get his laptop when he received a nod from Jungkook.

Seokjin viewed the younger subtly, a small warm smile etched on his lips. “How are you, Kook?”

Jungkook snatched a beer from the table, sighing. “The same, hyung. Don’t ask me every day.”

“You seem better now that you have no contact with him,” Yoongi ventured, hesitant.

“Better?” Jungkook scoffed in a hushed tone. “I’m in hell, hyung.”

Yoongi’s eyes dove to the beer in his hands. The thought that he should tell him Taehyung called leaped into his mind, but it went away just as fast.

Namjoon was soon back, and he set the laptop on the table as he sat down. He typed away on the keyboard, getting everything ready to trace Ji Hoo’s phone. All eyes were trained on him, and he raised his head once he got the results. “He turned off his phone. His last location was at the port.”

“What?” Yoongi asked with apparent mystification. “Don’t tell me he left.”

“It’s possible,” Namjoon uttered. “I can’t locate him if he doesn’t turn on his phone.”

And so, with the bitter realization that they could do nothing to find him, they spent a couple more hours chatting vaguely and drinking their problems away. They usually drank a bottle of beer or soju each, but since Taehyung left, Jungkook always guzzled at least two. His hyungs — and mostly Seokjin — pestered him not to drink more than a bottle, though he didn’t listen. So he settled for two.

It was almost ten when Yoongi’s phone vibrated in his pocket, and he pulled it out to check the caller. The line of his mouth tightened at the sight of Taehyung’s name, and he pressed the volume button to cease the vibration.

Jungkook watched as his hyung placed the phone on the table with the screen down. “Who is it?”

“No one.”

“Hyung.”

Yoongi met his gaze, and they shared a taut stare that lasted for a stretch. Until a sigh spewed from him and his eyes rolled in a circle of exasperation. “It’s Taehyung, okay? And no, I won’t call him back. Hearing his voice does no good to you.”

A dose of gloom cruised over Jungkook’s traits at the mention of his name. “Maybe he found out something.”

“I don’t care,” he snarled. “You’ll get depressed again. I can’t see that again.”

“I’m depressed all the fucking time!” With a strength Jungkook didn’t know he had, his voice erupted from him in a boisterous growl. A short silence ensued as the resonance of the said growl buzzed in the room. His eyes dashed to Yoongi’s phone when it vibrated again. “Just because I’m not crying doesn’t mean I’m better. So answer the damn phone.”

Yoongi swept his phone from the table and opened Taehyung’s message. All stubbornness and harshness from his features died out and instead an overriding alarm seized them. “Locate Taehyung’s phone right fucking now!” He hastened to call him back, his heart rattling in extreme anxiety.

“What happened?” Jungkook spluttered with a similar restless countenance.

Yoongi pounded his fist on the table when the call ended on its own, and he tried again. “I’m sorry, Jungkook. Taehyung said his father is with Kang Soo right now, and he followed him. And he’s not picking up his fucking phone now, fuck!”

Jungkook’s forehead was bombarded with creases of hopelessness as his breath burst from him in sharp, discontinuous puffs. A thin layer of dampness fogged his vision real quick, and his heartbeat thumped in his ears in a thunderous roar.

“Yah, maybe he’s fine,” Seokjin hurried to say as he perceived his fear-stricken state.

“Taehyung is in Yeosu.”

Yoongi called him again as he jerked up. “We can be there in two hours if we take the yacht. Go call Han Gyeol to take us there now.”

Namjoon sent Taehyung’s location to his phone and shut the laptop, then scurried out of the room. Yoongi peeked at Jungkook, who seemed to be plunged into a dolorous trance and convulsed him. “Snap the fuck out of it. Let’s go to Taehyung.”

The blankness from Jungkook’s characteristics wrung with rampant fury, and he propelled to his feet. He grasped Yoongi’s shirt and wrenched him closer, different muscles in his face twitching as he endeavored to leash the avalanche of vile emotions whirling inside him. “If something happens to him... it’s on you. And I’ll never forgive you.”

Seokjin drew nearer to the two and pulled Jungkook back. “We don’t have time for this. Go. I’ll stay behind to take care of the hostel.”

Jungkook wore his mask and stormed past Yoongi, bumping his shoulder on purpose. The other soon rushed behind him and said nothing when he caught up with him.

They found Namjoon with Han Gyeol already in the latter’s car outside of the hostel, waiting for them. “Everyone here?” Han Gyeol, one of their men who worked at the hostel as well, asked.

“Yes. Go as fast as possible,” Yoongi said.

“What about Seokjin?” Namjoon asked as he kept glancing towards the entrance.

“He’ll stay here.” Yoongi banged the seat on repeat when a recorded message sounded that informed him Taehyung’s phone was off. His chest felt as if it were afire by the explosions of dejected frustration that hammered it.

Jungkook spectated his frenzied salvo through vicious eyes, caring little about it. “I fucking hate you so much right now, hyung.”

“Yeah, I hate me too.” Yoongi called him again and again in vain. “How was I supposed to know he would fucking follow his father again?”

Although impossible, Jungkook’s wrath seemed to flare at the spontaneous revelation. “What do you mean ‘again’?”

Yoongi’s head hung back in overwhelming defeat. “I lied before. Taehyung had followed his father to that meeting.”

Jungkook dipped his face into his hands, warring with his self-control to smother the screams of frustration that desperately wanted to escape him. "I can't fucking believe you. I can't... fucking... Fuck!" He gripped his hair, squeezing his closed eyes, as all he could feel was pure rage.

"You didn't have to know that!" Yoongi roared back at him. "And it's not my fucking fault if something happens to him. He got himself into this mess."

Jungkook whipped his head in his direction, ready to hurl a rumbling tirade at him, but the car screeched to a halt before he could.

"The yacht is right there. Let's go," Han Gyeol said, then he stepped out of the car and locked it once everyone followed his lead.

They hurried into the yacht one by one, and Han Gyeol headed at the helm right away, as the others entered the medium-sized luxurious cabin.

A strained hush bore down on them and haunted him for a long, long time. All Jungkook could think about was Taehyung and if he was okay, as Yoongi called him often to check if he turned on his phone and blamed himself for not accepting his first call.

"Yoongi hyung..." Jungkook said, voice wan like his heart. A curtain of despondency had outplaced any fragment of fury in his expression for a while now, as he could easily identify the relentless, internal chaos in Yoongi's mind. "It's not your fault. You couldn't have known."

Yoongi exhaled deeply as he closed his weathered eyes. "It is. I fucked up because I thought I was helping you. I should have known Taehyung wouldn't stop. I'm an idiot."

"What infuriated me more is that you lied to me. And didn't tell me Taehyung followed his father that day. Why... Why didn't you?"

"I didn't want to worry you for nothing. I found out after Taehyung had already started following him. And Jimin told me he talked to him and he was okay."

Jungkook tinkered with his hands, eyes anchored on the listless movements. "Maybe what infuriated me more is that Taehyung lied to me," he whispered with a bitterness so intense it perforated his hyungs' forms, creating tiny holes of sadness.

"Taehyung seems too stubborn, Kook," Namjoon said. "I don't think... staying away from him will keep him out of danger. He keeps endangering himself on his own."

"Then what am I supposed to do?" Jungkook sensed a burning around his nose as he spewed these words, but he fenced in the looming tears.

"I don't know," Yoongi muttered as he took hold of his phone again and called Taehyung. His eyes bulged unnaturally once a beep was heard instead of the usual recorded message. "His phone is on. Fuck, he hung up."

Namjoon made haste to check his location. "He's still in that house."

"His father caught him and probably took his phone," Jungkook guessed. "If he reads the message Taehyung sent you, he'll be in danger."

"We're ten minutes away," Namjoon informed. "Everything will be fine."

Jungkook could only pray his words would come true because he would go fucking berserk if

something happened to him.

The yacht soon slowed down, and the three exited the cabin. "I'll wait for you," Han Gyeol said, and they got off the yacht.

"How long?" Jungkook asked.

"Two minutes if we run."

And they scampered away at once with Namjoon on the lead, who had Taehyung's location displayed on the screen of his phone. They continued running all the way to the door of the lavish house, and Jungkook battered it with constant bangs. "Open the fucking door!"

Kang Soo retreated as spikes of muted fear danced mockingly around his form. "Fuck, Jungkook is here."

"Go, run away from the back door!" Mi Sung whisper-yelled as he threw a frantic hand towards the kitchen.

"Back door!" Taehyung accumulated every ounce of strength he had left and screamed. "He's leav—"

"Shut up." Mi Sung smacked his palm against his mouth to silence him.

"Fuck, fuck," Ji Hoo murmured in an anxious daze, pacing, clueless about what to do.

The three stared at each other for barely a second before they sprinted around the enormous house. They took a glimpse of the wide-open door and caught his figure dashing away towards the beach. "Yoon, Taehyung!" Jungkook panted out without stopping.

Yoongi skidded to a halt and darted in the opposite direction, as Jungkook and Namjoon pursued him with all their might.

With a sudden boost of power, Jungkook closed in on him. He detected Kang Soo jumping from the pavement onto the sand and pounced right behind him. He was working out like his life depended on it for this exact moment. Because his life truly depended on it, and he wouldn't allow anyone to outrun him in no event.

Kang Soo's foot sank into the sand, hindering him, and that was all Jungkook needed to seize his shirt. He wrenched him back, and they ceased their dash abruptly, but Kang Soo twirled and flung his arm upwards to tear his hold off him. They stood still in a poised stance of fighting, breathless, and shooting daggers at each other.

"Why are you doing this to my family?" Jungkook gritted out.

Kang Soo threw a glance behind him and found Namjoon standing a little further away, ready to chase him if he attempted to escape again. "I didn't do it, Jungkook. I hate your family. But I didn't do this."

"You're lying!" he vociferated, each one of his muscles stretched taut. "You wouldn't have disappeared if you were innocent."

"I disappeared because I knew you would come after me. I'm not stupid. Did you expect me to just

wait for you to kill me?”

“Bullshit,” Jungkook scoffed. “You set me up.”

“I didn’t.”

A tsunami of wrath welled up in Jungkook’s chest that frenzied every shred of patience. He launched himself at him, but Kang Soo expected it and gripped his shirt to swirl him around and then thrust him away.

And he ran for his life.

Jungkook spurted forward without a second thought. Namjoon’s cry, though, immobilized him just seconds later.

“Let him leave!”

His scurry stalled, and he rotated as his shoulders slumped, realizing the futility of chasing him again. “He won’t tell us anything. Right?”

Namjoon shuffled closer and set a nerve-soothing hand on his shoulder. “Yes. And... I start to doubt that he actually did this.”

“Then who... who the fuck did this?”

“I don’t know. Let’s go back to Taehyung for now.”

With his remembrance, a newfound dread overcame him, and he bolted back to the house with Namjoon trailing him. They barged inside and resumed scuttling until they reached the living room. Taehyung was sitting on the couch holding an ice pack to his left cheek with Yoongi beside him, and Ji Hoo and another presence were seated across from them.

“What happened?” Jungkook asked as he shed his mask. Although he wanted to let his eyes rest on Taehyung’s face he had missed so much, Ji Hoo’s presence there grabbed his complete attention.

“That piece of shit beat him up, that’s what happened,” Yoongi spat, voice swimming in viciousness, as he glared at Mi Sung.

But all Jungkook could see was Ji Hoo, and he lunged at him. He ringed his neck in a choking hold and hauled him off his seat. “You didn’t know where your father was, huh?” he asked in a chilling undertone wrapped around a smoldering growl. “Did your father touch him?”

Ji Hoo released small whines as he repeatedly slapped the constrictive hand around his neck. The next thing he felt was an unmerciful punch on his cheek, and the compression firmed up a beat later again.

“Did he touch him?” Jungkook repeated, fingernails digging into his skin by the force he used.

Taehyung regarded the terrifying scene with big, tearful eyes. The ice pack slipped through his grasp as he rose to his feet inch by inch. “Yah, Ju—Jungkook... Stop,” he stammered as he noted the reddish hue that cloaked Ji Hoo’s face and the strenuous gasps he strove to take.

Jungkook’s brute eyes flung to the edge of their sockets in a sidelong glance. He inflicted a few more consecutive punches on Ji Hoo’s face and released him on the last one, sending him reeling across the room. He collapsed with his head slamming against the floor, and the trickle of blood

dripping down his nose soon formed a small pool beneath his face.

Jungkook spun around and focused his gaze on Mi Sung, still not ready to acknowledge Taehyung's presence. "You're his father?"

A sudden need to swallow swept over Mi Sung. He had heard so much about the Jeon Jungkook; how he dealt with anyone who grated on him, how he intimidated them, how a simple punch from him could send anyone to the hospital if he used his whole strength. And now Jeon Jungkook was right in front of him, and he was fucking *livid*. Mi Sung never thought he would meet someone who would intimidate him as much as Jungkook, even if he was twenty-five years younger than him.

"Yes, I'm his father," Mi Sung stated and praised himself mentally for not stuttering. "What's your relationship with my son?"

Jungkook jolted a second later as his incensed nerves, which were tied in little complex knots, dominated him again. But a hasty, jittery pull on his shirt held him back.

"Jungkook, stop. You... You're scaring me."

The fragile, quivery voice of his felt like a knife ripping his chest apart. He craved to bury him in his hug and tell him sorry, tell him he got him now, but he couldn't bring himself to turn around. His lie affected him more than he could handle. And if he just glimpsed at his bruised face, he would break down wholeheartedly. He couldn't let himself weaken yet.

He instead forced his muscles to mellow and straightened his posture. "What's your business with Han Kang Soo?"

"Why do I have to explain myself to you?" Mi Sung retorted. A set of muffled groans seeped into his ears, and he shot his eyes at Ji Hoo. He made a step in his direction to help him to his feet, but a deterrent hand from Jungkook glued him to his spot.

"Listen, Kim Mi Sung. The only reason I haven't crushed your face is because of your son. If you don't talk, though, I won't give a shit about anything and fucking beat you until you die."

Taehyung edged closer to his bulky frame and tugged on his sleeve. "Jungkook..."

The said man slammed his eyes closed, mouth pressing together. "Yoongi, take him away."

"What? No!" Taehyung exclaimed anxiously.

"Come on, Taehyung." Yoongi reached out to grab his forearm, but Taehyung shrank away. "Don't make me use force on you."

"I'm not leaving."

"Then shut the fuck up!" Jungkook barked at him so loudly his throat ached. He willed a smidgen of placidity into the turbulence raging inside him and swallowed. "Kim Mi Sung. Talk."

"I buy drugs from him, okay? And we're friends for years. He told me he needed a place to hide and I let him stay here. Kang Soo didn't do this to you."

Jungkook nodded to the expected explanation. "There. It wasn't so hard, was it?"

A muscle in Mi Sung's jaw ticked in displeasure at his obvious scorn. "That's all I know. And now

I want to rest, so leave my house.”

Jungkook huffed. “You beat your own son. Aren’t you ashamed?”

“He lied to me! He played me.”

“That doesn’t give you the right to touch him!” Jungkook was surging towards him before he even knew it. The same hasty, trembling hands yanked on his shirt right away, and that familiar deep voice rang again with flaring restlessness.

“Don’t, Jungkook. Please.”

“Why the fuck are you protecting him?” Jungkook swiveled with a jolt as exasperation poured through his insides. Everything melted away instantly at the sight of his swollen, purplish cheek and the dried stains of blood. Truly, every emotion was swept away except one. Devastation. Stifling devastation that was highlighted by explosions of self-blame for failing to protect him and get to him sooner.

And everything suddenly felt too much for his ravaged heart to bear. He marched off to the door and shut it behind him without glancing back.

A numbing anxiety crowded Taehyung that stung his eyes with tears the moment Jungkook disappeared. He pitched forward with his need to be close to him on the lead of his chaotic mind, but a hold on his forearm stilled him.

“Give him a moment to cool down,” Namjoon said.

“No, I can’t—I can’t stay away from him for another second.”

“What the fuck do you mean, Taehyung?” Mi Sung asked, a growing apprehension braising in his gut. “Don’t tell me you and Jungkook... No, no, tell me it’s not true.”

Taehyung swiped a harsh hand over his cheeks to scrub away the wetness that bubbled over. He rotated at a glacial pace and laid his sorrowful gaze on him. “It is. I’m in love with him.”

That apprehension enlarged his eyes and caused them to flit in a whirlwind of disbelief. “Did you not see how crazy he can get? He’s dangerous! Stay the fuck away from him.”

“It’s funny coming from you,” Yoongi sneered. “You beat your own son and you talk to him about who’s dangerous?”

As Mi Sung didn’t seem to have a comeback, Taehyung wiped the next gush of tears with his shirt. “Jungkook acted like that because you hit me. He would never hurt me.” He turned to the exit and slouched off.

“Taehyung, stay away from him. I warn you.”

“Or what?” Yoongi scoffed. “What will you do, huh?”

“Nothing. But he’ll regret it if he gets close to Jeon Jungkook.”

Taehyung held onto the door handle. “It’s too late for that.” He slid the door open and vanished in search of Jungkook.

Yoongi glanced beside him at Ji Hoo, who managed to hoist himself onto the couch at some point and kept whimpering in pain. His nose and mouth were covered with blood, and the left side of his

face was bloated with his eye barely able to open. “You knew where your father was all along, didn’t you?”

Ji Hoo took a moment to answer as his head still buzzed with dizziness. “Yes. I visited him once a month, like Mi Sung-ssi.”

Yoongi shook his head, contempt spilling from his eyes. “You’ll pay for this. Joon, let’s go.” He stormed towards the door with Namjoon hurrying behind him, and they exited the house. They located Taehyung and Jungkook outside a little further away and headed to the beach to give them time to talk.

Once Taehyung caught sight of a figure outside of the house, he scurried all the way there and decreased his speed when he was close enough. Jungkook was standing in front of a lavender tree and his form shook rhythmically, he detected. Worry quickly bristled his eyes as he realized Jungkook was throwing punches on the tree trunk, and he fixed a quaky palm to his shoulder.

Jungkook lurched, whisking his hold off him with his vehement rotation. His pain-filled eyes, burning like flaming wells, ground through him in a moment’s stillness. Despite the fury they embodied, a glitter of poignancy hovered in them that foreshadowed fast-flowing tears.

As the torturous wetness built up until it became impossible to confine, Jungkook twisted and drove his fist into the tree fiercer, searing blood dribbling down his fingers.

“Stop, please stop,” Taehyung begged in a wrecked mumble as his tears cartwheeled down his face.

His fist pounded against the tree once more and stayed there as his head crumbled over his sunken shoulders. His body quivered by his rowdy nerves in his exertion to tame them, but then it writhed with the sobs that scorched his chest.

Taehyung positioned his hands on each of his shoulders and nestled against his back, resting the side of his head on his nape. His pent-up agony of being unable to see him, touch him, feel him close for so long pushed wavelets of tears out of him that only flared and quickened with each choked breath Jungkook released.

His tentative hands ventured lower, trailing his arms, until they came to loop around his belly in a tight wrap. “I know,” he croaked out. “I’m sorry.”

Jungkook snaked a hand out to dry the hot wetness from his haggard face with his sleeve. His warmth was intense enough to infiltrate his body and caress his long-suffering heart, even allay the mayhem that ran riot inside him. But the cruel pang of his lie, acute and fatal like a knife thrust, lingered. “You lied.”

Taehyung’s grip around him strengthened in stabbing disquiet as a fresh deluge of tears disfigured his face. “I’m sorry.”

A frail harshness gripped at Jungkook’s features as his cheeks got soaked again. “You got in danger.”

Taehyung squeezed his eyes shut, teeth digging into his lower lip at the distinct bitterness in his raspy voice. “I’m sorry.”

“I begged you, Taehyung. And you didn’t listen.” Jungkook cradled his one hand clutching him as

his eyes slunk down at the contact.

“I’m sorry,” Taehyung cried as his gasping puffs intensified with the disastrous anguish that ripped across his chest.

“I cried for you. Because I was scared.” Jungkook rubbed little circles on the back of his hand, tears still leaking but sparsely now. “And you didn’t care.”

Taehyung tucked his face away into his shoulder blades and wailed like when Jungkook left him in the shower that day. His foolish actions endangered him and hurt Jungkook, and even though he had him right there, holding him, the distance between seemed endless.

His sobs, tangled with muffled apologies, pounded on Jungkook’s ears in a loathsome tune that demolished his heart more than anything before. He crept around, missing his warmth right away when they detached, and he laced a hand around his nape to tug him against his chest.

After almost two weeks, he finally had Taehyung in his embrace again. He had lost any ray of hope that would happen someday. A torrent of relief messily blended with bliss broke out in every direction in his body, leaping in soothing bursts and cocooning his soul with a blanket of love.

Taehyung was there. Swathed in his arms. And nothing could ever compare with that feeling.



My Heaven

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung's cries escalated at the unexpected embrace he gifted him, and Jungkook circled his twitching form with his arm, shushing him gently.

"Angel," Jungkook muttered against his head as he traced slow-paced kisses over it. "I was so scared something happened to you. And I'm sorry I couldn't get to you sooner." He smoothed his palm over his back in calming strokes. "Please don't cry. I'm not mad at you. I was just scared."

Taehyung only clasped him harder. There was really nothing he could say or do. His sobs stole all his breath, but they had relief underlying them — heart-soothing relief because he finally met Jungkook again, and the distance between them got obliterated at his words.

A whirlwind of hurtful thoughts had swept across his mind; that Jungkook hated him because he lied, that he couldn't forgive him, that he would push him away at any moment. But no, Jungkook turned around and crushed him into his hug. He called him angel. He kissed his head so sweetly. And he whispered words of comfort to him.

Jungkook couldn't bear hearing his stifled sounds anymore. They pained him even more than his absence. He drew back just enough to fix his gaze on him, and he cupped his warped face with two loving palms, careful not to apply pressure on his left cheek. He thumbed away the rivulets of tears, viewing him through fond, saddened eyes. "Baby. I know you're pretty no matter what you do and however you are, but please don't cry."

A quivery smile exploded on Taehyung's features as he let out a gulping chuckle. He wiped his nose with his shoulder and sniffled, still clutching him. "I missed you so much, Jungkook. F-Fuck."

"No, no, no, please, angel," Jungkook rushed to say as he detected the instant eruption of tears that poured from his eyes again. He linked their foreheads, stroking the crown of his right cheek with a tender thumb. "I know what you feel is a lot right now. But stop crying, please. Do it for me, hmm? I can't... I can't see you like this anymore. It's been twelve days since the last time I saw you. And I really want to see your smile again. Not this sad face. Although it's cute, I won't lie."

His words managed to steal another smile from Taehyung, accompanied by a shaky giggle. A new round of brushing the wetness from his face and sniffing began, and he locked eyes with him with his tears now diminished. "You remember how many days passed..."

"I remember everything," Jungkook responded, voice muted and colored with gentleness. He carved a long kiss on his forehead and leaned them together again. "Does your cheek hurt?"

"I can't feel anything right now. Only you."

Blissful fondness pulled on Jungkook's lips, and his traits brightened even more with the perception that Taehyung's tears had ceased throughout. "What do I feel like?"

Taehyung copied his smile unconsciously as he dove into contemplation to unearth a way to explain himself. "Heaven."

Jungkook's eyes glimmered with the same fondness that still held his mouth riveted on a smile.

“You too, angel.”

The affectionate eye contact lasted for a couple more seconds until their gaze tumbled simultaneously to each other’s lips. They bridged the scarce space between them, merging their mouths in a kiss as delicate as snowflakes. A chain of slow and equally tender kisses as their first one followed that remedied any harrowing sorrow and compensated for all the time they spent apart.

They latched onto each other again, needy hands pressing their bodies as close as possible, and kissed softly and deeply this time, and smiled in overwhelming joy and relief until they did everything all over again. They were deprived of each other’s presence for just twelve days, but fuck, it felt like a torturous eternity.

With eyes that contained a warmth designed only for one another still locked together, Taehyung planted one more peck on his lips. “Where will you go now?”

“We’ll go back to Jeju Island. We have a guy waiting for us on a yacht.”

Fragments of Taehyung’s blissfulness got ripped apart from him at the thought of losing him again. The conquering terror it brought along wrenched anxious, overhasty words out of him that he didn’t have time to process first. “Take me with you just for the weekend, hmm? Please, please, Jungkook, I’ll leave quietly this time, I promise, I won’t ask anything from you and—”

Jungkook silenced his effusion of barely coherent words with a deep kiss. He identified an aching sheen covering his previously bright eyes and offered him a mollifying smile. “Please come with me, Tae. Just for the weekend.”

Taehyung’s breathing came faster at the unexpected invitation as hopeful eagerness marked his face. “Really?”

“Yes. I want to keep you away from your father until he cools off, anyway.”

“That’s... the only reason?”

Jungkook cradled the back of his head, smiling fondly at him. “That’s the most important reason. Your safety. The second is...” He filled his lungs with air. “I missed you so fucking much, Tae,” he released on a breath.

“Me too,” Taehyung spluttered, his vision blurring right away. “I missed you. I missed you so—”

“Don’t fucking cry again, angel, please,” Jungkook begged in a whisper. “I—I take it back, okay? I didn’t miss you at all.”

“Yah,” Taehyung choked out as he punched his chest with a wan fist, his face contorting in an attempt to project anger.

His face was nothing but adorable to Jungkook, though, and the hushed chuckle that escaped him was beyond his control. “Alright, that was a lie, obviously. But don’t cry, hmm?”

“How... How can I not cry?” Taehyung uttered as his overflowed with tears eyes slithered away from him. “Do you know... how much I suffered this whole time?”

“I know. I promise I know,” Jungkook sighed as he strung their foreheads together, trailing a hand down his head to hold his nape. “Because I suffered just as much.”

Taehyung clung to him, nesting the side of his face in his chest, and they spent a while simply savoring the cozy feel of being in each other's embrace after all the heartbreak they lasted through. Wave after wave of questions breached in Taehyung's mind and so many things to say, but he couldn't muster up his courage to act on the boisterous thoughts — he couldn't bring himself to vocalize anything in that moment.

Jungkook peppered sugary kisses on his temple that slid down until he reached his irresistible lips. "We should go now."

"Okay. But what about my car?"

"Don't worry. In a few hours, you'll have it outside of your house."

Taehyung's brows clumped together. "How?"

"I'll ask one of my men to take it."

"Wow," Taehyung breathed out, his amazement shining through his round eyes. "There's one more problem, though."

Jungkook laced an arm around his shoulders and ushered him towards the beach, as Taehyung encircled his waist. "What?"

"I'm broke. Like literally, I have no money on me or in my bank account."

Jungkook's gaze remained fastened on him, unable to grasp his point. "Okay. And?"

"What do you mean 'and', Jungkook? I'm telling you I'm broke. I have no money to return to Seoul."

Jungkook chuckled, pushing his forehead against his playfully. "Why are you worrying about that? I have a shitload of money, remember?"

"Exactly, *you* have a shitload of money. I don't like borrowing money, but unfortunately I have to. I need to buy a ticket for the ferry."

"But I won't lend you anything. I'll just give you any amount you want."

Disapproval crackled in Taehyung's gaze as he glared at him. "Forget it."

Jungkook kissed the warning tightness from his mouth away, and they plodded down the few stairs that lead to the beach. "Don't worry about anything, hmm? I'm here. And I'm not talking only about the money thing." He caught a glimpse of his hyungs sitting close to the serene sea and slowed his steps. He slipped in front of Taehyung and held each side of his head tenderly. "I hate seeing you hurt. I want to run back and beat your father to a pulp."

"I'm okay, Jungkook," he uttered as he folded his arms around his waist.

"Why did you protect him? I really... I don't get it."

Taehyung angled his head slightly away. He sucked his lower lip between his teeth as hesitation meandered on his now gloomy traits. "My father is a surgeon. He can't show up at work with bruises."

The mumbling, ridiculous — as Jungkook thought — response triggered prickles of rage in his gut. "Your father beat you, Taehyung."

“He was just mad because I lied to him.”

A throaty sigh leaked out of Jungkook’s mouth, and he dipped his head in his effort to meet his eyes in vain. “Listen. Just because someone is mad doesn’t mean they have the right to hit you. Don’t be okay with it. Because it’s not okay.”

Taehyung only dug his chin further into his chest once he conceived his attempt to make him look at him. The true reason for his fairly cool reaction to a beating from his own father seemed crazy even to him, and the chances Jungkook would understand it were scant. But either way, he unfolded his mouth. “I just... I know it’s not okay. But I lied to you and him and... I took the beating like a punishment, I think. I knew you would be furious when you would find out I lied to you. And when my father hit me, I just thought I deserved it for everything I did.”

“No, baby, no, no,” Jungkook spewed at once. “Please don’t think like that. Whatever you do, you don’t deserve anything bad to happen to you. Okay?”

Taehyung peeped at him and nodded slowly. He ventured a kiss on his cherry lips, and a timid smile framed his face when Jungkook kissed him again.

“And it’s okay to fight back when someone hurts you,” Jungkook said against his mouth. “Although that won’t happen again.”

“Why? How do you know that?”

Jungkook huffed silently as he carded his fingers through his hair. “You think I’ll let anyone touch you again?”

The surprise that toppled over Taehyung was consuming and too much to handle, leaving him in a daze. He had no smidgen of an idea how to respond, and it must have manifested in his eyes because Jungkook smashed another kiss on his lips and smiled sweetly at him right after.

“I can see your overthinking. Stop it. I told you, don’t worry about anything right now. I’m here.”

Although reluctant, Taehyung tossed aside the battery of questions roaring in his head and presented a similar warm smile to him. “Okay.”

Jungkook anchored an arm around his torso again, and they resumed their way. Yoongi and Namjoon were on their feet now and staring at them, he perceived, when they approached them enough.

“Why aren’t you wearing your mask?” Yoongi asked, near frantic.

“Because no one is around here at this hour and it’s dark. I’m safe.”

“Is Taehyung coming with us?” Namjoon noticed how he clung onto Jungkook more at his question.

“Yes, for the weekend. And I don’t want to hear anything you guys have to say about it,” Jungkook stated with a caution threaded in his voice that gave no room for debate.

“Let’s go because it’s late,” Yoongi simply said and sauntered away.

The others followed him, and they soon got on the yacht. They informed Han Gyeol they were ready to go and retreated into the cabin.

Yoongi's eyes often flew over Jungkook and Taehyung, who were snuggled up on the opposing couch, in the extended silence that engulfed them. Jungkook seemed more peaceful than ever before. A twinkle of melancholy flitted in his gaze as he absorbed the way he combed through Taehyung's hair with his fingers in constant, slow caresses.

"Taehyung." He observed as Taehyung opened his eyes to lay them on him and Jungkook leveled out his head that was resting on his. "I'm sorry I didn't pick up when you called me."

A little smile cut across Taehyung's face, dispersing the fog of sleepiness. "Don't be. You couldn't have known what I was planning to do. I'm sorry for putting you through all this."

"I should have thought you wouldn't drop it. I guess I just really hoped you would."

Jungkook twined his fingers around Taehyung's shoulder, sullen eyes with a notion of hesitation zoned in on him. "Why did you do it, Tae? You knew it was dangerous."

Taehyung glimpsed at him and dragged his head down. "My father is dealing drugs. You don't get it because you knew from the start who your fathers were and what they were doing. You know who I thought my father was? A successful surgeon who was loved by everyone and always did everything by the book. And now I found out he's associated with the underworld, buys drugs, and has a fucking gun.

"I had never seen any other emotion in my father's eyes than apathy and disappointment. He had never yelled at me. And now... Now he even hit me. I wanted to see who he really was with my own eyes. Even when I heard him planning that meeting, I still couldn't believe he would buy drugs. And I also wanted to help you guys. I want to find out the truth and clear Jungkook's name."

Jungkook's chest fluttered to a dragging fall with the exhalation that emitted from him. He could understand what a shock it was for Taehyung to discover his father wasn't who he thought he was for so many years. He drew a light kiss on his temple. "And you won't stop?"

"What?"

"Getting yourself in danger."

Taehyung twisted towards him, draping his leg over his, and he felt Jungkook's firm hold on the inner side of his thigh right away. "I want you to have your life back. I know how much you're suffering from being locked in that room. I don't want you to suffer anymore."

Jungkook's fingers meshed into his hair, and he connected their foreheads, the grip on his thigh steady. "Do you realize what you're saying? If I get my life back..."

"I know," Taehyung whispered. "It's okay. Even if I lose you again, it's okay. Even if I don't see you again, it's okay. Because you'll be free."

I won't. I won't because I won't have you. These words raged in Jungkook's mind and teetered on the tip of his tongue, but he couldn't let them out. "You know what's worse than being locked in that room? The thought of you getting in danger. So I'm asking you to stop. Don't follow your father ever again. You saw who he is. Now you have to stay away from him."

Taehyung buried his face into the crook of his neck once tears beaded along his lower lashes, clutching his frame. "What about—What about who did this to you? How will you find them?"

“I don’t know. But why are you crying, angel? Hmm?” Jungkook held him securely as he showered the side of his head with delicate kisses.

“Sorry. Don’t pay attention to it.” Taehyung sniffled, brushing away the simmering paths of tears on his cheeks.

Jungkook’s lips formed a downcast smile against his head. “I can’t do that. So tell me.”

Taehyung was able to contain his boisterous emotions through great struggle, barricading the stinging wetness. “I know I said it’s okay, even if I lose you again. But this can be the last time we see each other. And it hurts thinking about it. I can’t help it.”

Jungkook pulled back a notch and untucked his face, cradling it. “Don’t think about tomorrow. Remember. I’m here.” *And I’ll always be.* He joined their mouths gently, sealing the promise he couldn’t vocalize yet. He couldn’t live without Taehyung. Nothing could describe the feeling of being with him after so long. And he wouldn’t allow himself to live in such a misery anymore. He had made up his mind.

He would bring Taehyung into his life and protect him himself from everyone and everything.

Namjoon and Yoongi spectated the scene in muted awe. Seeing their dongsaeng be so affectionate was something entirely new and unexpected. It amazed them as much as it scared them. Because they knew Jungkook wouldn’t be able to let him go again.

“Um, sorry guys,” Yoongi said, drawing their attention, “but it’s a good chance for Taehyung to tell us what he found out and what happened. So you two can spend the whole day together tomorrow.”

His last remark brought a joyful smile to Jungkook’s features. “Thanks, Yoon. And I’m sorry for how I acted.”

“It’s okay. Do you want to tell us, Taehyung?”

“Yes,” he uttered. “The first time I followed my father, I saw him trade briefcases with that guy, Dong Myun. I think... he realized someone followed him because at some point he ran to his car and came after me. He didn’t come too close, though, and I was able to get away. I don’t know how he found out I was the one who followed him. I even used Jimin’s car, which he hadn’t seen before.”

“How do you know he figured it out?” Namjoon asked.

“When he caught me today he said, ‘You think I didn’t know you were following me again?’ That means he knew.”

“Maybe he managed to see the plate and looked up the owner,” Yoongi guessed.

“Yeah, that’s possible... Anyway, when he caught me, he dragged me into the house. I told him I wanted to get into whatever he was planning because I wanted to make money. He didn’t believe me. He said he couldn’t trust me and that I’m too weak for this business.”

“It’s true,” Jungkook commented in a subdued breath. “You’re too pure for this world.”

“Let’s not talk about that now,” Taehyung muttered bitterly. “Then Kang Soo appeared. He told my father to train me and let me get into the business. At some point, he said he couldn’t wait for me to meet his son. I knew I would be done for if Ji Hoo saw me there, so I told them I had to

leave. But Kang Soo didn't let me. It seemed like he had figured out something was off about me. And when Ji Hoo came and told him I was staying in that hostel on Jeju Island, he realized who I was. Ji Hoo had talked to him about me and my friends. He said Ji Hoo had seen Jimin with Yoongi and he knew there was a connection between me and Jungkook.

"Then, he told my father that the one who was calling me was Yoongi, and he checked my messages. I told them I wanted to find Kang Soo and ask him if he did this to Jungkook. Ji Hoo said he didn't do it, but Kang Soo silenced him. He said he believed I wanted to find him and rat his location on you guys. And then you banged on the door."

"That's it?" Jungkook asked. "Kang Soo didn't hit you?"

Taehyung avoided his piercing eyes. "He just... threw me to the floor and pressed me down with his foot."

"He just threw you... Fuck, I'll fucking kill him," Jungkook spat out through clenched teeth.

"Yah, don't say these things," Taehyung let out with a sudden unsteadiness in his quiet voice. "I'm fine."

Jungkook tucked him into his chest, sighing, and dabbed his lips on the top of his head in a delicate kiss.

"Also," Taehyung continued, "when you left, my father said I'll regret it if I get close to you. It was clear he knew who you are. I could see he was intimidated when you talked to him."

"And when you both left, I asked Ji Hoo if he knew where Kang Soo was all along, and he said yes and that he had been visiting him once a month," Yoongi added and recognized the sparks of wrath that burned in Jungkook's eyes instantly. "He has to pay for lying to us."

"He will," Jungkook declared.

With a harried frown contracting Taehyung's face, he withdrew from the homely embrace and glanced back and forth between Yoongi and Jungkook. "What does that mean?"

"Don't worry about it. You don't have to know." He reached out to nestle him into his arms again, but Taehyung recoiled from his touch.

"What does it mean?" he repeated, voice strict with an edge of disquiet laced around it.

A strained hush settled in the narrow room like snow as Jungkook maintained eye contact with him. He individuated the worry whirling in his eyes, and at that very moment, the awakening that Taehyung didn't really know who he was washed over him in a saddening tide. "I'm not a good guy, Taehyung. I beat scumbags or order my men to do it. I torture them to get information and scare them. Just because you haven't seen this side of me doesn't mean it doesn't exist. You shouldn't forget who I am."

A sort of trance fell over Taehyung's existence that glazed his eyes, driving him into bitter reflection. He didn't know who Jungkook truly was. The type of business he was plunged into required to be cruel and do these things. Taehyung had forgotten. Because he had only seen what Jungkook let him see.

Jungkook's countenance flooded with gloom as he regarded the realization form in his bleary eyes, adorning his own with bitterness. "We can tell Han Gyeol to take you back to Seoul."

The brume of his haziness cracked at the gruesome sound of Jungkook's words. A repressive knot got lodged in his throat that foreboded tears, but he refused to give in this time. "You really don't get how much I'm in love with you."

"Trust me, I get it," Jungkook answered without delay. He couldn't do it any longer. He couldn't obscure his feelings, couldn't constrain them. And they tumbled out before he even knew it. "Because I'm in love with you just as much."

All traces of sadness dissolved from Taehyung's traits, and instead mind-numbing surprise crept over them. There it was. What he was pining to hear from him for so damn long. It finally filtered in his ears, hypnotizing his senses all over again. "You're... in love... with me?"

"I'm in love with you."

Yoongi elbowed Namjoon subtly in a silent way of telling him to leave the two alone. He pattered towards the exit with Namjoon trailing behind him a second later, and they slunk away.

Jungkook was thankful for his hyungs' good sense, though his focus sprinted back to Taehyung's starry eyes. His hand crawled closer to his, and he gently pulled on it to guide him into his embrace. He positioned Taehyung's arm over his nape, as he fastened his around his lower back. "I was in love with you since the first time we had sex. It took me a while to admit it or even realize it because I haven't felt it before. And I'm still in love with you. Even if I broke your heart when I pushed you away. Even if I don't deserve anything from you."

"Fuck, I didn't want to cry again," Taehyung barely managed to say before stifled breaths erupted from him with the outpouring of tears staining his cheeks. His head collapsed, and he pressed it against Jungkook's chest, crying his relief away. "I'm so fucking happy."

Jungkook, perplexed since his words didn't match his sobbing state, strove to find something to say. "I—Why—What?" He cleared his convoluted thoughts with a shake of his head. "Why are you crying if you're happy?"

"Because I'm relieved, Jungkook." He used his shirt to dry his drenched cheeks and fixed his reddened eyes on him. "You're in love with me too. That means everything we lived meant something to you too. It means it was real for you too."

A small, loving smile clung onto Jungkook's lips as he collected the next trickle of wetness from his face with caresses of his thumbs. "Of course it was real for me too, angel. I meant it when I said you're my heaven. And it was so fucking hard to hide my feelings and not get depressed every time I thought about you leaving."

Taehyung's eyes were foggy with tears, but they didn't leak out again as he listened to his soft-spoken words. "Why are you telling me now?"

"I was scared to say I'm in love with you. I thought it would be easier for you to forget me if you thought I didn't feel the same. That you wouldn't suffer so much. But you did either way, so it's pointless to hide it. You deserve to know how I truly feel about you. So now that we're together again, I want you to know the feelings are mutual. I want to kiss you and hug you while you know I'm in love with you too. Hiding it was torture. Thinking about waking up without you by my side was torture. Being away from you was torture. Everything just... hurt so much without you."

Taehyung wormed his way into his hug, feeling the soothing stream of bliss flow through his insides high and low. "I was a wreck without you, Jungkook. I don't want to go through it again. I really don't think I'll survive it."

Jungkook's hold around him was firm and secure, almost desperate, as he dipped his face to paint a row of sugary kisses on his head. "Fuck tomorrow. Fuck everything. And enjoy the time we have together now. I'm here, Tae. I told you. I'm here."

Taehyung unearthed his head to lock eyes with him, giving him a clear view of the faint confusion twinkling in them. "What... does this mean, though? You keep saying it, but I don't know what it means."

A smile sprawled over Jungkook's lips, so reassuring and fond. "It means I'll find a way for us to be together no matter what, baby."

Taehyung's gaze darted all over his face as his brain tarried to register the meaning of his remark. "You... You want us to have a future together?"

"Yes. Do you know why I opened up to you about my life?" He received two languid shakes of his head. "Remember what you had told me in the storage room that day?"

The memories rushed back to him without struggle. "I said we could have a future if you were honest with me. If you told me where you come from..."

"And why I'm hiding," Jungkook said, completing his drawl. "I wanted us to have a future together even then, Tae. That's why I told you everything. Even if we couldn't have one because I was too scared to let you into my life, I really, *really* wanted us to have a future together. And opening up to you was a way of telling you this."

"I didn't realize it then..." Taehyung mumbled, still in the process of soaking in everything Jungkook revealed to him.

"I know. Probably because you needed time to take in everything I told you about me. But the point is, I want us to have a future. And we will have one. If you still want it too."

"Are you kidding?" Taehyung's heart danced at a brisk rhythm around his ribcage with the content that overcame him. "Of course I do."

"You should think about it, Tae," he uttered as he passed his fingers through his hair. "Don't make a decision only based on what you see. Think about everything I don't let you see. Think about who I am."

Taehyung held his cheeks in two sweet palms and drew a kiss on his mouth — just connecting their lips fondly. "You are the most amazing person I've met. You're beautiful. Hot. Caring. Sweet. You make me the happiest I've ever been. I don't care about anything else, Jungkook. I don't care who you are in your business or what you do. I only care about what you've shown me. So I have nothing to think about. I want us to have a future together too."

Jungkook released a stuttering breath of overwhelming relaxation and joy. "You really are like heaven. My heaven." He tangled their lips in a deep kiss, letting their tongues brush and swim together in swipes of adoration.

As their kiss intensified with desperation underlying it and his hands explored his body affectionately in need to feel him as much as possible, only one thought reigned over Jungkook's inebriated mind; he had missed him so fucking much he had no idea how he managed to survive his absence.

He knew, as their lips molded and dragged together in fulfilling caresses, that he wouldn't survive it either if it happened for a second time. Now, it was a necessity to be with Taehyung. He had to

be with him — he couldn't do otherwise. And he would, no matter what.



Chapter End Notes

And we finally have a clear confession from Jungkook! Let's see what life has in store for them 😊

Are You Serious?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Feeling Taehyung wrapped around his form as soon as his senses crawled back to him from his most peaceful sleep in weeks was truly heavenly.

After they arrived safely at the hostel, Jungkook and Taehyung went to their room and snuggled up in the top right bunk bed. They wanted to do so many things; talk for hours, kiss, just feel one another, fuck all night long. But their exhaustion from the long day they had vanquished their desires, and they were unable to fight it.

It was okay, though, because they knew they had this whole day to themselves to spend it however they liked.

Jungkook withdrew just a notch to marvel at the epitome of beauty and cuteness that was Taehyung. The side of his face was squashed against the pillow and his lips lay open in muted breaths, tangled with just a tiny snore. He could wake up to this image and feeling every day for the rest of his life so damn easily.

He couldn't ignore the purplish bruise on his left cheek, and fractions of his bliss perished as yesterday's events flitted all over his head. His father hit him, and Jungkook couldn't get to him sooner — he couldn't protect him. The thought that he wouldn't let anyone touch him again from now on eased his sudden fury and dimmed the blustering images.

Their naked chests were sticky with sweat as the room felt like an oven, but he didn't care one bit. Even with forty-five degrees outside, Jungkook wouldn't stop holding him in no event.

Beads of perspiration pooled on his forehead until they dripped down, and that was the push he needed to detach his body from him to reach for the controller for the air conditioner. But the moment he shifted to roll over, the limbs around his form clutched him tighter.

A fond smile exploded on his face as he watched Taehyung's adorable grimace and how he latched onto him again to glue their chests together. "Baby," he said, voice hoarse and quiet, and planted a cherubic kiss on his forehead. "I need to turn on the air conditioner."

Taehyung just whined softly, refusing to give up on his grip on him. A few moments of stillness later, he felt the firm hand on his back glide to his ass and squeeze it so hard it made him squirm, with a yelp flying out of his mouth.

His eyes popped open at the unexpected action, only to encounter Jungkook's smirking face and heavy-lidded eyes that bore a whirl of promising innuendos. He had missed his roughness as much as he had missed his gentleness, and the single squeeze on his ass was enough to make his length bloat. "If you do that again, you'll have to fuck me."

Jungkook's smirk deepened as he linked their foreheads. He squeezed his juicy asscheek without a second thought, also rolling his hips against him.

Taehyung gasped as another quiver of stimulation ripped through every inch of him. "You're such a tease," he breathed out. "But as I said, you have to fuck me now."

A chuckle slipped through Jungkook's lips at the eagerness he detected in his bleary eyes. His hand swam across his back and came to cradle his nape. "I'll fuck you, angel. As many times as you want." He pressed a reassuring kiss on his lips. "Let's go freshen up for now."

Taehyung smiled at the sweet action and stole another peck before he nodded. He slid towards the ladder and descended it, but then halted. "I have nothing with me."

Jungkook turned on the air conditioner and climbed down from the bed as well. "We have extra toothbrushes, and you can wear my clothes." He reached for their shirts from the chair and passed Taehyung's to him.

"But you always wore long-sleeved clothes."

"I only wore them when I had to leave the room when I was alone. And usually in here I was just with my boxers in the summer." Jungkook also put on his mask and his sweatpants and turned to Taehyung, but the sight of his twinkling eyes as he bit his lower lip froze him to his spot. "What are you thinking about, you horny baby?"

Taehyung giggled. "Just you walking around in here naked. Was I too obvious?"

"Yes, very," Jungkook chuckled as he tugged his mask to his chin. He snatched his smiley face, careful not to apply pressure on his left cheek, and punched a kiss on his lips. "Let's go."

And they did. They traipsed towards the private bathroom and silently recalled all the unholy memories they lived in there as they freshened up.

Taehyung finished wiping his face, and his eyes zoned in on the prominent bulge in the other's pants. "Why are you hard?"

Jungkook glanced down on instinct, only to see a similar bulge in Taehyung's shorts. "Why are you?"

They burst into little chuckles after a moment's silence, and Taehyung hung the towel on the hook. "I keep thinking about how good you fucked me in that shower."

Jungkook, all ready as well, caged him into his arms. "And I keep thinking about how good I fucked you in that shower." He peppered slow-paced kisses along his jawline and suckled his bottom lip. "Do you miss it?"

Taehyung clawed at his hips, rubbing just barely against him. "So much, baby."

"Hmm, we have this whole day to do anything you want, angel."

A sudden realization thundered down on Taehyung at his words that widened his eyes and ceased his bawdy thoughts. "Shit, I have to call Seo Hyang."

Jungkook's forehead puckered in a frown. "Who's that?"

"My employee and friend. I have to tell him to open the store an hour earlier since I'm not there."

"I didn't know you had more friends."

Taehyung's vision narrowed on him at the indecipherable look waltzing on the other's face, but he brushed it aside for now. "Well, I do. Anyway, let's go to our room."

Jungkook strove to secrete his displeasure behind a smile. He didn't know why the sudden

revelation of Taehyung having another friend he hadn't heard of bothered him. But it snarled his stomach with a vile emotion he hadn't experienced before, and he hated it.

They returned to their room, and Taehyung swept his phone off the table to call his friend, as Jungkook sat on the chair facing him.

"Hi, Taehyung-ssi."

"Hey. How are you?"

"Good, you?"

"I'm fine. I had to leave Seoul for the weekend, but I want you to work your shift normally today. Can you go an hour earlier? A client will drop by around four to take the drawing he ordered."

"Sure, don't worry."

"You're an angel, thanks. I'll pay you the extra hour, of course."

That vile emotion in Jungkook's gut flared and twisted more violently as his brows sank low over his now darkened eyes.

Seo Hyang chuckled. "You don't have to. I know you don't have the money."

"Sorry, Seo Hyang-ah. I promise I'll do better." Taehyung sighed as he gripped the back of the chair in front of him, head hanging low.

"You're already trying your best. I earn money from my drawings on the side, so don't stress about my paycheck. And you always payed me more when the store did well even if I objected."

"We'll get through this. I promise."

"I know you'll find a way, like always. How come you left Seoul so suddenly, though? Did something happen?"

"No." A smile shone on his sullen traits. "Everything is perfect, actually." He lifted his head to glance at the reason of his content state, but the grimness he spotted in Jungkook's face hardened his smile with confusion.

"I haven't heard you say that for so long. I'm glad. See you on Monday then, Taehyung-ssi."

"Thanks again. Bye." Taehyung hung up the phone and set it on the table. He examined the bizarre look on his face more thoroughly, but he couldn't unscramble its meaning. "What?"

"You called him angel?"

Taehyung's head recoiled in surprise. "Yes?"

"Do you call all of your friends angel?"

"Yes, if they're so understanding and sweet like Seo Hyang."

Jungkook huffed and folded his arms over his chest, whisking his eyes away from him.

Taehyung bent over, propping his forearms on the table, to peek at his face. The muscles along his jaw were taut, his lips squashed into a thin line, and his brows knitted together in what seemed like

annoyance. A smile pulled at the corner of his lips with a flicker of amusement. “Are you jealous?”

“Yes, I am.”

Taehyung choked on a giggle at the overly lovable pout that spread over the harshness in his face. “You’re so cute.” He wormed his way into his embrace and straddled him. He forcefully unsnarled Jungkook’s arms from his chest and anchored them on his waist. Of course, he was only able to do that because Jungkook didn’t use any resistance. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be able to move his muscular arms even an inch.

Taehyung draped his arms over his nape and dipped to peck his cheek. “Seo Hyang is like a dongsaeng to me, Kookie. And you really don’t have to worry about any man stealing me from you.”

Any tightness from Jungkook’s features drained away until only a glimmer of gloomy uncertainty remained. He clasped his svelte waist and dragged his eyes up to merge them with his. “Why?”

“Because I’m in love with you, baby,” he whispered and drew a series of delicate kisses on his lips. “Only you. I’m crazy about you. How can I think about another man when I have you?”

While his dreamy words were supposed to obliterate the gloom from his face, they only amplified it and compelled his eyes to swing down again. “Maybe you would be better off with another man, though.”

Taehyung’s expression now matched his sullenness, which even tugged at his eyes, saddening them. He trailed a hand to his cheek and lifted his head. “Don’t say that, Kookie. I know you think I deserve something better, but what you don’t know is how amazing you are. You are worthy of being in love and happy, no matter what your job is. And my heart is already so full of you. I can’t... I can’t let you go. And I don’t want to.”

An unconscious breath tumbled out of Jungkook as he leaned their foreheads together, closing his eyes. He allotted a few moments in simply feeling him — his presence, his warmth, the safety he exuded.

“This is new to me,” he confessed in a hesitant murmur. “For many years, I thought being the best and richest in the business was what mattered the most. Was what brought happiness because I was really happy when I had everything. When I *thought* I had everything.” He pulled back enough to lay his eyes on him. “I didn’t know I was missing *this*,” he said pointedly with a gentle nod towards him, “because I hadn’t experienced it before. It makes me so happy, what we have. That’s why I don’t feel like I’m worthy of having such happiness in my life.”

Taehyung cupped his face, brushing his thumbs over his cheeks in caring strokes. “It’s new to me too, Kookie. It’s the first time I feel like I can’t breathe without someone in my life. Without you. You are worthy of feeling such happiness. And I’ll make sure you’ll feel it every day.”

Jungkook erased the space between them, claiming his lips desperately. One hand meshed into his caramel hair and the other pressed him flat against his chest with the same neediness to feel him. He appreciated the strong slide of their mouths and the swirling of their tongues as his senses got intoxicated by his spellbinding sounds.

Taehyung immersed himself in the way he kissed him, reciprocating his fierceness mixed with softness. His heart pounded with the extreme emotions he experienced, and its explosions only grew bigger with every roll of their bodies.

They were alight with passion and seconds away from letting it consume them body and soul. But the distant noise of sirens slowed their movements, and the recognition that they were *police* sirens coerced them to break apart in shared dread.

“The police?” Taehyung spluttered and hastened to get off him, scurrying to the French doors. He wrenched the curtain aside and stepped out onto the small balcony to peek down the road. The vague sight of two police cars slammed into his vision, and he hurried back inside. “They’re coming here, Jungkook, fuck.”

Jungkook had already taken his two phones and wallet and thrust them into his pockets. He dashed to his closet and dug out a black bag, then turned to Taehyung. “Go back to Seoul. And take this.”

Taehyung accepted the bag that was shoved into his hug with quivery hands. “What’s this? Where will you go?”

Jungkook impounded his anxiousness as he descried the alarm jumping around Taehyung’s harried eyes and his speedy, erratic breathing. He held his gorgeous face reassuringly. “This is cash. It’s all for you, okay? And don’t worry about me, I have an escape route. I’ll call you. Stay safe for me, hmm?”

The consternation hammering Taehyung’s existence pushed a flood of tears out of him before he could even process what was happening. He clung to him, his whole body trembling. “You s-stay safe.” He joined their lips in a powerful, long kiss. “I love you, Jungkook.”

A surprised, blissful breath spewed from Jungkook’s mouth as his vision blurred. “Fuck, I don’t have time to process this now, Tae,” he said, rushed and shaky. “But I think I love you too.” He crushed another kiss on his mouth. “I’ll come to you again. I promise.” His hand lingered on his nape as he retreated, eyes drenched in restive sorrow gazing deep into Taehyung’s crying face.

The moment his hand slipped off his form, he sprinted out of the room and all the way to the stairs. He couldn’t get caught. Not because he cared about ending up in jail, but because he couldn’t lose Taehyung again. He wouldn’t survive it.

Jungkook ascended the stairs two at a time and rammed the door to the rooftop open. He continued running until he reached the edge on the other side and skidded to a stop next to the self-installed, medium-sized locker.

He unlocked it with the key he kept in his phone’s case and pulled out his rappelling gear. He threw the harness over him and secured the two straps around his thighs and the other two around his shoulders.

Rappelling was so fucking complicated, he had thought the first time he tried it years ago, and it took him many attempts to grasp the way it worked and remember all the steps correctly.

He prepared his gear in haste, mumbling the steps to himself as it had been a while since the last time he did this. He double-checked all knots, hitches, locking carabiners, and glanced down the alley to make sure both ends of the rope he tossed were on the ground.

He tugged on his gear, checking the hook on the anchor point attached to the rooftop. He wrapped his hand on the rope, adjusted a few things, and began lowering himself. He fed the rope through his rappel device steadily as he trudged backwards down the wall.

The building thankfully wasn’t that high, and with controlled, normal-speed moves, his feet soon touched the ground. He unbuckled his harness and dropped it, then dashed to the black SUV that

was at the end of the alley, blocking the entrance.

He yanked the back door open and dove inside. The car raced away before he even managed to shut the door, and he lay on his back once he did, his breath erupting harshly from him.

“Why the fuck are the police here?” Seokjin, who was currently driving as fast as legally possible, asked.

“I don’t fucking know,” Jungkook breathed out. The scattered fragments of his composure gradually fused with the realization that he was out of danger now, and he straightened his posture.

Namjoon, sitting in the passenger seat, typed away on his laptop and soon accessed the police’s radio.

“Room thirteen clear.”

“Room fourteen clear.”

They silently listened until all twenty rooms were declared clear.

“We see rappelling gear on the alley, sir. He already escaped from the rooftop.”

“Search the whole damn island!”

“Okay, we thought about how you’ll escape, but where the hell will we hide now?” Namjoon asked.

“We have to get out of here.”

“How, Jungkook?” Seokjin veered right into the narrow road to avoid CCTV.

“Can we find a helicopter?”

“We can, but it’s too dangerous to leave now,” Namjoon said. “We can only leave at night.”

“Then we have to find a safe place to hide until then.”

“What if I just park somewhere?” Seokjin suggested. “The windows are tinted. They don’t know our car, and we’ll change the plate in a bit.”

“Yeah, let’s blend in,” Namjoon agreed. “It’s better than trying to hide.”

“Okay. How will Yoongi come to us? What if they monitor the hostel?”

“He’ll find a way to make them lose him,” Namjoon said. “He’s the best in these things.”

“You’re right.”

“What about Taehyung?” Seokjin questioned.

“He was so scared... I gave him my bag with money and told him to return to Seoul.”

Namjoon twisted around to aim an appalled look at him. “You gave him the whole bag? It has over two million won in there.”

“We make more than a hundred million a day, Joon,” Jungkook scoffed. “That money was nothing. I just didn’t have more with me.”

“Poor boy will be shocked when he counts them,” Seokjin said with a chuckle, shaking his head. He found a quiet place with no CCTV and pulled over. “Joon, the plate.”

Namjoon stepped out of the car with the new fake plate already in hand. He slid out the current plate and secured the new one, then returned to his seat.

“I’ll drive for about an hour to get as far away as we can. Just to be safe. And then I’ll look for a place to park.”

“Here.” Namjoon put his phone in the holder with the maps on display. “You can avoid CCTV if you follow this route.” He turned on the volume of the police’s radio when he heard Yoongi’s name.

“He said he hasn’t seen Jeon Jungkook and knows nothing about the rappelling gear. All the employees said the same.”

“What about the CCTV?”

“We got a copy. Min Yoongi said there are cameras only at the reception.”

Namjoon huffed. “Do they really think we’re that dumb? I’ve already deleted all the footage with Jungkook, assholes,” he sneered, making a moue of pure mockery at the screen of his laptop.

Seokjin giggled at his unexpected cuteness. That man always amazed him in ways that had him melting.

“What do we do with them, sir?”

“Nothing. We can do nothing. If you took their statements, return to the station to examine the footage and keep me posted.”

Namjoon lowered the volume, a satisfied smirk dancing prettily on his lips. “We’re good, guys.”

“Thank fuck,” Jungkook sighed. “Should I call Taehyung? He must be worried.”

“No. Wait until we’re completely out of danger,” Namjoon said. “But call your father. If someone can arrange a helicopter to come here, it’s him.”

Jungkook fished his big button type phone from his pocket and called his father.

“Son? How are you?”

“Not good. The police raided the hostel. I escaped for now, but I can’t stay here any longer. We have to come back.”

Hyun Joon groaned at the fucked-up situation. “Shit, why so suddenly?”

“I don’t know, but... some things happened. Anyway, we’ll talk about that in person. Can you arrange to bring a helicopter here? And find us a place to hide in Seoul?”

“Yes, don’t worry. You’ll wait until night, right?”

“Yes. It’s too dangerous to leave now. We’ll just park somewhere and wait.”

“Good call. Don’t get caught, Jungkook.”

“I won’t. We’ll talk again.”

“Bye.”

Jungkook stuffed his phone back into his pocket. His mind sank into overdrive, analyzing the events that took place yesterday and the sudden raid of the police. “This can’t be a coincidence. Someone ratted on me. Kang Soo? Or Mi Sung?”

“Kang Soo knows where you’re hiding for a while now,” Namjoon reflected. “Why would he rat on you so suddenly?”

“So it must be Mi Sung,” Seokjin concluded, throwing a glance at Jungkook through the rear-view mirror.

“Yes. Probably,” Jungkook muttered, sighing in detestation. “That piece of shit. He warned Taehyung to stay away from me. Of course he wants me in jail.”

“And he’s best friends with Kang Soo, apparently,” Namjoon taunted. “He wants to protect him.”

“Fuck, I hate him so much.” Jungkook drove his fist into the back of Namjoon’s seat, startling him. “I can’t believe Taehyung is his son. He’s nothing like him.”

“Well, it happens sometimes,” Seokjin said. “Taehyung is truly an angel. He always chatted with me at the reception when he returned at night with his friends.”

At his words, a question rose in Jungkook’s mind and his need to vocalize it reigned over him effortlessly. “Guys. Is it normal for people to call their friends angel?”

The two locked eyes in bewilderment, and Namjoon turned his head back again, taking note of the hesitation in his expression. “Why?”

“It’s just that... Taehyung called a guy. He said it was his employee and friend. He told him he’s an angel. And I think... I got jealous. No, I was so fucking jealous. For the first time in my life.”

Seokjin smiled, gazing at him through the mirror briefly. “It’s normal, Kook. And you have nothing to worry about, anyway. Taehyung is madly in love with you.”

Jungkook resigned into a long silence — so long indeed that Seokjin found a safe place to park among other cars. Throughout the endless hours they spent there, Jungkook delved into his feelings for Taehyung and strove to comprehend if what he felt was truly love. All he managed to recognize at the end, though, was that it was a newfound emotion that daunted him.

Namjoon went to buy street food for them and three bottles of soju at some point. Thankfully, they had a public restroom nearby, and equipped with a mask and a hat, Jungkook was able to sneak out as well to use it when needed.

His picture was all over plenty of places in South Korea with the words ‘WANTED’ written above it. Now that he encountered one of them after five months affixed at the window of an ice cream shop he had to walk by, he couldn’t help but get depressed again.

He was wanted for a murder he hadn’t committed — for the murder of a poor thirteen-year-old girl. Sure, he had pictured himself killing some of the filthy scumbags he had to associate with because of his job, especially when they incensed him, but that image seemed too atrocious when his nerves calmed.

He just didn't have it in him, killing people.

He was set on killing Kang Soo, though. Or, actually, he was set on doing that until he met Taehyung. The thought of killing even the man who framed him, afflicted his businesses for a short while, and forced him to live in hiding, didn't sit well with him anymore. That was a topic he chose not to penetrate further for the time being.

Yoongi's call around ten at night stirred them from their lying stance, and Namjoon snatched his phone from the dashboard, accepted the call, and put it on speaker. "Where are you?"

"I'm on my way to the location you sent me. Cops were following me, that's why I took so long."

"Are you safe now?"

"Yes, don't worry. I'm twenty minutes away. What about the helicopter?"

"Hyun Joon sent us the location. It's a building one of his friends owns, so it's safe. It's about fifty minutes away if we avoid CCTV. And twenty-five minutes if we don't."

"There's no need avoiding CCTV," Jungkook said. "We'll get the fuck out of here, anyway."

"I agree." Seokjin nodded.

"Okay. See you in a bit."

...

The four men hurried up the stairs of the private clinic, that was six flights tall, and arrived at the rooftop breathless. They could already hear the distinctive sound of the helicopter approach them, and soon enough it slid into their vision.

The blustering wind it created as it was about to land caused them to duck their heads and position a protective hand over their faces. As soon as they registered the door opened for them, they hastened to get inside. There were four seats lined up, and they secured their belts before they grabbed their headsets.

The pilot's voice rang in their ears, asking if they were ready. They all replied 'yes', and the helicopter slowly left the ground. "We'll be at our destination in about two hours," he informed.

And the four friends remained silent throughout the short trip back home, just gazing out the narrow windows.

It would be pitch dark as they approached their destination without the helicopter's lights that shone over a seemingly endless forest as it hovered close to the enormous trees. The pilot told them they would be landing soon, and they curiously stared at the sea of green beneath them to see where the hell he would land.

Their curiosity mitigated as they detected an opening of space with an isolated house nearby, and they floated downwards until the helicopter stopped with a slight thud. They shed their gear and stepped outside one by one, with the pilot following them after he turned off the engine.

Jungkook located his father sauntering closer with open arms, and he cracked a smile as he met

him halfway to get cocooned in his embrace.

“Finally,” Hyun Joon uttered, patting his back. “I missed you, son.”

“Me too.” Jungkook squeezed him once and withdrew.

Hyun Joon greeted everyone with brief hugs and set his eyes on the pilot. “Thank you, Dong Woo-yah. Wait in the car.”

“Yes, boss.”

“He’ll come take the helicopter tomorrow,” Hyun Joon explained, “since it’s late now. Let’s go inside to catch up a bit.”

The four men trailed behind him, nodding to Hyun Joon’s driver, who bowed at their presence, and they soon entered the cozy house.

“This place is safe, so you have nothing to worry about,” Hyun Joon said as they walked into the enormous, plain living room and then settled down on the couches; Jungkook and his father sat on the smaller one and the other three across from them. “The house is heavily packed with food and all the necessary supplies. There are also two cars outside for you.” He took out the keys from his pocket and left them on the coffee table. “Will all of you stay here? Or only Jungkook? What about the hostel? And what happened, guys?”

“Dad. Slow down,” Jungkook sighed. “If my hyungs want to stay, it’s their cho—”

“We’ll stay,” Yoongi cut in, determined.

Jungkook’s eyes slewed to meet his. “Think about it first—”

“We’ll stay,” Namjoon parroted him, and Seokjin nodded vehemently.

Jungkook’s chest bloated with a breath and deflated with another sigh. “Fine. The men we had with us will operate the hostel until all customers leave. And about what happened...”

Jungkook then recounted everything that took place; about Taehyung and his friends, omitting to reveal their actual relationship, about Taehyung’s father who was hiding Kang Soo at his cottage, and about Ji Hoo, who lied to them.

A fog of nonplussed storminess carpeted Hyun Joon’s traits as he worked through everything he just heard. “You... You found Kang Soo and let him leave? Are you fucking insane? You should have taken him to the police to clear your name and then kill him!”

“I can’t just kill him,” Jungkook snarled. “Because I’m not that sure anymore that he did this to me.”

“Son, what are you saying? He did this. I caught a few of his men and they said he set this up.”

Jungkook’s eyes bristled with agitation at the new information. “When did this happen?”

“Two weeks ago. I wanted them to tell me where he’s hiding, but they didn’t know. But they admitted he did this to you.”

“So he lied...”

“Of course he did. What did you expect? You have to take him to the cops so they can convict him,

and then you can kill him when they transfer him to the prison.”

Jungkook’s gaze rolled down to the floor. “He won’t admit it, though.”

“Don’t worry about that. There were fingerprints on the body, but the police can’t identify them because Kang Soo’s fingerprints aren’t registered.”

Jungkook braced his elbows on his thighs and gripped his locks. Nothing made sense in his chaotic mind. Ji Hoo and Kang Soo insisted he was innocent, but the more he mulled over it, something finally became coherent. Of course they wouldn’t tell him the truth. Ji Hoo even lied about his father’s location. “Fuck, I can’t believe I let him leave.”

“Yeah, that was a big mistake, son,” Hyun Joon muttered, the grim line of his lips highlighting his discontent. “I’ll deal with Ji Hoo. I’m sure you want him to pay for lying.”

“Yes,” Yoongi said. “Beat him. Maybe he’ll reveal his father’s new location.”

“Okay. Rest well. I have to get back.”

Jungkook gave a small hug to his father before he trudged out of the house. Taehyung wandered in his mind nonstop during their talk with his father, and now that they were finally alone, his eyes tinged with desperation flung to Yoongi. “Give me your phone. I need to text Taehyung.”

Yoongi, knowing how much he despised using his big button type phone and especially when he had to send a text, passed him his phone right away.

Jungkook swiftly typed, ‘Are you sleeping?’ and just a second later, Taehyung was calling. A fond smile cut across his face as he answered. “Baby.”

Taehyung slumped over the desk in his living room with the surge of relief whooshing throughout his body at the heavenly sound of his voice. “Fuck, are you okay?”

“Yes, angel. Don’t worry. Why aren’t you sleeping? It’s late.”

“I couldn’t... You said you’ll call.”

“Sorry for taking so long. I wanted to be completely out of danger first.”

With a steadying exhalation, Taehyung straightened his posture. “It’s okay. I’m just glad you’re safe.”

“How was your trip? You’re home now, right?”

“Yes, I’m home. It was okay. I couldn’t stop thinking about you...”

“Me neither. How much do you want to see me now?”

“You have no idea, baby,” Taehyung released shakily. “I already miss you.”

“Me too,” Jungkook whispered, and for a few moments, he maintained his silence, listening to Taehyung’s slightly ramped-up breathing. “How about you come meet me?”

Taehyung’s eyes flitted wildly as his muscles tensed with confusion and eagerness. “Are you—Are you serious? Where are you?”

“I’m in Seoul, baby. I couldn’t stay on Jeju Island anymore.”

Taehyung lunged into a jerky pacing, flailing his left hand in ultimate exhilaration. “Fuck, is this a dream?”

“No, it’s not,” Jungkook chuckled at his endearing high-pitched tone. “Get ready. Yoongi will come pick you up.”

“Yah!” Yoongi raised his hands at his sides in disbelief as he shot him a what-the-fuck look.

But Jungkook only shushed him. “And also, bring Jimin with you.”

“Oh my God, he’ll be so happy,” Taehyung said in a shrieking whisper. “I’ll text Yoongi my address and call Jimin.”

“Okay. I can’t wait to see you, angel.”

“Me neither.”

Jungkook ended the call, and his eyes stayed glued to the phone with the spacey smile hovering over his lips at the thought of being with Taehyung again.

“Yah, why do I have to go?”

His dreamy bubble snapped at the cruel tone of Yoongi’s voice, reeling in his gaze. “Because if someone follows Taehyung around after what happened with his father, only you can bring him here safely.”

Yoongi found a solid reasoning in his words and sighed. “You’re right.” He grabbed his phone from the table when it beeped. “He sent me his address.” He typed his address into the maps to check the distance. “I’ll be back in about two hours.”

Jungkook felt hyper ecstatic as he watched Yoongi leave. In a couple of hours, he would have Taehyung in his arms again. He would kiss him, feel him, talk to him, even sleep together, if Taehyung wanted it too.

And he would never part from him again.



Chapter End Notes

I have no idea about rappelling; everything I wrote was with Google's help and I didn't include much details because it would get boring for all of us 😊

Nine chapters left

Stay with me for the staggering revelations, plenty of long-awaited, coveted fluff, smut, and some more angst

You Are Made For Me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As Jungkook waited for his baby to come to him, he explored the house with his two hyungs, and they decided on their rooms, although they knew it was unfair without Yoongi.

His new room, which he obtained by calling dibs on the first spacious bedroom with a king-size bed they found, was proven an excellent choice since it also had an en-suite bathroom. He could immediately picture him and Taehyung tangled up in that cozy-looking bed, and his eagerness to meet him only deepened.

They soon realized that all rooms were more than decent in every way, so they knew Yoongi wouldn't mind. Probably. The two differences between Jungkook's room and the others were only the bathroom and the bed. They had double beds instead of king-size ones.

They also discovered that every closet was filled with summer clothes, and as Hyun Joon said, the kitchen was deliciously packed with food. That amazed them more than stumbling upon a room with a mountain of piled-up cash, to be honest. They figured Hyun Joon used this house as a hideout for his businesses' money as well as an emergency hideout for the family.

Jungkook took a long, cooling shower and finally changed into short sweatpants and a t-shirt — an all-black outfit proper for summer. He dried the excessive dampness of his hair with his towel and let it naturally disarranged, then wore his slippers and headed back to the living room.

The sight he encountered stalled his quiet steps and struck his eyes with saddened softness. Namjoon and Seokjin were seated on the couch, lights dimmed and the TV turned on, with the latter's head resting on his shoulder while he slept. Fuck, his heart ached for his Namjoon hyung. Although he never questioned him to find out, he knew Namjoon was in love with him. It was so obvious to all except Seokjin, apparently.

He observed the way Namjoon held him with the hesitant arm fastened loosely around his form and how he kept glancing down at his sleeping face. He pattered closer, making his presence known. "Joon," he whispered. "You have to do something."

Namjoon stiffened visibly, though he didn't move. "What do you mean?"

"Talk to him."

"About what?"

"Are you seriously asking me that while he's sleeping in your hug?"

Namjoon's jaw grew tight like his body as he darted him a glare. But all the annoyance for getting caught fizzled into scorching melancholy. "Drop it, Kook. It's not gonna happen."

"Obviously, if you don't talk to him," Jungkook sneered in a whisper. "That man has been with you since you were born. He deserves to know how you feel."

"How do you know how I feel? I haven't told... anyone."

A delicate smile touched Jungkook's lips. "I started noticing things after I met Taehyung. The way you look at him... The things you do for him... How you care about him. It's different. You are different when it comes to Seokjin hyung. Like I am with Taehyung."

"It took you long enough to figure it out, though."

Jungkook huffed softly. "I never cared about affection and stuff. It's hard to notice something you haven't experienced. What you're feeling for him for probably a long ass time is what I'm experiencing right now with Taehyung. And it feels so fucking good. So please talk to him."

Namjoon's eyes waltzed over Seokjin's spectacular face with a notion of gloom. "We'll see." He remembered Seokjin telling him to wake him in case he fell asleep, but he tried to hinder that moment from coming with all his might. He didn't want to part from his warmth. But fuck, he had to. And so he gently shook him as he called his name and smiled when the cute man grimaced.

"Joonie?" Seokjin mumbled with half-closed eyes as he slowly drew back.

Jungkook could swear his heart pranced at the overly adorable way Seokjin called him.

"Let me take you to your room," Namjoon said and helped him get to his feet. He kept a secure arm around his waist as he guided the sleepy man to his room, ignoring Jungkook's penetrating but soft stare.

Jungkook perched on the couch, crossing his legs over it. It had already been an hour since Yoongi left, so probably he would have arrived at his apartment by now. And with the realization that he had one more hour to wait, his stomach felt incredibly itchy with twisting impatience.

What he didn't expect was his big button type phone ringing a while later, but he readily accepted Yoongi's call. "What is it? Where are you?"

"I'm driving. I have Taehyung and Jimin with me—"

"Hi, Kookie!"

A chuckle popped out of Jungkook at his baby's shriek. "Fuck, hurry, Yoon."

"I'm trying, but like before, it'll take a while."

All brightness died out of Jungkook's face. "Someone's following you, right?"

"Yes."

"Do Tae and Jimin know?"

"No. But I have to..."

Jungkook expelled a sigh. "But you have to tell them."

"Yes."

"Put Taehyung on the phone."

Taehyung accepted the phone that was passed to him with a slight frown. "Kookie? What's wrong? Yoongi's acting weird."

"Listen, baby. I want you to stay calm, okay? Someone's following you."

Taehyung instantly swirled around to inspect. A black BMW caught his attention that drove onto the adjacent lane behind another car. “Wait. I think that car has been following me since I returned to Seoul,” he said as realization sank in.

“Don’t be alarmed,” Jungkook said. “Your father probably put someone to tail you after what happened.”

“But—But that means he knew I came to Jeju Island with you,” Taehyung spluttered. “And that means... he... Fuck, did h-he call the police on you?”

“Probably.”

“I can’t believe him!”

“Tae. Baby. It’s okay,” Jungkook uttered soothingly. “Yoongi will bring you here safely, okay? Or I can tell him to take you back home. Whatever you want.”

Taehyung blotted out the punches of bitter fury in his gut, though his breath carried on erupting from him rapidly. “Home is wherever you are.”

Jungkook’s eyes fluttered closed as an all-consuming warmth washed over him. These words... These damn words enamored him, just like Taehyung himself. “Thank fuck,” he mumbled. “Because I really want to see you, Tae. Like... so fucking much.”

“Me too, Kookie. I’ll come to you, no matter what.”

“I know. Give me Yoongi again.”

Yoongi snatched the phone that was presented to him. “What is it?”

“Bring them here safely. I know you can do it, hyung.”

“Of course. I’ll text you when we lose them.”

“Okay. Be careful. And because I’m sure Jimin will ask what’s going on, you can tell him I was framed and stuff. He’s trusted.”

“Yeah, I can see the curiosity burn in his eyes,” he snickered, casting Jimin one more glance. “See you soon.”

As Yoongi hung up, Jungkook flew into a cesspool of restlessness — he could wait for as long as he had to for Taehyung to come, but his safety was the most important.

And he truly waited for so long his heart started giving out by the unbearable bursts of anxiety. He clutched his phone, peeked at the screen every three seconds, and paced around the living room before throwing himself into the couch again and doing everything from the start.

Until finally the damn phone beeped and Yoongi’s message read, ‘All clear. Be there in ten.’

Unable to stay there anymore, he scrambled to get out of the house and paced outside instead, eyes darting towards the narrow, gravel road on repeat.

At the recognition of car lights in the distance, his body stilled and his chest swelled impossibly with bliss. Taehyung was finally there. And he was a minute away from crushing him into his hug.

The car soon skidded to a halt, and Jungkook beamed at the sight of Taehyung making haste to get

out and sprinting to him. He eagerly welcomed him into his embrace when Taehyung pounced on him, and he twirled him once, clasping him so securely — so desperately. “Baby, baby, baby,” he murmured like a chant, showering his face with little quick kisses, careful of course not to touch his bruised cheek.

Taehyung bathed in his affection, trying to catch every kiss he smashed on his lips. “Missed you, Kookie. Fuck.” He perceived the kiss attack slowed, and his forehead was found fused with his, eyes closed, both focusing on this enthralling moment of being reunited after such anguish and on the feelings roiling inside them.

“I’m never letting you go again.”

Taehyung’s eyes unfolded at the unexpected whispering words. Sure, Jungkook had said things yesterday just as surprising — he even confessed he was in love with him — but his statement still startled him as if he knew nothing about his feelings. “No matter what?”

Jungkook only then processed what spewed from his mouth. It was all he could think about throughout the day, that he would never let him go again, and his brain decided on its own to share it with Taehyung. “No matter what, angel. No matter what. I’ll make sure you’re safe. Always. I’ll protect you with my life if I have to.”

“Yah,” Taehyung let out, agitated. “You’re still in hiding, so nobody knows about me, right?”

“Yes.”

“Then you don’t have to worry about that yet. And don’t say these things. I don’t want anything to happen to you because of me.”

“And I don’t want anything to happen to you because of me.”

“Nothing will happen to anyone,” Yoongi put in as he approached with an arm curled around Jimin’s waist. They were having their own moment of content, filled with hugs and kisses, but the need for privacy flooded Yoongi faster than expected. “We’ll talk tomorrow. Goodnight.”

“Wait!” Jimin spat out, straining against Yoongi’s grip when he ushered him towards the door. He edged closer to the two, and his eyes snagged on Jungkook’s face, analyzing it. “Wow,” slipped past his lips that hung open in awe. “I can’t believe you were hiding *that* under your mask for so long. Now I understand why Tae couldn’t stay away from you.”

“I know, right?” Taehyung giggled and squished Jungkook’s incredibly gorgeous face.

Jungkook let him play with him, grinning at his endearing behavior. “Yeah, I don’t blame him. I’m hot.”

“Yeah, you are,” Taehyung said.

“Not as much as my Yoongi, but okay,” Jimin said with a kittenish smile as he wrapped his arm around his baby’s waist.

Taehyung beamed as he watched them share a kiss. “Goodnight, guys.”

“Thanks, Yoon.”

Yoongi shot a smile at his dongsaeng and disappeared into the house, as the two zoned in on each other again.

“You wanna see our room? It has a king-size bed.”

Taehyung’s cheeks lifted with the wide smile that painted over his face again. “I don’t care about that, Kookie. I would gladly even lie on the floor to sleep with you.”

“Honestly, same. But the bed is really amazing.”

Taehyung chuckled, then pressed a kiss to his mouth. “Let’s go then. Put me down.”

“Why would I do that?” Jungkook scoffed, already walking towards the door with Taehyung in his embrace.

“Fuck, you’re so strong.” Taehyung nestled the side of his head against his nape as the other carried him inside.

But Jungkook’s steps ceased at the sight of Yoongi standing in the living room with Jimin beside him, and his eyes grew rounder with a wordless question.

“Did you really pick rooms without me?”

The corner of Jungkook’s lips twitched as he resumed his way. “Relax. All rooms are amazing.”

“Joon said you have an en-suite bathroom!”

“Oh, suck it up.” Jungkook paid no attention to the murmuring behind him and strode along the hallway until he reached the room.

He released Taehyung carefully, his hands swimming up his sides to hold his face, as he landed on the floor. “It feels like a dream finally having you here.”

“I know.” Taehyung stole a kiss from the tantalizing lips hovering over his own. He snaked out of his hug to turn around and examine the king-size bed. “It seems so cozy.”

Jungkook caged him into his arms again from behind and pecked his cheek. “It is.” He carved a row of kisses along the slope of his neck and opened his mouth wide to sink his teeth into his skin softly.

Taehyung’s head lolled back with the efflux of air that leaked out of him, his body melting against him. “Kookie...”

“Hmm? What is it, angel?” he asked against his flesh before he devoured it again, mouth closing around it, sucking it.

Taehyung squirmed in his spot as he felt his length unfold into a big monster of dizzying want. “I-I need you.”

“What do you need?” His hands traveled his body in a slow, fulfilling cruise, reaching dangerously close to his erection.

“Your cock.” Taehyung rhythmically twitched every time his fingers barely brushed against his length.

“Just that?”

“No, all—all of you.”

Jungkook hummed with a mouth full of his flesh and sucked hard as he pulled off, only to skim his neck with wet lips until he reached his ear. “You’ll have me then. All of me. Because I’m yours. And you’re mine.”

These words spiraled up Taehyung’s legs and exhorted them to move, swirling him around to connect their mouths greedily. The uncouth sounds of their lips smacking swamped the room obscenely, interlaced with breathy moans and sucking of tongues.

Demanding hands traveled everywhere, pulling, fondling, squeezing, in ways that burned — in ways that made their minds reel and haze over with bottled-up lust.

After weeks, they were finally able to touch the other how they desired the most, feel every inch, merge their bodies and hearts again. Sex was the last thing in their minds throughout their heartbreak, but now, with mouths tangled in eager kisses and hips grinding, how much they had actually missed it came down on them as a seismic surprise.

And suddenly, both turned to starving animals that only knew hankering.

Jungkook’s hand found its way to his hair and yanked, ending the mind-expanding kiss with a wet suck. “I’ll devour you, baby,” he whiffled, eyes blazing like flaming wells with hunger nailing him to his spot. “I don’t know what the fuck is wrong with me. I can’t control myself.”

“I hope the room is soundproof because I can’t control myself either.” Taehyung shed his shirt hastily before he fumbled to do the same with Jungkook’s.

Jungkook lifted his arms to assist him in his task, and he was kissing him again with the same desperation, if not more. He blindly guided him back until Taehyung’s knees collided with the bed, and he twined a protective arm around his torso, lessening the force of their fall with his left forearm.

They scooted upwards, their kiss breaking unwillingly here and there in their efforts to reach the pillows. But they kept smashing their lips together, so hungry for more, so drunk on each other’s taste and feel.

Their naked chests rubbed voluptuously, and although a subtle coolness coated the room because of the air conditioner, their skin was aflame with the passion heating up the atmosphere.

Mounting the poofy pillow with the back of his head, Taehyung spread his legs, giving him room to nest between them. He kneaded the hard muscles of his back and whined pathetically at how much beefier they felt underneath his touch. And as he explored more of his body, he quickly concluded he had bulked up even more everywhere. How come he didn’t realize it sooner? His biceps seemed to be nearly as big as Taehyung’s thighs, for fuck’s sake.

“Fuck, your muscles are doing things to me,” Taehyung rasped, and another dumb sound escaped him when Jungkook rolled his body against him, each one of his abs carving their shape into his skin.

Jungkook, bracing himself on his elbows, smirked as he gazed down at him. “The thought of how much you loved my muscles kept popping up every time I worked out.” He drew mild kisses on his crimson lips, unable to resist them. “So I worked out even harder”—he thrust his dripping cock against Taehyung’s similar hardness in his shorts—“for you.”

“Fuck, fuck me, Jungkookie. Please. No foreplay.”

Jungkook ran his fingers through his locks — a caress meant to reassure him. “I’m too impatient

for foreplay, anyway.” He dove for another kiss, tongues clashing sinfully but parting just as fast because his need to be in him, to impale him on his cock over and over, was too consuming to wait any longer.

In one swift pull, he stripped him of his shorts and boxers and tossed them aside. His cock, standing impossibly hard against his stomach, had a vivid red hue around the head with drops of precum adorning it. He licked his lips at his desire to shove it in his mouth, but he hurried to get the lube from the nightstand instead, drowning his urge.

“Why do you have lube?” Taehyung asked, amused mystification painting light creases on his forehead.

“It was in the bathroom.” Jungkook lifted a simpering shoulder and moved between his legs again. His lips stretched into a crooked smirk as he spectated Taehyung eagerly pressing his thighs against his chest to reveal his hole. “Heaven. Fucking heaven,” he uttered at the spectacle of the pink, tight ring of muscles barely splitting apart when Taehyung spread his asscheeks. “I feel like even a single finger will fucking wreck your hole, baby.”

Taehyung gasped, chest arching high, as the other slapped his hole with two wet fingers. “So hot, Kookie, fuck.”

Jungkook repeated the action, sending another searing sting through his entrance before he slid a digit into his warm walls. He moaned at how snug it felt around his single finger and stretched him nice and fast with forceful jabs, too eager to be inside him already. He buried his face between his legs to suckle his balls, then he pressed the flat of his tongue in the center of them, dragging it all the way to the leaking tip.

All the while, Taehyung just took whatever was given to him with whines and jerky breaths, mind fogged by the tingling sensations. The pressure in his hole grew with the second finger that squeezed into him, and his walls squirmed around the burning intrusion.

Jungkook was now swallowing his cock in earnest; he had missed the feel of it, the taste, the thickness. The little jerks it gave as he deep-throated him. He longed to guzzle his release again.

The fingers inside Taehyung curled and prodded and twisted harsher against his prostate, and he was losing his damn mind at how wondrous it felt. So wondrous indeed that his stomach lurched with the firestorm of his oncoming orgasm soon enough. “No, baby, I’ll cum, stop sucking me, I’ll cum, fuck, fuck, I’m cumming.”

Jungkook readily drank every spurt, grinding his fingers roughly against his entrance. He relished the writhing of his frame as Taehyung attempted to fuck his release into his mouth, even though his position didn’t allow him much movement. He sucked him clean and withdrew, still plugging his hole with his fingers. “Why did you tell me to stop? You wouldn’t be able to stop your orgasm even if I pulled away.”

Taehyung’s floaty head by one of those familiar, soul-shattering orgasms he got to experience only with Jungkook struggled to process his words. “I wanted to cum on your cock, Jungkookie.”

A low grunt clawed its way up his throat as he eased into him a third finger. “I’ll make you cum again on my cock. Don’t worry.” He witnessed his mellowed body from his release shaking and clenching again at the stretch, and he held his hand immobile as he plunged to shower his asscheeks and thighs with loving kisses. “You’re doing so well for me, angel. I missed this so much. I missed you so much.”

Taehyung puled at the praise and sugary words through his sharp little breaths by his efforts to withstand the numbing pain. A dopey smile dangled on the corner of his lips at the care he received around his ass and the soothing swipes of his tongue over his expanded rim. "I love how you keep distracting me when I'm in pain. You always take care of me so well."

Jungkook, currently mouthing sweetly at the base of his hardened cock, hummed a honeyed sound. He straightened his posture enough to rest his eyes on him and spread his fingers against the restrictive walls, bathing in the shadows of expressions flitting across Taehyung's face. "And I always will, baby."

From then, everything became foggy in Taehyung's mind. A multitude of sensations crashed over him as Jungkook pulled and dug his fingers as deep as possible into him at a toe-curling, speedy rhythm. The fierceness of his ministrations punctuated his eagerness to nestle inside him, and Taehyung whimpered and shook and moaned his name on repeat in equal yearning.

Jungkook could feel his boxers get even more soaked with precum at the divine, peccant sounds that jumped out of him, and how he hadn't cum yet only by that was impressive, he fleetingly thought.

As his fingers slid in and out with ease, he slowed his movements and removed them. He gripped his asscheeks to pull them further apart and marveled at his reddened, twitching hole. "Fuck," dripped from him as he engulfed the heavenly heat with his mouth, sucking, rolling his tongue over the stretched rim, dipping it inside.

The way he worked his jaw was manic. Filthy slurping noises and squishes threaded with Taehyung's shrill moans as he proceeded lavaging at his hole and curling his tongue against his walls devastatingly until his chin and cheeks got drenched with his spit.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Taehyung spluttered and blindly found his hair with a trembling hand to tug him away.

Jungkook followed his instructions with a breathless gasp. If Taehyung hadn't torn him away, he would have come untouched only by tongue-fucking him. And by the way Taehyung's body contracted, he knew he was close to his second orgasm as well.

"I almost came by eating your pretty hole out, fuck," Jungkook confessed, a strained chuckle falling from his wet lips.

"Yeah, me too," Taehyung giggled giddily, his lurking release toning down little by little. "I need to feel you now. You can eat me out again later."

"Gladly." Jungkook shed the rest of his clothes and slathered his sensitive cock with the unscented lubricant. He rubbed the remains over his rim, also dunking two fingers inside. He gently pulled on his hands still clasping his thighs, instructing him to lower his legs, and he settled over him.

He caressed his entrance with the thick head of his cock and popped it inside with the gentlest of nudges. Both sucked in a brisk breath; Taehyung's mouth hung open while Jungkook clamped his teeth into his lower lip at the tight sensation.

Inch by inch, Jungkook filled him to the brim, watching mesmerized every stunning shift of his expression. He brushed a clump of his caramel hair away from his face as a gleam of a smile blossomed on his traits. "You're so gorgeous, angel."

Taehyung's fingers dug into his back by how hard he latched onto him, looping his legs around his

waist to take the penetration deeper despite the pain. The pressure and fullness dazed him in the most heavenly of ways, every part of him feeling electrified, alight with pained pleasure. “Shit, I almost forgot how enormous your cock is.”

Jungkook expelled a choked laugh and dove to pepper kisses along his jawline. “Nice response to my compliment, Tae.”

The tautness from Taehyung’s features eased with the tiny laugh that leaped out, eyes fluttering closed at the soothing caresses of his lips. “Sorry. Your cock has my ultimate attention right now.”

“As it should,” he purred and nibbled his bottom lip, watching as he tugged it. He ground his hips in little circles and rammed his tongue into his mouth to swallow each one of Taehyung’s delicious sounds.

Taehyung’s eyes rolled to the back of his head a bit more with every prod of his cockhead against his bundle of nerves, struggling to keep their mouths connected by the ocean of moans flowing out of him. “Fuck me, please, please.”

“I want to. So much. But we have to wait a bit, baby.”

“Don’t wanna wait,” Taehyung whined. He began rocking his hips instead, fucking himself on his cock, and crushed their lips together to strangle the expostulation dangling on the tip of Jungkook’s tongue.

Thrill and crazed longing dropped in Jungkook’s stomach at the actions that made his erection throb against his walls. The high that splendid hole inflicted on his senses was addicting, and his pelvis moved of its own will to pound against his ass.

A brutal fire pulsed between them right away, and they willingly surrendered to its storminess, letting it toy with their sentence.

“Fuck, your hole—I missed it so fucking much,” Jungkook grunted, voice ringing brokenly by the slam of their bodies. He grasped his hair and hooked the other hand under his shoulder, nailing him onto his cock.

“I-I feel like you’re splitting me open,” Taehyung gasped out as he shoved his head against his pillow, his shoulder blades dipping into the mattress.

Jungkook drew in a hissing breath at the image of his exposed neck with its cords standing out in hard ridges and dragged his hand from his hair along his cheek to lay it over it. “That’s exactly what I’m doing, though,” he smirked. He maintained his ferocious pounding, striking his cock into the deepest parts of him again and again, intoxicated eyes zoomed in solely on him. “Your hole is made for my cock, angel. *You* are made for me. And no one else will ever have you, got it?”

“Yes, yes,” Taehyung mewled, staring back at his piercing gaze with a frown of utter bliss. “Want you—only you and always will. I love you, love you, fuck—” His muffled words, which seemed to tumble insensibly, drowned in sinful noises of pleasure the moment Jungkook’s fingers tightened around his neck and his thrusts grew even fiercer.

“Your damn mouth,” he said through clenched teeth as the relentless shoves of his hips jarred both. “Always spewing confessions I can’t fucking process.”

What Jungkook failed to apprehend, though, was that his own words were a way of confessing his love for him as well. They promised things to him indirectly — things Taehyung could only dream of having with him. Things he hadn’t experienced before at that level of intensity or at all, since he

couldn't imagine a future with his two previous relationships. But with Jungkook... He was willing to risk it all to have a future with him.

The cock flailing against his walls and hammering his prostate pooled a tautness in his belly — one that would shatter him for sure when it would erupt. The feel of the constrictive hand around his neck beguiled his mind deeper into rapture and Jungkook claiming his lips so possessively pummeled him into delirium.

All Jungkook could think was *mine, mine, mine*, as he licked into his mouth, devouring it. He was already so obsessed with him. So obsessed to have him in his fucked-up life, so obsessed to keep him safe, so obsessed to have a future with him. And his obsession stemmed from the perfection that was Taehyung and the *love* he had planted inside him.

He knew, as he wrecked him with his cock and rolled their tongues together. He loved Taehyung. He loved him so much. And he would do anything to protect him and treasure him as he deserved.

Instead of the confession he was desperate to release by now, growling, hyper-ecstatic moans buzzed in his throat at the sudden heat that burst in his stomach, crazing his skin with goosebumps. He pounded his spurting cock into him in deep, spasmodic thrusts as he stuffed him full of his cum.

Taehyung was cumming with him, holding him so close, convulsing and groaning together. His cock that was trapped between their bodies made their chests a sticky mess, but they could only feel that throbbing high and the afterglow as they kept kissing without a care in the world.

The strong grip on each other conveyed the flurry of boisterous emotions with love triumphing on the crest. Their heartbeats rattled speedily in sync, so overloaded with each other.

Jungkook dragged his mouth off him, and his head collapsed onto his shoulder, breathless. In the silence that fell gently over the room, he lay there with his senses buzzing and with only one thought in his woozy mind.

I love him.

Managing to gather himself by a fraction, he stroked delicate kisses along the line of his shoulder and neck, sliding up his jaw and trailing his way to his lips. He gave them a chaste peck and hoisted his torso enough to link their gazes. "I had time to think about... about what you said before I left." He saw the remembrance form in his eyes, which replaced some of the woolliness with a smidgen of anxiety. "It was too sudden, you know. I've never loved anyone romantically. I didn't have a normal life to do it. But now, I don't think I love you. I *know* I love you. I love you so much, angel."

"Fuck," Taehyung breathed out, his head melting further into the pillow. "I almost had a heart attack." He felt his pulse shimmer underneath his skin, and it took him a moment to fully fathom his words. He smoothed a caring palm over his back as he regarded him with an overwhelmed, fond smile of bliss. "You're making me so fucking happy right now. I love you too, Jungkookie."

Jungkook, with a similar smile engraved on his face, captured his mouth and cherished it with sweet rolls of lips and tender brushes of tongues. In that moment, he felt the most content, the most loved, the most of everything.

They simultaneously broke the kiss and smiled at each other, then giggled and kissed again. A squelch rippled across the room when they pressed their chests together that froze their movements and forced them to disconnect their mouths.

“We’re sticky,” Taehyung chuckled. “Let’s clean up?”

“Hmm.” Jungkook pounded one last kiss on his lips and pushed himself off him, slipping his softened length out of him. “The first round was short,” he observed as he grabbed the wet wipes from the nightstand. “Sorry. I really couldn’t control myself.”

Taehyung accepted the wet wipe that was handed to him. “It’s okay. Everything felt too much for me as well. Everything with you... makes me feel too much.”

Jungkook, now finished with cleaning himself, swung his eyes to his face, viewing him softly. “That’s exactly how I feel with you. And I love it. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Jungkook leaned over him to plant a peck on his lips and took hold of his dirty wet wipe once he finished as well. He disposed of them and returned to him, smothering him in his embrace. “Stay here with me, baby. At least for a few days.”

Taehyung relished the little kisses on his forehead, smiling. “What about my store? I’m still broke, Jungkookie.”

“Stop worrying about that. I told you I have a shitload of money.”

“And I told you, *you* have a shitload of money. Not me.”

“Yeah, but you’re mine and I’m yours. So everything I have is yours too,” he uttered reassuringly, rubbing a tender thumb below the bruise on his cheek.

Taehyung slowly shook his head, despite the heartwarming words. “I don’t want your money. And just so you know, I only bought the ticket for the ferry with the money you gave me because, you know, I had no money.”

“Why?” He frowned. “I told you it’s all for you.”

“Jungkook. It’s not... It doesn’t feel right, okay?”

“But why? Is it so wrong I want to be your sugar daddy?”

“Yah!” Taehyung erupted into giggles. “Stop. I can’t just take money I haven’t earned.”

“Tae. I have more money than I can spend.”

“Still...” he sighed, the smile on his face saddening a notch.

“Okay, what if I wanted to rent your store for an event? Can I do that?”

“I haven’t done it before, but yeah, you could.”

Jungkook’s eyes wandered on him for a stretch of silence. “Can I rent it forever?”

“No!” Taehyung chuckled again, punching his chest playfully.

“Alright, I’m kidding. At least stay the whole day tomorrow, hmm?”

“Yes, I want that too. And it’s Sunday tomorrow, so the store is closed, anyway.”

Jungkook fastened his arm around his waist and pecked his lips. “I want to buy your drawings.”

Taehyung’s eyes narrowed in impish disapproval. “You only want that to help me out.”

“No, I want to have things that remind me of you since I can’t have you here all day, every day.”

The soft smile that sprawled over Taehyung’s traits crinkled his eyes at the edges. “You want to be with me all day, every day?”

“Yes.”

Taehyung let out a blissful breath and connected their mouths briefly. “Me too. I can’t get enough of you.”

Jungkook mounted him with a smooth motion as the corner of his lips fixed on a smirk. “I can only try to satisfy your want for me, then.”

Taehyung’s toes curled with the instant tingles that broke out all over his existence at Jungkook’s wet kisses on his neck. “Impossible. I know I’ll never get enough of you. But please try. Do something—everything.”

Jungkook caressed his side with that familiar reassurance as he pulled his mouth off his neck with an obscene suck. “Don’t worry, love. I got you.”



Chapter End Notes

I feel so single after rereading this

Thank you truly for all the love you've given to this book until now. It means so, so, much to me

Eight chapters left

You Know

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung padded into the kitchen as soon as he woke up in search of water. He had already finished the bottle Jungkook got him yesterday as the multiple rounds of ecstasy they had left his throat throughout dry.

Wanting something cool to drink, he opened the fridge and his jaw went slack in awe. It was filled with ingredients, fruits, beverages, sweets, and so many more things. His urge to stay here for a few more days truly skyrocketed.

His fridge was always nearly empty since he spent his whole free time drawing, caring little about food. But seeing all these delicious snacks sparked his appetite so much he could think of nothing else.

“Tae.”

Taehyung twisted his head at the raspy voice of his baby, and his breath froze momentarily. He was standing beside the door in nothing but his short sweatpants, mouthwatering abs, stout chest, and brawny biceps on display for him.

He had seen him naked countless times. He had kissed every inch of his heavenly muscles. But still, the spectacle was otherworldly.

Jungkook, of course, comprehended where his eyes lingered. The tip of his lips slanted up. “You felt my muscles for hours yesterday and even devoured them, I can say. Still not enough?”

“It’ll never be enough,” Taehyung breathed out. “Fuck, you’re *sinful*.”

A gentle snort jumped out of Jungkook. “Close the damn fridge.”

“Oh. Right.” Taehyung tittered, and he grabbed a bottle of water before closing the door. He gulped down a few sips and pattered closer to him. “Did I wake you?”

“Yes.” Jungkook looped his arms around his waist and pecked his lips. “But I realized you sneaked away from me when I heard the door opening. How dare you sneak away, hmm?” He playfully pressed his forehead against his, feigning affront.

Husky giggles flowed through Taehyung as a grin cut across his features. “I needed some water. It won’t happen again, sir,” he said in a purposefully louder voice in an urge to tease him back.

“Good boy,” Jungkook uttered against his lips before he captured them longingly. His hands ventured lower and squeezed his plump cheeks, thrusting their pelvises together.

“Can’t you guys keep your hands off each other for like a second?” Yoongi sneered as he walked past them to get to the fridge.

The two broke their kiss but didn’t draw away from each other. “Where’s Chim?” Taehyung asked as he glanced back at him.

“Sleeping. I know he’ll be thirsty when he wakes up, so I came to take water for him.”

Taehyung’s eyes flew to Jungkook. “See? That’s a good boyfriend,” he teased with an impish leer.

But Jungkook’s brows glided upwards and stood in two curves of dumbfoundedness with no inkling of a smile on his frozen face. “I... I—I’m your boyfriend?”

“Oh boy,” Yoongi muttered. With two water bottles in his hands, he strode towards the door and added, “Dumbass,” before he disappeared.

Taehyung remained still, then he broke into little giggles at how fucking adorable Jungkook was in that moment of realization. “Of course you’re my boyfriend, Jungkookie. And I’m your boyfriend as well.”

“Wow,” Jungkook let out, and his eyes found their focus on him soon enough. “What’s a boyfriend supposed to do?”

“Everything you’re already doing. Don’t worry. You’re doing amazing.” He drew a quick kiss on his cheek.

“But boyfriends go on dates and stuff, right? I can’t take you on a date...”

Taehyung’s lips trembled with the uncontrolled smile that burst onto his face. “Dates are for normal people. We’re not normal. And please don’t worry about these things. All I want is to be with you and hug you and kiss you. Being called boyfriends is just a title.”

A glimpse of a smile crawled its way to Jungkook’s traits, and he rubbed little circles over his lower back. “Just tell me if I do something wrong. I don’t know what I’m doing.”

“I just told you being called boyfriends is just a title,” he said with a notion of simpering annoyance. “Don’t stress about it. Just keep being you.”

Jungkook melted against him, nestling his chin against his shoulder. “Sorry I didn’t bring you water like Yoongi to Jimin.”

An outbreak of laughter shook Taehyung’s chest, intense enough to jar both. “I woke up before you, anyway, baby. Let’s go freshen up and then lie down for a bit more.”

“Okay.” Jungkook painted a kiss on his neck and withdrew.

They visited the bathroom together to freshen up, being even comfortable enough to relieve themselves with the other there.

Once they exited the bathroom, Jungkook gently held onto his hand to stop him from heading to their room. “You wanna see something unreal?”

“Is it your cock?”

A little choked sound crossed between amusement and surprise startled out of Jungkook. “You’re unbelievable.”

Taehyung chuckled. “Yes, I want to see something unreal.”

Jungkook interlaced their fingers and guided him to the end of the hallway. He pushed the door open and delicately urged him inside.

A mask of absolute shock ripped through Taehyung's face as he stared at the mountain of cash that filled the entire room. "What... the... fuck?"

"Unreal, right?"

"Is this real money?"

"Of course," Jungkook scoffed. "And that's just my father's money in this house. I'm sure he has a bunch of these mountains in other places as well."

Taehyung gathered his lucidity enough to glance at him. "Do you have that much money too?"

"Yes, Tae." He girdled his waist with his arms, pressing their chests together. "I wanted to show you this to understand I mean it when I say I have more money than I can spend. So please don't worry about money. You can ask me anything you want and you'll have it."

"How can you trust me so much?"

Jungkook smiled at the quiet voice that seeped into his ears. "You wanted me before you even know what my job is. You wanted me even when you hadn't seen my face yet. Even when... you knew I was hiding from someone. You had no idea who I was, but still you kept trying to get close to me. I can trust you with my life, Taehyung."

Taehyung momentarily lowered his eyes that bristled with fondness and graced him with a small joyful smile as he riveted them on him again. "I love you so much, Jungkookie."

"I love you too." Jungkook strung their smiling lips together in a peck, then led him out of the room.

"Why the room doesn't have a lock of something?" Taehyung asked as they trudged towards their bedroom.

"No one will dare steal Jeon Hyun Joon's money."

"Why?"

Jungkook cast him a sidelong glance. "Let's not talk about that."

Taehyung picked up on the secrets hiding beneath his hushed remark, but didn't push him to know more. "What about your mother? I've never heard you talk about her."

"I talk to her once a month. She has her own clothing department store, so she tries to stay away from my father's business."

"How did they meet then?"

"She was a part of the underworld in the past. She was working for another dealer, and she had a meeting with my father to buy his drugs. My father fell in love with her and basically stole her. He offered her triple to work for him, and she accepted it."

Taehyung listened carefully and nodded as he finished, stepping into their room. "And why did she stop?"

Jungkook sat in the bed with his back propped against the headboard and pulled Taehyung onto his lap. He anchored his hands on his waist and craned his neck a bit to kiss his rosy lips.

“She didn’t want this life. She only started dealing drugs because she needed money. Her sister was sick. She had cancer, and my mom didn’t have money for the treatment that could give her a few more months to live. The money my father offered her was more than enough, and she managed to live for a whole year longer. They weren’t ready to say goodbye to each other. But when can someone be ready to say goodbye to someone they love?”

“I’m so sorry, Kookie,” he uttered, sadness deeply engraved in his characteristics.

Jungkook squeezed his waist. “Obviously I didn’t get to meet her, but knowing how much my mother suffered from her loss hurts.”

“I can imagine...” Taehyung fused their foreheads, rubbing caresses of comfort on his nape.

“When my aunt died, my mother disappeared and my father went crazy. He looked everywhere for her and found her the next day. That’s when they got together.”

“You said he fell in love with her at their first meeting,” Taehyung observed. “Why didn’t he do anything for a whole year to have her?”

“She kept rejecting him,” he said with a silent laugh. “She didn’t want to be with someone who rules the underworld, since she wouldn’t stay in the business. But she wanted him too. And he comforted her more than anyone when my aunt died. My father knew her dream was to open a department store with high-end clothes, and he bought her a building as a gift, telling her she could have the life she wanted even if she was with a drug dealer.”

“Wow, that’s so fucking romantic, though,” Taehyung breathed out in wonder.

Jungkook snorted softly. “Yes. I want to do the same for you.”

“Stop tempting me, because I’m this close to accepting your offer. Money always stresses me so much.”

Jungkook carved a row of kisses on his jawline, smiling. “I’ll make sure you’ll never stress about money again. How much are all of your drawings worth?”

“About three million won.”

“Hmm, that’s so little.”

Taehyung’s eyes squinted in disapproval, but with the mountain of money he saw minutes ago, he quickly realized how little indeed that amount must be for him. “No comment...”

“I’ll buy all of them with two more zeros.”

Taehyung flinched. “You—You want to give me three hundred million? No, you’re insane.”

“I don’t know if I’m insane, but I’m definitely crazy about you.” Jungkook knotted his fingers into his hair and sealed their lips into a fiery kiss with tongues sliding together roughly, igniting flames of passion inside them.

The rest of the day was consumed with a round of blazing sex, a long shower, which naturally led to another quickie, a voluptuous lunch with all of them, and relaxing and chatting.

Taehyung also called Hoseok to inform him of where they were and with who, and Hoseok made

him and Jimin promise to meet tomorrow to narrate everything in detail.

Late in the afternoon, the time to say goodbye came, and Jungkook sank into a bottomless sulk as soon as Taehyung told him he had to leave.

Sitting on the couch and clutching him for dear life, he untucked his pouty face from his neck to look at Yoongi. "Let me come with you now that you'll drive them home."

Yoongi rolled his head in frustration. "Jungkook—"

"Please," he mumbled. "I can spend one more hour with him this way."

Taehyung, smiling sadly, pulled back enough to set his eyes on him and cupped his cheeks. "I can come here again, Kookie, don't worry. I don't want you to endanger your safety for me."

"The cars don't have tinted windows, Kook. It's too dangerous," Yoongi said.

And Jungkook's features sank even more. "Fine," he murmured halfheartedly and locked their hands together to escort him outside.

Namjoon and Seokjin said their goodbyes before the four of them headed out of the house. Standing beside the car, Jungkook swathed him into his arms as a subdued exhalation emitted from him. "Tomorrow morning, a guy named Shin Joon will come to your store to buy all of your draw ___"

"Jungkook—"

"A *few* of your drawings," Jungkook corrected with a grunt. "Because as I said, I want to have something here that'll remind me of you, okay?"

Unsure about how to feel or what to say, Taehyung nodded hesitantly. He truly felt thankful for what Jungkook wanted to do for him, but it didn't feel right at the same time. The only thing he could do for him was help him clear his name. And he would do anything in his power to achieve that.

Taehyung planted loving kisses on his neck and drew back to gaze at his hazel eyes. "Thank you, Jungkookie. For everything. And I love you so much."

Jungkook leaned to claim his mouth in a long kiss, squeezing him with an arm against his chest. "Don't thank me. I want your drawings all over this place. So don't think I'm only doing this for you and feel uncomfortable. I just want you to be happy, angel. I wish I could keep you here to make you happy all the time. And I love you too."

"I'm happy just knowing I have you." Taehyung kissed him once more and reluctantly detached himself from him. "I'll call you, hmm?"

"Yes, love. I'll wait. Stay safe for me."

"You too." Taehyung hurried to steal another peck from him, but Jungkook latched on him to keep him immobile and kiss him deeper.

They broke apart with lots of pecks, smiling fondly between each one, until Taehyung stepped back again. He slipped into the car, afraid he wouldn't be able to leave if he heard another word from Jungkook or gazed at the melancholy in his pretty eyes for a second longer.

...

After safely arriving at his house, Taehyung thanked Yoongi, hugged his best friend goodbye, and stepped out of the car. He watched as it gradually vanished from his vision and marched off to his car. He had some answers to get from his father, and he would get them no matter what.

The short drive came to an end, and he parked his car. He walked to the door, and soon he noticed his mother's figure waiting for him. A smile rippled across his face as he spread his arms to engulf her into his hug, but her terrified expression stalled his movements.

"Oh my God, baby, what happened to your face?"

Taehyung dug his teeth into his bottom lip as he dropped his head. Fuck, he had completely forgotten about his bruise with the consuming determination to get his answers. "Nothing, don't worry. I slipped in the bathroom and hit my cheek on the sink. I'm really fine."

Hee Jin placed a tender knuckle and her thumb on his chin and lifted his head to examine his injury. "Taehyung. Don't lie to me. I'm a nurse. I've seen millions of these bruises. Who hit you?"

Taehyung lowered her hand, avoiding eye contact. "I promise I'm fine. Can we leave it at that?"

Hee Jin's chest fluttered to a dragging fall with the throaty sigh that leaked out of her. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. How are you?"

She led the way inside then with her son following. "Good. Just a little tired. Na Min-ssi is cooking dinner. Stay to eat together."

As his mother took her seat on the couch, Taehyung stood beside her. "Sorry, I have to finish a few drawings for tomorrow. I just came by to see you and father. Is he in his office?"

"Yes. He came back a few hours ago from his trip to Yeosu." Her eyes drifted to his bruised cheek continuously and gloomed more and more. "Who did this to you, Taehyung?"

"Mom. It's really nothing. I'll go greet father." He patted her head, brushing aside the sullenness in her gaze since he couldn't possibly explain what had happened.

He proceeded to his office and knocked thrice on the door. Mi Sung's voice sounded a beat later, telling him to come in, and he pulled on the double sliding door to enter.

His face remained frigid as he edged closer to his desk and tightened even more at the vile apathy he espied in his father's expression.

Mi Sung closed the binder he was holding and reclined. "Why are you here, Taehyung?"

"You did it, didn't you?"

"What?"

"You called the cops on Jungkook."

Mi Sung simply stared at him, near uninterested. "Yes."

A whiffle in disbelief burst out of his lungs as his exasperation flared dangerously. "Why? Why would you do this? He's innocent!"

“So is Kang Soo,” he shot back with a slight edge of vexation, which it was apparent he strove to conceal. “But that motherfucker still wants to kill him.”

Taehyung’s tensed frame loosened in surprise mixed with bewilderment as his eyes hazed over. “What? He’s not trying to kill him. He just wants to clear his name.”

Mi Sung’s indifferent persona cracked with the sudden huff he spewed. “That’s what he said to you? That’s a load of bullshit. He wants to clear his name and then kill him, Taehyung. To take revenge for something Kang Soo didn’t do.”

“How can you be so sure it wasn’t him?”

“Because we were together that night.”

Taehyung held onto his silence, considering the new information. “Can you prove that?”

“No.”

“Then you can be lying to save his ass!” he growled in a sudden blaze of fury.

“I’m not lying. I’m telling you, Kang Soo didn’t fucking do this.”

Something crackled in Mi Sung’s eyes, Taehyung perceived, and it bombarded his forehead with deep creases as he endeavored to read behind it. There was affront in his usually steely eyes and an assuredness that clasped his heart ruthlessly, seconds away from ripping it off his chest. “You... You don’t know... who did this, right? You can’t know. Tell me you don’t know.”

But then Taehyung saw something he wished he wouldn’t with all his heart. Mi Sung dodged his stare. He didn’t have the confidence to maintain eye contact. And it could only mean one thing.

“Oh my God, you know,” Taehyung spluttered through ragged breaths, heartbeat pounding harsher the moment he vocalized these words. “Who? Who is it? Tell me who did this to him!”

Mi Sung squashed his fingers into a fist, grim eyes anchored on the desk. “Leave.”

“Fuck,” Taehyung choked out as he clutched his shirt, his knees so close to buckling under the mass of disgust and disbelief that weighed down upon his shoulders. “Tell me. Help him clear his name.”

“I said leave.” Mi Sung thrust his chair back as he stood up and stormed towards him. He hauled him towards the door with ease, ignoring his protest. “And don’t say something stupid to Jungkook. I don’t know anything.”

“You know!” Taehyung groaned as he struggled against his grip. “You fucking know.” He grasped the door for support, making him stop his pushes. “Tell your man to stop following me around.” With a final shove, he was found out of the office, and the door was shut in his face a second later.

His breath jerked out of him in sharp, quick explosions as his watery eyes stared vacantly at the door. *I can’t believe this...*



Chapter End Notes

Do you think Taehyung's father knows something, as Taehyung is suspecting?

Seven chapters left

Isn't It Weird?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung's sullen eyes waltzed around his empty store, lips hanging tamely. It had been about an hour since he opened his business for the day, and not a single customer paid his store a visit.

He had to find a way to attract more customers, but no worth-keeping ideas came to him. At times like this, he truly questioned his choice of opening an art business and his ability to operate it.

A ding rang in his ears, and his wandering eyes leaped at the door. He smiled at the presence of a young-looking man, but his muscles tightened as he noticed two more men trailing behind him, all of them dressed in black.

"Good morning. My name is Shin Joon."

All confusion drained away at his introduction. "Um, good morning."

Shin Joon examined the drawings on the walls with a swift browse. "Are all paintings and items for sale?"

"Yes. But I can't sell everything to you."

"Why?"

Mild displeasure hardened his eyes. "We agreed. With Jungkook."

Shin Joon cracked a smile as he nodded. "Mr. Jeon said one more try to convince you wouldn't hurt. But anyway. Boys, grab all of those"—he pointed with a sweep of his hand at the paintings on the wall behind him and to his left—"and two of the stands with these shirts."

Taehyung watched as the other two men slid two paintings off the wall each and headed out. His vision focused on Shin Joon when he placed a black bag on his desk.

"This is the amount I was instructed to give you."

"But I have—I have to check it first."

Shin Joon grimaced, shaking his head. "You don't have to. It's more than enough."

"Yeah, that's exactly what I'm afraid of." He extended his hand to take hold of the bag, but Shin Joon yanked it out of his reach.

"Don't worry. It's a fairly small amount. He didn't want to piss you off, he said."

Although doubtful, Taehyung released a nasal, raspy sigh. "How many zeros?"

The corner of his lips tipped up. "Six."

Another breath poured from Taehyung. "This is illegal, right?"

"Well, you want to give me a receipt? Think about your taxes."

“Fine.”

“I’ll go help them because it’ll take too long. Enjoy.” He pushed the bag towards him and bundled off.

Taehyung held the bag with both hands, staring at it unmoving. Just thinking of having a bag full of cash in his store where people would come and go — even the few customers he usually had — made him anxious.

He waited until two of the walls ended up empty and two stands disappeared from his store and decided to quickly go home to leave the bag. Then, he could return and continue his shift normally, with an eased mind, and with a much lighter heart.

Sitting in his bed after eight hours of work, Taehyung finally unzipped the bag. He didn’t dare check the amount earlier, no matter how curious he was.

He peeked inside, hesitant. There were many stacks of fifty thousand won, and his heart pranced in anxiety and a glimpse of thrill. He never had that much money in his possession.

A stack was one million won, he realized with a quick counting. He fished out one stack at a time, and his eyes grew into two big circles of disbelief when he saw how many they actually were. “Seven... Seven million. I can’t believe he gave me seven million. He’s fucking insane.”

Taehyung jumped off his bed in search of his phone, but his steps soon slowed to stillness. Jungkook wanted to give him an astronomical amount, but he settled for a much smaller just for him. He shouldn’t scold him again. Jungkook reassured him many times he didn’t do it only for him.

“It’s okay,” he murmured to himself. “I just have to work even harder to help him clear his name.” The forgotten conversation he had with his father yesterday seeped into his blustering thoughts, capturing his full attention.

He resumed his way to the living room to grab his phone from the table and tapped on his contacts. He called Jungkook as he hurried back to his room to hide the money.

“Hey, baby.”

“Hey. Are you okay?” Taehyung shoved all seven stacks into the bag and set it in his closet behind his hanging shirts.

“Yes, everything is the same. I just miss you so much more today.”

A smile overtook Taehyung’s traits as he sank down into his bed. “I miss you too, Kookie. Can I come see you?”

“Of course. I’ll tell Yoongi to come get you now.” Jungkook, staring at Yoongi who was sitting in the armchair, flapped his hand repeatedly at him, silently urging him to leave now. He received a moue in return and mouthed, “Thank you,” when Yoongi stood up.

“I didn’t see that car follow me today, though.”

“It doesn’t matter. I want to make sure you’ll come here safely.”

“Okay. I’ll take a shower and get ready. I can’t wait to see you.”

“Me too, angel.”

...

With no unpleasant surprises during the ride to the hideout, Yoongi parked outside. Taehyung had perceived his gloomy state in the whole hour they spent together in the car, and although he tried to question him about it, Yoongi only dismissed him.

He stood still once he got out and regarded him with a close-lip smile. “Jimin is a busy man, Yoon. Don’t be mad at him because he couldn’t come with us. You don’t know how much he wanted to see you too.”

Yoongi’s shoulders drooped a tad more when his head fell. He realized there was no point dodging the matter anymore, since it didn’t seem like Taehyung would drop it. “He told you about the scene I caused, huh?”

“We tell each other everything.” Taehyung darted his eyes at the door, which was yanked open by none other than Jungkook. He spread his arms as Jungkook rushed to him, and a little puff of air escaped him when he clasped him. “Hey, baby,” he giggled, holding onto him just as tightly.

“Hey. Why aren’t you coming inside?” Jungkook peppered fond kisses on his neck that drifted to his lips.

“I was talking to Yoongi.”

“You had an hour to talk.”

Taehyung snorted, then pecked his lips. “I know, but he didn’t let me talk about his sulky mood.” He withdrew from the hug and directed his gaze at Yoongi, who still stood beside the car. “Don’t ignore him, Yoongi. I know he was silently crying when we talked on the phone about two hours ago.”

“I know I screwed up,” he sighed. “I just... I really wanted to see him and I got mad that he couldn’t leave his work for a few hours.”

“Yah, you literally had one hour to talk about this,” Jungkook grumbled. “Why are you stealing my time with him?”

“Tsk, you’re an asshole,” Yoongi murmured and lunged forward, storming into the house.

Taehyung exhaled deeply as his eyes grew a fraction harsher with disapproval. “That wasn’t nice, Jungkook. Maybe he wasn’t ready to talk about it before.”

A pout framed Jungkook’s mouth at once as he angled his head away. “Sorry,” he mumbled. “You’re right.”

Taehyung snatched his adorable face and punched a kiss on his lips. “You’re the cutest when you’re pouting. But you should apologize to him.”

Jungkook nodded and stole one more kiss before he led the way inside. He trudged towards the living room where his three hyungs were sitting and halted close to Yoongi. “Hyung. Sorry. You can talk to Taehyung for as long as you want.”

The grimness in Yoongi's face abated as his eyes passed over him. "It's okay. I'll go call Jimin now, anyway."

Jungkook turned around to locate Taehyung, and he found him gazing at the wall where he had hung a few of his paintings. He smiled softly as he approached him and draped his arms around his belly, hugging him from behind. "I love your drawings, angel. Been staring at them all day and smiling like an idiot." He drew a loving kiss on the side of his neck. "I have the rest of them in my room."

"I wanna see."

"Of course." Jungkook interlocked his fingers and ushered him towards the room.

A gleeful light shone over Taehyung's features the moment they stepped into the room, taking in his paintings attached to the walls in well-calculated spots.

"I hung one in the bathroom as well."

Taehyung chuckled — a content sound that lingered in the room. "You're amazing. Do you really like them?"

"I'm in love with them, like I am with you." He gently guided him to the edge of the bed to sit and slithered an arm around his waist.

"Thank you for this," Taehyung uttered. "Although the money was a lot more than I expected. Thank you."

"I'm surprised you didn't scold me."

"I wanted to at first," he admitted. "But then I thought at least you didn't exceed the six zeros."

A quiet huff leaked from his throat. "I was this~ close. But I knew you'll be furious."

"Hmm, you already know me so well." Taehyung pecked his lips multiple times, smiling nonstop. He shed his shoes and flopped down into the bed, dragging Jungkook with him. Honeyed laughs sounded from both as they united their bodies, latching onto each other.

Their mouths connected sweetly in a tender kiss that embodied gentle caresses of tongues and blissful hums. The grip around the other was secure and possessive, and the mild rubbing of their bodies had no lustful notion underlying it — they just craved to feel one another so they could make up for lost time they spent apart.

Jungkook smoothed his hair back in a stroke of adoration as they broke the kiss. "How was work, angel?"

"Hmm, the same. I received two orders online and sold a few souvenirs and a painting. I have to attract more customers."

"I'll think of something to help you, since you don't let me buy your whole store."

Taehyung chuckled. "You already helped me so much. And I want to help you too."

The joyous serenity on Jungkook's face segued into gravity, tinged with gloom. "Don't, Taehyung. If something happens to you—"

"Nothing will happen to me. I promise. I'll be super careful, hmm?" He claimed his lips, not

wanting to hear his answer, if he had any. “But I want to ask you something...”

Jungkook drew his head back a bit to have a clear view of his eyes. They seemed to swim in hesitation as he struggled to get the words across. “What is it?”

Taehyung couldn’t maintain eye contact. He gulped away the sudden nervousness in his throat that obstructed him from speaking and glimpsed at him. “Are you looking for Kang Soo just to clear your name or... is there another reason?”

The unexpected inquiry narrowed Jungkook’s eyes in two little crescents of bemusement. “Why are you asking me this so suddenly?”

“Just tell me. Do you really want to kill him?”

“Who said that?” he asked rapidly, voice sharper than he wanted.

Taehyung tucked his bottom lip between his teeth as his gaze flickered in unease. “I talked to my father.”

Jungkook’s torso melted a smidgen more into the mattress with the sigh that rolled off him. “Okay. Yes, I wanted to kill him. To avenge him.”

The confession sliced through his heart, quickening his breath in dread. “Please don’t. Don’t become a murderer, Jungkookie. Hmm? Please.”

Jungkook carried on carding his fingers through his hair in an unhurried, constant movement. “I wanted to kill him so bad. I’ve dreamed about it countless times. But these thoughts calmed a bit when I met you. I still had that goal, but the thought of taking revenge this way didn’t seem right anymore. And now... I can’t imagine myself killing someone. Because I know I’ll lose you.”

Relief swiftly streamed through Taehyung’s core, tempering his wild heartbeat. “Fuck, thank you. I don’t want to lose you, baby.”

“I know. Me neither,” he whispered. “What else did you talk about with your father?”

“I think... I think he knows more than we thought.”

“What does this mean?”

“He told me Kang Soo didn’t do this, and he knows that for sure because they were together that night. But he can’t prove it. So I told him he could be lying to save his ass.”

“Yeah, since he’s his friend.”

“Exactly. But then... he seemed so sure Kang Soo didn’t do this. Like, I could feel the affront he experienced when I told him he could be lying. And something came to me. He seemed so sure because he knew who did this to you.”

A spasm crossed Jungkook’s traits that struck his forehead with hard lines. “Did you ask him?”

“Yes. He didn’t answer. He said not to say anything stupid to you because he knows nothing about it and threw me out of his office.”

Jungkook collapsed into cogitation, doing his utmost to conceive any reasonable way Mi Sung could know something about this. “I really have no idea how he can know something.”

“Same. But I’m almost sure he does. Also, I forgot to tell you with everything. When I went to his office the second time, the other phone rang. I took a picture of the number.”

A spark lit up in Jungkook’s eyes. “Let’s go to Namjoon. Take your phone.”

Taehyung, with his phone already in his pocket, followed Jungkook to the living room. They found all three there, curiously viewing them.

“What happened?” Namjoon asked.

“I need you to find information about a phone number.”

As Jungkook and Taehyung sat on the large couch next to him, Namjoon reached for his laptop from the table and settled it on his lap. He glanced at the phone’s screen that was presented to him by Taehyung, and he typed the number into the search bar. “It’s an unregistered number. A burner phone or prepaid, probably.”

Jungkook sighed his discouragement. “Thought so…”

“What if we call them?” Taehyung proposed.

“It’s dangerous,” Jungkook said. “Maybe they use this number only to contact your father. If we call them, they’ll know we found the number from him.”

“What if we call and don’t say anything? Make them think we’re my father and just call them from another number?”

“Still dangerous.” Jungkook shook his head at Taehyung’s additional plan. “They’ll talk about it with each other at some point, and your father will know you broke into his office.”

Taehyung grimaced, producing a tsk sound. “Why are you crushing all of my genius ideas?”

Jungkook snorted softly. “Sorry, baby. They’re more dangerous than genius.”

“Yeah, but,” Namjoon said, capturing their attention, “what if they use this number to contact others as well? The chances are fifty-fifty. The question is, do you want to risk it?”

“Yes.”

“No.”

Taehyung and Jungkook locked eyes with a jerk of their heads.

“Taehyung, no.”

“Jungkook, yes,” he flung back, voice teetering on the edge of derision. “Don’t worry about me. He has already caught me following him twice. So what if he finds out I snooped around his office?”

“What if you get in trouble again?”

“Who cares? It’s not like he’ll kill me,” he scoffed, but the carpet of tentative stiffness that dropped over Jungkook’s expression extinguished his slight smile. “Okay, I get my father isn’t who I thought he was, but he’s not a murderer. He won’t kill his own son.”

Jungkook met his gaze, still doubtful. “I hope so.”

“Let’s just call,” Yoongi said.

Namjoon reached for his bag and took out the first prepaid phone he found. He dialed the number and gave a once-over to Jungkook before he pressed the call button. He put it on speaker and held the phone towards them as they all leaned closer. It beeped and beeped for so long, and each one of their heartbeats got fiercer in anticipation.

Then, a male gruff voice sounded.

“Who?”

Their features crumpled as they exchanged bewildered looks. The voice had an inkling of familiarity, but they couldn’t identify it with the single word it released.

As the silence stretched, Taehyung wetted his lips and swallowed. “Hello?”

Jungkook grasped his shoulder and pinned him to the couch, reprimanding, owl eyes drilling into him.

“Who’s this?”

Jungkook’s hold on him withered as recognition *finally* washed over him like a flood of ice cold water, glaciating his blood. The other three shared his appalled condition as they gaped back at him dumbly.

Taehyung’s gaze ping-ponged around all of them. He caught Namjoon mouthing something, and his jaw fell slack when his brain interpreted it. He looked down at the phone, his lips trembling as he unfolded them. “Jeon Hyun Joon?”

“Yes. And you are?”

Namjoon ended the call right away. “What the fuck? What the fuck, Jungkook?”

“I don’t know,” he breathed out, still in a maze. “Why... How does your father know mine?”

The phone in Namjoon’s hand started ringing, causing all of them to flinch. “Fuck, that’s not good.”

“Since he asked ‘who’ when he picked up, it means he’s using this number with others as well,” Yoongi pointed out. “Don’t pick up. In fact, turn the phone off.”

And Namjoon did. He tossed the phone onto the table, feeling his heart still thump against his chest.

“Jungkook, that was your father,” Seokjin stated, more for himself to digest. “Are they doing business together?”

“Probably,” Jungkook let out in a murmur.

“But... I don’t understand,” Taehyung, in a similar trance of shock and bafflement as all of them, said. “My father made sure to delete every call they made, while he didn’t bother to do the same with Kang Soo. He wants their relationship to stay hidden. Why?”

“I have to ask him.”

“He’ll get suspicious after the call we made,” Yoongi said.

“I’ll ask my father.”

“Tae, no,” Jungkook groaned. “Stop getting involved in your father’s business.”

“Shush.” He pressed a kiss to his cheek in hopes of wiping that damn solemnity off his stunning face. “I’m already involved.”

Jungkook hooked his arm over his lower back and glued him to his side with a subtle pull. “Just be careful. And always call me right away if something happens.”

“Don’t worry.”

“Why don’t you call him now?” Seokjin questioned.

“He’s probably on his way home now. And it’s better to talk to him in person.”

“But guys... isn’t it weird?” Yoongi released in a hushed tone, as if sharing his thoughts absently. “We told Hyun Joon about Taehyung and his father. We mentioned his father’s name. And Hyun Joon didn’t seem to know him.”

“Or he pretended he didn’t know him,” Namjoon commented with a lift of his brows.

Everything started getting more and more muddled in Jungkook’s head, like a maze with secrets and lies and traps in every corner. He didn’t know what to believe anymore, who to trust, what he was supposed to do. And it oppressed his chest more than he could handle.

But no matter how dark, scary, or tortuous everything seemed to be, Taehyung was like a beam of light that always showed him the way to blissful tranquility with just his presence.



Chapter End Notes

The revelations are coming soon!

Six chapters left

Wait For Me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The first thing Taehyung did the next day was give a bonus to Seo Hyang for his excellent work, and mostly, for always cheering him up and sticking beside him even when he was completely broke.

Seo Hyang was appalled at the one-million stack he wanted to give him — it was even more than his monthly payment since he was working part time. It took endless coaxing and persuasion to finally demolish Seo Hyang's denial to accept it, and he promised to work even harder.

After his shift, he returned home, ate something quick, and sat at his desk to draw sketches of potential paintings he could create. But his phone's ringing boomed across the room just ten minutes after he took his seat, and he smiled at the sight of Jungkook's name on the screen. "Hey."

"Hey. Are you home?"

"Yes. Is everything okay?"

"Yes, but... you know, I miss you," he uttered with a little pout as he stared at the ceiling of his bedroom from his lying position. "Can you come here?"

"Sorry, Kookie. Since you bought half of my paintings, I have to make new ones. And I'll go meet my father later."

Jungkook listlessly tapped his fist against the mattress, his pout only deepening. "So I won't see you today? Well, fuck."

A fond smile popped onto Taehyung's face, his head tilting to the side. "I want to see you too. But it takes too much time to get there. I promise I'll come tomorrow, hmm?"

"Okay... And be careful with your father. Call me if something happens."

"Of course, Jungkookie. But nothing will happen, don't worry. I'll call you when I get home later, okay?"

"Okay. I love you, Tae."

"I love you too, Kookie."

Taehyung sauntered towards his mother, who was waiting for him, as usual, at the door to greet him. The simple action stretched Taehyung's lips into a little joyful smile and warmed his heart every time.

"Hi, mom," he said as he twined his arms around her form, clutching her.

"Hey. I'm so happy you keep visiting us, baby." Hee Jin squeezed him and withdrew. She examined his cheek with a thorough view, and relief undulated across her chest as she detected the swelling had subsided and the nasty bruise seemed fainter. "Will you stay for dinner tonight?" she

asked, making her way inside.

“No, sorry. I have too much work. But I wanted to see you for a bit.”

They seated themselves on the couch and spent a while chatting away, catching up, as they enjoyed the glass of fresh orange juice Na Min prepared for them.

But as time flowed by so blithely as always when he conversed with his mother, Mi Sung didn't come out of his office. Na Min informed them the dinner would be ready in ten minutes, and muted anxiety clawed at Taehyung's muscles. He had to talk to his father in private. Now.

He found an opportunity to rise to his feet when the conversation lapsed into silence. “I'll go greet father as well because I have to leave soon.”

“Okay.”

Taehyung headed to the office right away. He stood in front of the door and raised his fist, but Mi Sung's faint voice glaciated him just a millisecond before knocking. After a moment's standstill, he tipped closer and pressed his ear against the door.

“No. It has to be done this Friday. I have to sell the merchandise on Saturday.”

Taehyung's brows flinched in a frown at the extended silence.

“I don't care. It's not even a big amount.”

Drugs again? Who buys drugs from him? Taehyung thought in the next wave of quietness that ensued.

“Remember everything I did for you and try a little harder to produce the amount, hmm? It's just five million worth of goods. And I should be a priority to you.”

Taehyung adjusted his posture, placing his palm on the door beside his head. His rapid heartbeat naturally increased his breathing, and he strove to keep it under control.

“I know. I remember what I said. Maybe we're not friends anymore, but we're still business partners, Hyun Joon-ssi. So help me out.”

Taehyung's eyes bulged, his heart giving off a bigger explosion at the sound of *his* name.

“Okay, thank you. See you on Friday.”

Taehyung detached himself from the door at a creep and scurried away on tiptoe without making his presence known. His father indeed bought drugs from Jungkook's father. But they seemed to have a history with everything he heard Mi Sung say.

He couldn't ask him about his relationship with Hyun Joon now. It would only make him look suspicious. And what if he canceled their meeting because of his sudden questioning about him? He couldn't let that happen because then he wouldn't be able to follow him as he was planning to.

He halted abruptly at the end of the hallway. *I have to greet him, though. Maybe my mother will say something to him.* With this thought, he rotated and dragged his feet back to his office. He only managed to knock once before the door slid open.

Mi Sung flickered an eyelid at his unexpected presence. “Why are you here?”

“Um, I came to see mom. I was about to leave, so I thought I should greet you first.” He witnessed the scarce tension in his expression dissolving into apathy. “Father,” he rushed to say as he noticed he was about to leave. “Please tell me if you know something about Jungkook. Help me clear his name.”

Mi Sung maintained his stillness for a second, Taehyung perceived, then he resumed his way to the living room. His shoulders slumped in defeat as he trailed behind him. He said goodbye to his mother with a long hug and stepped out of the house.

He slipped into his car and sighed softly as he cranked the engine. *I should probably tell Jungkook about this. He'll be so mad if I follow him by myself.*

He turned on the radio and flicked through the stations until a soothing instrumental rang in the car. *But there's no point following him if I can't hear anything they say.* All air was thrust out of him with the deep breath he released at his thoughts.

Throughout the short ride, Taehyung's mind was a mess of raging thoughts, trying to conceive a way to deploy the new information he had and help Jungkook.

No, I won't do something stupid. I promised Jungkook I'll be super careful. I'll tell him what I heard and we'll see. Taehyung nodded absently. That was the right thing to do.

He reached the outdoor parking lot of his apartment building and turned off the engine. His vision narrowed at the entrance, where two men were standing, viewing the bells. With a mental shrug, he got out of his car and pattered to the door. “Excuse me,” he whispered and waited for them to step aside. But they didn't.

Instead, both stared him down, mute, and a tide of trepidation crashed over him. His features contorted with alarm against his will, and he took a tiny step back.

“Kim Taehyung?”

Fuck, his urge to flee rose dangerously within his gut. His throat closed off with dryness, and just as he retreated a few inches more, he discerned a cordial smile blooming on the one man's face through the haze of dread cloaking his sight.

“Don't be scared. We're detectives.” He presented his badge to him, and his partner followed his lead. “We're here for you. Can we ask a few things?”

Taehyung felt his breath return to him. With all the surrealistic things that kept happening to him, he was so easily scared and unable to trust anyone. “Um, about what?”

“Your father.”

Another kind of nervousness painted hard creases all around his face. “My father? Why?”

“We'll explain everything. Can we come upstairs?”

“Okay.” His curiosity to know what this was about overrode anything else, and he soon ushered them to his apartment, which was on the third floor.

Once inside, Taehyung gestured them to sit on the couch, and he settled down across from them.

"I'm detective Soo Jae Sin and this is detective Park Won Woo from violent crimes unit one. We're gathering information about Kim Mi Sung, so we just want to ask a few things."

"Okay. But why?"

"On March five, a thirteen-year-old girl was found dead at an abandoned building. A few days before the murder, she was admitted to the hospital your father is working at by a passerby who found her unconscious on the street. They discharged her. Your father personally. But she wasn't seen leaving the hospital."

Taehyung gulped as his pulse spiked at the instant realization that they were talking about the girl Jungkook had supposedly killed. Thirteen-year-old girl was found dead at an abandoned building five months ago. It had to be her.

It was challenging to tame his anxiety so he wouldn't seem suspicious. Taehyung just wasn't made for this; even the tiniest thing could quicken his pulse. He only hoped he disguised it enough. "Um, okay. Did you talk to him about it?"

"Of course." Jae Sin nodded. "He said the CCTV glitches sometimes, and some footage doesn't get saved. She was discharged normally, he said. We just want to know more about Kim Mi Sung."

"I... I don't know how I can help. We're not that close. I moved out about a year ago, so we barely see each other."

"Is he a good father?"

"Not really," he muttered thoughtlessly. "I mean, he's not abusive. He just doesn't care that much. He had different expectations about my life choices. That doesn't necessarily make him a bad father."

"I see. Anything weird you've noticed when you lived together? Or even recently, if you met at all?"

"No, nothing. He was rarely home because of work. Sorry I can't help you much. He's my father and I feel like... I don't know him at all."

"It's okay. Thank you for your time."

"Wait," he said, stopping them from standing up. "You said the girl wasn't seen leaving the hospital in the CCTV. Did someone see her leave?"

"We can't disclose information about an ongoing investigation," Won Woo said. "We only told you a few details to explain the reason for our visit."

"But it involves my father. Is he a suspect of something?"

"No, don't worry."

"Okay. But why... did you come now? It's been five months since the murder."

"We recently took over the case because the previous team didn't do a proper job," Jae Sin informed. "I'm the team leader. If you have anything else that can help us, please give me a call anytime." He fished a card with his information from his pocket and slid it to him.

"Okay."

Both rose from their seat and bowed. "Thank you again," Jae Sin smiled. "Goodnight."

Taehyung hurriedly stood to bow. "Goodnight." He spectated as the two left his apartment, and he flopped back onto the couch with a puff of air spewing from his lungs.

This is so fucked up. Is my father really involved in this? He jerked to an upright stance, but ceased every movement as his eyes landed on the clock on the wall. *It's too late to go to Jungkook now. But he'll be so happy if I surprise him. And I can skip a day of work now.*

With an excited smile taking over his features, Taehyung snatched his car keys and scuttled out of the apartment. He used the elevator to go to the ground floor and resumed his way to the exit. He reached out to open the door but stilled as his eyes caught a familiar BMW parked outside.

He couldn't possibly drive to Jungkook's hideout now. He wouldn't be able to evade whoever was following him. He receded back to his apartment with a quiver of fury hastening his steps. *I told him to stop. What the fuck does he want?*

He burst inside and dug his phone out of his pocket, then called his father. Although it took a while, his voice sounded in his ear.

"Yes?"

"I told you to tell your man to stop following me. What are you trying to do exactly?" Taehyung heard him talk to his mother briefly, asking her if she wanted something to drink. Then, a few seconds of silence ticked on.

"Taehyung. I didn't put anyone to follow you. I was confused when you said that the last time, but I was too mad to care about it."

Taehyung's blaze of anger melted away, and instead, mystification took its place. "Are you telling me the truth? Someone's following me around, father. This is serious."

"Yes, I'm telling you the truth. And it is serious. It has to have something to do with Jeon Jungkook. You'll only face problems as long as you keep in contact with him. And I'm sure you keep in contact with him, so don't try to deny it. Trust me when I say you should stay away from him."

Taehyung slipped into a fog of contemplation. *It has something to do with Jungkook? Why? How?* An unconscious sigh fell from his lips. "Why are you saying this again? Tell me what you know."

"Just... Just stay away from him. You don't want to get involved with the Jeon family. Bye."

"Father—" Taehyung stared at the phone as Mi Sung hung up on him. *Why is he saying this? Because Hyun Joon is dealing drugs? Fuck, why isn't he telling me anything?*

His internal battle of frustration died down with Jungkook's remembrance. He had told him he would call later, but he couldn't narrate everything he found out and that happened through the phone. So he chose to tell him everything was fine instead, that he would definitely visit him tomorrow afternoon, and that they would talk about everything in detail in person.

Taehyung snuggled up closer to his baby, relishing the fumes of warmth radiating from him.

While the other three instantly questioned him about what happened with his father yesterday,

Jungkook clasped Taehyung's hand and dragged him to his room, leaving behind an annoyed, "Later." He hadn't seen him for a whole day. He had to savor him as much as possible first, and then they could talk about whatever all together.

Jungkook held him against his body with a strong arm as he left mellow kisses on his rosebud lips. Content smiles adorned their faces, and ripples of fullness kept striking their hearts. Just being with him was so... heavenly. There wasn't a better word to describe that feeling.

"I'm curious," Taehyung uttered between sweet kisses. "What are you doing here all day? How do you spend your time?"

"Thinking about you, of course."

Taehyung giggled mildly, pecking his lips again. "So corny."

"Yeah, but you like it."

"I like everything about you."

Jungkook's eyes glimmered with fondness as he traced caresses over his back. "Me too. And I just hang out with my hyungs, watch TV, and exercise. I'm so much more comfortable here, though. I don't have to wear a mask."

"Yeah, why didn't you stay in a house like this on Jeju Island?"

"We thought it would be better to blend in. The police only knew my name, anyway, so my hyungs were safe. They bought the hostel and ran it. We had a few more men with us to help who didn't know I was there, so I couldn't stay in the same room with them and my hyungs. And I didn't want to, to be honest. I wanted my space. That's why I had a room for myself."

Taehyung listened intently as he stroked his bare back with light swipes of his fingers. "How come they let three strangers live with you, though?"

"We thought about it a lot. You were supposed to stay in another room when a group would leave, but they asked to extend their stay. It was two days before you guys would arrive. Seokjin hyung said it wasn't right to cancel last minute. That's why they switched your room."

"Couldn't you just tell the others they couldn't stay longer?"

"Yes, but they were too pushy. They were asking to show them where this rule that they couldn't stay longer was written and stuff. Yoongi hyung didn't want to deal with them, so he just said yes."

Taehyung grimaced in reproach. "Ugh, I hate these people."

"Yeah," Jungkook snorted. "But I'm grateful to them, actually. That's how you ended up staying with me. And that's how I became the happiest man alive."

Taehyung's smile deepened, and he smashed a kiss on his mouth. "True. I remember when I was trying to guess why you were wearing a mask. I can't believe you indeed ended up being a criminal. Although wrongfully accused, but still."

"I peeked at you for the first time when you said that. And I was too shocked by how pretty you were to care about anything else," Jungkook said, voice flavored with gentleness and a tinge of playfulness.

“It can’t be compared with my shock when I finally saw your face in the private bathroom. You deprived me of such a breathtaking sight for so many days. I don’t think I can ever forgive you for that.”

A chuckle buzzed in Jungkook’s throat at the recognition of his lilting tune coiled around a thread of teasing. “What should I do so you can forgive me, hmm? You have no idea how much I wanted to yank away the shirt I had used to blindfold you that night in the storage room. I wanted to see you watch me. Wait, that sounds so wrong.”

Another wave of giggles flowed through the room by Taehyung at his cuteness. “Yes, but I know what you mean. I can forgive you if... if after everything, you take me to the beach for a walk to watch the sunset.”

The unexpected request tugged at Jungkook’s brows, curving them upwards slightly, as a tender smile crawled over his lips. “That sounds like a date.”

“If you don’t want to—”

“Are you crazy?” Jungkook cut him off in the softest way possible. “Baby, after everything, I promise we’ll have as many dates as you want. I’ll take you anywhere you want. I’ll give you anything you want. All you have to do is wait for me. And our first of many dates will be at the beach to watch the sunset together.”

Taehyung felt his stomach flutter and leap and lurch with a flood of fondness. This man... This man was *the* dream, and Taehyung didn’t want to wake up. “I love you, Jungkookie. I really... I just love you so much.”

“Me too, angel. I love you.” Jungkook sealed their sugary words with a deep kiss chock-full of affection. He pressed their naked chest harder together in that familiar need to feel more of him — everything of him, as his hand explored his body with caresses of endearment.

They ended the kiss with plenty of little slow pecks, smiling, and Taehyung breathed out blissfully. “I don’t want to ruin the mood... but we have to talk about what happened yesterday. I have some things to tell you I couldn’t through the phone.”

Jungkook planted another kiss on his lips. “I know,” he whispered. “Will you stay here the night, though?”

“Yes. But I have to leave early to open the store.”

“Okay. Let’s go to my hyungs then and we can have the whole night to ourselves.”

With a smile and a nod from Taehyung, they rolled off the bed, wore their shirts, and headed to the living room. They found all three there; Yoongi was sitting in the armchair as usual, the other two on the large couch, and they took their seat on the smaller couch to their left.

“Finally,” Yoongi muttered. “Did you talk to your father?”

“That’s... not important. The police came to my house.” His eyes roamed around their faces that wrung with shared bemusement and focused on Seokjin as he detected his effort to form words.

“Why?”

“To ask me about my father. They’re gathering information about him.”

“Okay, explain because I’m confused as fuck,” Jungkook let out with a harried chuckle.

“The girl... The thirteen-year-old girl who was murdered. She was admitted to the hospital my father is working at a few days before the murder. She was discharged by my father personally. But she wasn’t seen leaving the hospital. They told me my father said the CCTV often glitches and some footage doesn’t get saved.”

As the rest of them took a moment to process everything they heard, Namjoon already seemed to have a load of questions for him. “Did someone see her leave?”

“I asked the same thing. They didn’t tell me.”

“We have to see the footage,” Jungkook uttered.

“How, Jungkook? Namjoonie can’t hack a hospital’s security system. It’ll be too reinforced for him,” Seokjin pointed out.

“Let’s find someone who can.”

“Okay, wait,” Namjoon said. “Why did they come now? It’s been five months already.”

“They said they recently took over the case because the previous team didn’t do a proper job. Is it really possible to hack the security system? And if the police didn’t find something, why would we?”

“Maybe they didn’t have time to check the CCTV for any deleted footage, since they’re new to the case. They need a formal authorization for stuff like that which takes time. We don’t.” Jungkook wiggled his brows with a smug face.

“Okay. Let’s find out what happened to that girl.” Seokjin reached for his phone from the table and tapped a few things before he brought it to his ear.

“Seokjinie?”

“Hey, Chae Yoon-ah. How are you?”

“Good. You? What’s up? I haven’t heard from you in ages.”

“I know, sorry. So many things have happened. Anyway, I need something. You’ll get paid, of course.”

“Anything.”

“I need you to hack into a hospital’s security system. Is it possible?”

“Easiest thing ever. Now?”

“Great. Meet us in an hour outside of Samsung Medical Center.”

“You got it.”

Seokjin hung up with a satisfied smirk playing on his lips. “See? Easy.”

“Let’s go,” Yoongi said at once, and they all burst from their seats. Except Jungkook.

Taehyung noticed his stillness right away and glanced down at him. “Right. You can’t come,” he

said, subdued bitterness vibrating in his voice. "I'll stay here with you."

Jungkook smiled at his words and looped an arm around his frame when he sank back down into the couch. "Yeah?"

"Hmm. I'll always stay with you."

"Just don't start fucking like bunnies," Yoongi hissed, interrupting their sweet moment. "I'll call you."

Jungkook, although a tad vexed by his interruption, snorted. "We can do a lot in an hour, though."

"Horny assholes."

"You're just jealous!" Taehyung exclaimed, mockery dripping from his tone.

"Yeah, I am," he admitted in a mumble. "Keep your phone close."

The three disappeared, leaving behind exactly what Yoongi said; two horny men who truly strove not to jump each other during the one hour they had the house to themselves. It was the perfect opportunity, but they had a few more things to discuss in detail.

And that was what they did, sharing a myriad of hugs and kisses in between, of course. Taehyung also told him about whoever that was following him, that his father seemed to have no knowledge or relation to this, and he was similarly dumbfounded at the revelation.

Their cuddling time on the couch ended at the ringing of Taehyung's phone, and he jolted out of his hug to grab it from the table. "Yoon is video calling." He accepted the call and held the phone in front of him as he scooted to rest his back against the couch.

Jungkook squinted his eyes at the phone. It showed the laptop's screen that had a filling bar and some other things he couldn't understand. "What are we seeing?"

"I'm restoring the deleted files," Chae Yoon informed. "There's a lot of deleted footage for a hospital. It's not normal."

"Is it all from March five?"

"No. I restored two years of deleted footage."

"Why? Sounds like a waste of time," Jungkook murmured.

"Now it's done. It'll take two more minutes, anyway."

All eyes remained locked on the filling bar, watching as it went up by a percentage so painstakingly. Chae Yoon tipped closer to the screen at a glacial pace when it reached 99% and flopped back with a whiffle as a folder with all the deleted footage popped up.

"Finally," Jungkook breathed out.

Chae Yoon typed into the search bar the wanted date and clicked on the first video. It showed the indoor parking lot area, sighting towards the elevator doors. The said doors slid open seconds later, and Mi Sung appeared, holding a little girl's hand.

Taehyung became fidgety at once, his heart rattling against his ribcage, his eyes double their size. “What the fuck? What the fuck?” he chanted in a restless murmur.

“She’s smiling...” Namjoon observed.

Chae Yoon clicked on the second video once they strolled off his vision. Another part of the parking lot was displayed on the screen, and the two soon emerged, sauntering towards a car. Mi Sung seemed to tell her something with a sweet smile on his face and then opened the door for her.

Yoongi adjusted his posture, shifting his phone to the other hand as it grew numb from holding it so the two at the hideout could see the footage as well. “Play the next video.”

Chae Yoon was about to do that, anyway. They saw the parking lot’s exit, then Mi Sung’s car speed away. Chae Yoon typed rapidly on his laptop to get access to the area’s CCTV.

Soon, the street view appeared, and he downloaded the saved files of that date. He played the first one, and they analyzed the footage in fast forward like hawks until Mi Sung’s car sprang up. “Found them.” He played the footage at normal speed, following it through the cameras.

Seokjin jerked an inch forward, vision narrowing on the footage. “Wait.”

“You saw it too?” Namjoon asked as he twisted his head back.

“Yeah... Play the previous video.”

Chae Yoon did as he was told; it showed a clear view of Mi Sung and the girl.

“And now the next one.”

Chae Yoon obeyed again and paused it. In this footage, the girl was slumping to the side as if she weren’t conscious anymore. He zoomed on her face, and he easily concluded she was indeed unconscious.

“Did he drug her? When?” Namjoon asked.

No one seemed to have an answer for him, and Chae Yoon simply resumed the video. He switched to the next footage, but he couldn’t spot the car anymore. He checked every possible CCTV that could have caught him in vain. “He disappeared.”

“My father took her,” Taehyung whispered, his unfocused eyes hazing over even more. “Don’t tell me... he killed her.”

“Why would your father do this?” Jungkook asked. “He doesn’t have a reason.”

“What if he set this up with Kang Soo?”

At Yoongi’s guess, Taehyung’s stomach snarled in a detestable coil of shock because it made absolute sense. Was their friendship that strong for Mi Sung to help him frame an innocent person? Was it that strong to help him kill a poor thirteen-year-old girl? When did his father become such a monster?

Jungkook perceived Taehyung struggled to breathe properly, as if a ruthless knot were fastened around his neck. He set a delicate palm over his nape and brought his forehead to lean against the side of his head. “We don’t know anything for sure yet, baby. Calm down for me, hmm?” He showered his profile with palliative kisses and pulled back, slithering the phone out of Taehyung’s

loose hold. “Guys, we have to talk to him. Before the police finds out about this.”

“You’re right,” Yoongi sighed. His gaze passed over Namjoon, who was seated in the driver’s seat with Chae Yoon’s laptop in his lap. “Joon?”

Namjoon clicked and typed a few more things and expelled a quiet breath. “Kim Mi Sung sells drugs to his patients.”

“What?” Jungkook spewed.

“I watched the deleted footage while you were talking. Mi Sung met different people every day and multiple times a day to give them a loaded envelope. I ID’ed them, and they were all admitted to the hospital and treated by Mi Sung.”

Taehyung buried his scrunched-up face into his quivery hands, on the verge of breaking down. “He sells... He sells drugs to his patients... The chief of cardiothoracic surgery sells fucking drugs to his patients.”

A heavy stretch of silence cloaked them at Taehyung’s devastated voice. They all knew what a shock must be for him to find out everything he thought about his father was false, and it pained Jungkook the most to see him that wrecked.

Jungkook could only cradle him and soothe him with caresses of his lips on his head. “We have to find out what’s his relationship with my father as well. Kang Soo and my father are enemies. Is he doing business with both at the same time? And why?”

“I heard him...” Taehyung mumbled. He rubbed the shimmering tears off his eyes before they could fall and unfolded his torso. “I went to ask him about Hyun Joon and I heard him talk on the phone with him. They’ll meet this Friday.”

“In two days,” Seokjin reflected. “To buy drugs from him?”

“Yes. Five-million worth of goods. They seemed to have a history. My father said, ‘Maybe we’re not friends anymore, but we’re still business partners.’”

Jungkook nodded slowly. “I have to talk to Mi Sung myself.”

“How?” Taehyung asked. “You can’t leave the house.”

“Yeah, but we can take Mi Sung to him,” Yoongi said.

“There’s no way he’ll come with you,” Taehyung scoffed weakly, but at the prolonged quietness that followed, his face filled with little furrows. “You don’t mean... You’ll kidnap him?”

“We’ll just escort him by force to the hideout,” Yoongi said with a shrug. “And of course we have to cover his eyes so he won’t see the route we’ll take.”

“That’s kidnapping!”

“I have to question him, baby.” Jungkook kissed his wrinkled forehead. “I promise I won’t hurt him. I just want to question him. And you can’t be in the room, obviously. It’s better if he doesn’t know you’re meeting me. Although from what you told me before, he already knows that.”

“What does this mean?” Namjoon asked.

“I told my father to tell his man to stop following me around, and he knew nothing about it. He

said it has to have something to do with Jungkook and that I have to stay away from him.”

“Shit,” Yoongi muttered. “If he didn’t put someone to follow you, who did?”

Everyone seemed equally clueless and confused. So many questions emerged with their findings and not a single one definite answer to anything.

But the most gut-wrenching question for Taehyung was only one. Did his father really help someone kill a thirteen-year-old girl? And if yes — if he was indeed such a disgusting being — why?



Chapter End Notes

Thank you for sticking with me and this book

Five chapters left

I'll Always Be Here

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Yoongi drove towards Mi Sung's house in the afternoon, with Namjoon tailing him. He had two of their men with him, who were armed, to be safe everything would go according to the plan.

Yoongi turned right into the single road that led to the wanted house and parked his car in the loft, as Namjoon parked close to the said road. They knew from Taehyung that his father usually drove his Mercedes, but they had a photo of all of his cars, just in case.

Both in position, they spent an hour doing nothing but waiting. They communicated through a call, and Yoongi often texted back to Jungkook, who was asking every two minutes if they had news.

"Jeon Jungkook is so annoying," Yoongi muttered as he jabbed his finger into the screen, sending him another text that said they had nothing yet.

Namjoon snorted, eyes scanning the passing cars. "He's just nervous. And it's almost eight now, so he can appear at any moment," he pointed out.

"Keep your eyes open."

"Always."

Namjoon maintained his vigilance steady, his stance poised, one hand holding the wheel. His gaze flitted along with the endless cars that drove past him, on the verge of dizzying him.

Soon, his brows squeezed together as he caught a car slowing down with its right blinker flickering. "He's here. Be ready." He cranked the engine and sped away, then veered into the road just seconds after him.

Yoongi, with the engine on, kept his eyes locked on the road until Mi Sung's car popped up. A roaring noise sounded from his car as he backed up instantly to block Mi Sung's way.

Tires screeched against the asphalt as both Mi Sung and Namjoon hit the brakes. Mi Sung, specifically, produced a gasp when his seatbelt dug into his torso as he didn't expect the sudden halt.

His frantic eyes darted all around and his breath quickened at the sight of two masked men rushing towards him. He sank back into his seat, unconsciously wishing he could magic away from there somehow. He flinched as the door was yanked open, and he threw his hands in the air the moment he realized a gun was pointed at him.

"Get out."

Mi Sung remained frozen stiff, panting. Although he was associated with the underworld, he had never used his gun and never had someone pointing a gun at him, either. "What—What is going on?"

"Get. Out."

With his chin tucked into his chest, Mi Sung coerced his body into moving from its overwhelming fright. He got out of the car at a glacial pace and stood still, shivering. He felt a ruthless grip on his wrist that forced his hand down, and he was found squashed against his car a second later. “What are you doing? Why—”

“Shut up,” the other guy growled as he tied his hands with a zip tie. He slipped a black, cottony sack over his head and hauled him towards Yoongi’s car.

“No! Let me go! Let me—” The feel of the gun’s barrel pressing against the side of his head strangled his distressed cries.

“If you make another sound, you’re dead.”

The other man dragged him forward and shoved him into the backseat. He got inside as well, as the other sat in the passenger seat.

Namjoon drove Mi Sung’s car further into the loft to hide it and returned to his seat with a scurry. “Good?”

“Yeah. Ma Shin-ah, hold him down.”

Ma Shin snatched his nape and pushed him into the seat, as Namjoon and Yoongi maneuvered their cars into the main road.

Muffled grunts spewed from Mi Sung at the rough treatment, though his attention was solely focused on the familiarity of their voices. “Yoongi? You’re Yoongi, right? Why—Did Jungkook order you to do this? Why? What does he want from—”

“Shut up, man,” Yoongi spat out, vexation painting hard creases over his face. “Jungkook wants to talk to you.”

“You could have just asked me to come with you, then. This is kidnapping!”

“As if you would accept that,” he scoffed. “For now, shut up. Joon, I’ll hang up to call Jungkook.”

“Okay.”

Yoongi tapped on Jungkook’s name when the other ended the call, and it took only a second for him to answer.

“Is it done?”

“Yes, I have him with me.”

“This is kidnapping, Jeon Jungkook!” Mi Sung screamed from the top of his lungs.

“Yah!” Yoongi roared. “Can we fucking beat him?”

Jungkook’s mouth tightened with the remembrance of Taehyung. “No. At least not on his face.”

“If you scream again,” Ma Shin said, clutching his neck harder for a beat, “I’ll drill my elbow into your fucking stomach.”

“That’s the spirit,” Yoongi smirked. “Anyway, we’re coming.”

“Hurry.”

The one-hour ride was deadly silent. Mi Sung's anxiety had toned down by a lot since he found out the reason for his kidnapping and its instigator. But what Jungkook wanted to talk to him about was still a mystery and haunted him until the very moment the car skidded to a stop.

Ma Shin towed him out of the car and passed him to Jungkook, who was already waiting for them outside. Jungkook gripped his biceps and guided him into the house, then towards the office to his left.

He thrust him down onto the chair he had placed in the center and ripped the sack off his head. He viewed him as Mi Sung blinked and inspected the office, and a gleam of a smirk curled up the corner of Jungkook's lips when their eyes merged.

"What do you want, Jeon Jungkook?"

The said man retreated a notch until the back of his legs collided with the desk, and he leaned against it, folding his arms over his chest. "I have so many questions for you. But you know what? I get so mad when people lie to me," he said with a meretricious pout, pure taunt oozing out of the edges. "So please be honest with me. Because I might lose it if you lie to me."

There was a chilling dip in his inflection at his last statement that struck a path of shivers down Mi Sung's spine. He shouldn't be intimidated by a guy who was twenty-five years younger than him. It was absurd. But fuck, he couldn't help it. "Okay."

"Great. I'm sure you know my story, hmm? Someone killed a young girl and framed me for it."

"Yes. Kang Soo told me."

"I think you knew even before Kang Soo told you about it."

A lump of nervousness formed at the back of Mi Sung's throat as his gaze dove to the floor. "How would I know?"

A muscle in Jungkook's jaw twitched with the smirk that grazed his mouth again. "Because you took that girl to the place she was murdered."

Mi Sung's now bulging eyes sprinted to him as his body grew impossibly tense. "What are you talking about? How—Why would I—"

"Tsk, ts, ts. I told you I get mad when people lie to me, Kim Mi Sung. Don't act all surprised. You know exactly what I'm talking about."

"I don't," he flung back, voice coated in consternation.

Still preserving his facade of brashness, Jungkook pushed himself off the desk and shuffled closer with plodding steps. "Do you honestly believe I'm saying this with no proof?"

"There's no proof because—" A brutal grasp on his chin wrenched his head up and silenced his words.

Jungkook stared down at him as traces of wrath started cracking his derisive nonchalance, fingertips gouging into the ends of his jaw. "I restored the footage you deleted. I have the video of you leading that girl to your car on my phone, Kim Mi Sung. So you better start talking because I'm losing my patience."

"I—I don't know anything," he groaned, his forehead wrung in pain.

Jungkook released him with a cruel shove, nearly throwing him onto the floor. "If you don't talk, I'll send that video everywhere. You wouldn't want that, right? You have a reputation to preserve."

"There's no video. You're bluffing."

Jungkook huffed a laugh. He sneaked his phone that didn't contain a sim card out of his pocket and tapped the play button. He turned the screen to him and reveled in the instant agitation that roiled in Mi Sung's eyes. "Unlike you, I *don't* lie," he mocked. "So talk. Before I spread this in the whole South Korea." He pocketed his phone. "Where did you take her, and why?"

Mi Sung gulped as defeat dropped over his shoulders like a veil. "Someone asked me to take that girl to an abandoned building and leave her there. I don't know anything else."

Jungkook felt his big button type phone vibrate in his pocket and slid it out. His vision narrowed as he detected Taehyung texted him.

Taehyung: My mother just called me. The police are at her house with an arrest warrant for my father. I'm going there now.

Jungkook stuffed his phone back into its place. "Who asked you?"

"I don't know. It was an anonymous call. He said he'll pay me one billion for this."

"So you weren't with Kang Soo that night. You were too busy taking a little girl to an abandoned building to get her killed."

"I didn't know he would kill her!" Mi Sung exclaimed, genuine affront pouring from his rowdy eyes. "I didn't know anything. I swear. I just wanted the money. And I met Kang Soo right after at our usual bar. I can't prove it because the cameras at the bar are fake."

Jungkook pondered over his little story with a harsh frown. "What time did you meet?"

"Um," Mi Sung murmured as he thought back to that night. "I think... No, I'm sure it was around nine. I left an hour early from the hospital to take the girl to the location. I remember it was far from the hospital. And it took me about an hour to arrive at the bar."

"Was anyone at the building when you took the girl there?"

"No, it was empty."

"Was she conscious?"

"No. I had drugged her bottle of water with a strong sedative. She was out with a single sip."

Jungkook perused his structured expression with vestiges of anxiety adorning it. "Do you really not know anything else?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't believe you. And neither will the cops."

"Don't—Don't show this to them," Mi Sung begged as a new turmoil rampaged in his gut. "I really don't know anything. I can pay you."

A resonant scoff dripped from Jungkook's mouth. "Money is the last thing I need right now. I need the truth."

Mi Sung whiffed in despair. "I told you the truth. Let me go."

"The police already have an arrest warrant for you. They probably found the footage themselves."

Mi Sung's head collapsed as a ravaging feeling of doom pierced through his chest. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," he chanted in a murmur. "I need to deal with this. Take me back."

"Tell me how you got into dealing drugs first."

"It started... four years ago. Kang Soo had come to the hospital I'm working at about ten years ago. He was stabbed in the chest. There was a complication during surgery, and they called me to help. Anyway, we became friends. A lot of my patients got hooked on the medication I gave them, and they came back asking for more. At first, I told them it was absurd to ask a doctor for drugs and sent them away. Then four years ago, someone told me he would pay me if I gave him morphine. And I did. It started by selling them morphine. And soon I started selling them Kang Soo's drugs."

Jungkook frowned subtly as he finished talking. *Why isn't he mentioning my father? Fuck, I can't ask him about it. They have a meeting tomorrow. They shouldn't cancel it. If he doesn't end up in jail, of course.* He reached for the sack from the floor and stood in front of him. "Yoongi will drive you back."

"Is this thing necessary?" Mi Sung groaned as Jungkook slipped the sack over his head.

"Of course. You already ratted me to the cops once. And I'm having a very hard time forgetting about this." He yanked him to his feet and dragged him out of the room. "Why did you do it, by the way?"

"I needed to keep you away from my son."

"Why?"

"Because I know you and your father. I've heard how ruthless you both are from Kang Soo."

Jungkook shoved him into Ma Shin's hold, who was waiting for him in the living room with his three hyungs and Woo Jin. "As far as I remember, you were the one who hit his son. I would never hurt Taehyung."

As Mi Sung maintained his silence, Ma Shin ushered him outside after he received a nod from Jungkook, with Woo Jin trailing behind them.

"Taehyung said the police are at his parents' house with an arrest warrant for his father."

"They probably found out about the CCTV, right?" Namjoon guessed.

"Yeah. Yoon, bring Taehyung here once you drop Mi Sung off."

"Okay. I'll be back."

Hee Jin burst out of her seat at the ding that signaled the opening of the gates. Taehyung, who was sitting beside her, arose too, along with the two detectives who were waiting for him.

Hee Jin opened the door and hastened to embrace him, her firm hold conveying her restlessness. “What is going on, Mi Sung-ah?”

Mi Sung patted her back. “Don’t worry. Everything will be okay.” He drew back and bowed to the detectives. “I’m sorry for taking so long.”

“We went to the hospital, and they said you had left,” Jae Sin said. “Where were you?”

“The father of a friend was in a bad condition and he asked me to check on him, so I went to his house.”

Jae Sin nodded and presented to him the paper he was holding. “Kim Mi Sung, you’re under arrest for obstruction of justice.”

“What did you do, Mi Sung-ah?” Hee Jin asked, barely able to confine her tears.

“It’s just a misunderstanding. Don’t worry. Just call my lawyer.”

Won Woo declared him his rights as he fastened the handcuffs and guided him to their car. Jae Sin regarded the worry in Hee Jin’s expression, but his brows flinched mildly as he glimpsed at Taehyung. He was agitated too, he observed, but not even close enough to the level his mother was. As if... he knew why this was happening. And the two detectives hadn’t mentioned the reason for his arrest.

Before he could question him, Hee Jin held on to his forearm with pleading eyes. “Can I come too? I want to be with him.”

“You won’t be able to see him until we finish with the questioning.”

“It’s okay. I’ll wait outside.”

“Okay then.”

Hee Jin turned to her son. She enfolded him in her arms, clasping him. “Will you come too?”

“No, I... He’ll have you there. And we can’t see him, anyway. But call me when you have news.”

“Okay, baby.”

Taehyung offered her a smile that embodied an awkward contour. The said smile hardened when his eyes met with Jae Sin’s probing ones, and he glanced away from him. “Let’s go, hmm?”

After Hee Jin grabbed her bag, they exited the house. She took her car to go to the police station and also called their lawyer, as Taehyung drove to his house.

Yoongi had texted him, telling him he would wait for him at his house, and Taehyung had been an ever bigger anxious mess since then. They had kidnapped his father, but since he didn’t espy any bruises on him or signs of pain, it could only mean Jungkook had kept his word, thankfully.

Upon arriving, Taehyung rushed out of his car and immediately slid into Yoongi’s. “What happened?”

“I don’t know. Jungkook will tell us when we get there,” Yoongi said as he sped away. “Why did they arrest your father?”

“For obstruction of justice. It has to do with the CCTV, right?”

“Yeah, that’s what we thought too. Seokjin hyung has an acquaintance who’s an officer, so we’ll find out what happened first.”

Taehyung nodded as he slunk into his seat a notch more. The rest of the ride was mostly silent as the thought of meeting Jungkook again prevailed over anything else. The whole situation had stressed him out more than he believed, and all he wanted was to nest into his embrace and never leave.

A tremor of eagerness coiled around Taehyung’s limbs at the sight of Jungkook pacing outside of the hideout, and both scurried to mesh their bodies into a tight hug.

Jungkook interpreted his harried state at once and caressed his back with reassuring swipes as he clutched him with the other. “It’s okay, angel. I’m here now, hmm? You know how much I love you, right? I’ll always be here.”

Taehyung turned into a boneless wreck in the comfort of his embrace and buried his face into the crook of his neck to lap up his pacifying, musky fragrance. “I know. Thank you.”

Jungkook smiled against the side of his head, where he drew loving little kisses. “I’m keeping you here tonight.”

“I wouldn’t leave even if you told me to.”

Jungkook untucked his face and cradled it, gazing at him with ultimate softness and a tinge of melancholy. “It’s too stressful, hmm?”

Taehyung gave three tiny nods, still clinging to him. “Seeing my mother like this... She had no idea what was happening and why. It’ll break her when she finds out who my father really is.”

Jungkook brushed his hair back and let his hand rest on his nape as he strung their foreheads together. “She’ll have you. You have to be strong for her, hmm? I know you can do it.”

His gently spoken words raised a fond smile from Taehyung, and he pressed their lips together. “You always calm me down. I’m so lucky to have you.”

Jungkook showered his smiling mouth with more kisses, eliciting quiet giggles from him. “I’m luckier.” With one more deep kiss, he snaked an arm around his waist and guided him into the house.

With everyone settled down in the living room, Jungkook narrated everything Mi Sung told him. A delicate hush emerged and enclosed them as all the new information sank in.

“I don’t believe him,” Namjoon said in a muted tone, as if vocalizing his thoughts absently. “I mean, I get one billion is a lot of money, but Mi Sung already makes a fortune. Why would he do that for a stranger? Something isn’t right.”

“My father was always greedy for money,” Taehyung said, still processing that his father indeed helped someone kill a little girl. He wasn’t as shocked as he believed he would be because a seed of suspicion was already planted in him with yesterday’s findings. “But I agree. I don’t believe him either. He knows more for sure.”

“Yeah,” Jungkook sighed. “For now, we have to wait and see. Seokjin hyung, call that guy. Maybe he has news.”

“He said he’ll call me.”

“Doesn’t matter. Just call him.”

Yoongi threw a glare at the younger as a disapproving groan burred in his throat. “You really need to learn how to be patient.”

Jungkook aimed a moue of mockery at him, but his focus jumped to Taehyung at the angelic giggle he released.

“You’re so cute,” Taehyung said through his suppressed laugh and squeezed him against his body.

Jungkook, now smiling fondly, planted a kiss on his forehead. The ringing of Seokjin’s phone reeled in everyone’s gaze, which grew a bit unsettled with anticipation.

Seokjin accepted the call and put it on speaker. “Hey, Bo Min-ssi.”

“Hey. I don’t have much time. Kim Mi Sung was released after a barely two-hour interrogation. He told them about Kang Soo. The detectives ascertained they were together that night through the CCTV around the neighborhood.”

“What did he say about Kang Soo?”

“That he’s his friend. Nothing about drugs, obviously. That’s all my friend from that police station got to find out. Oh, and that the chief of police got involved and ordered his men to let Mi Sung leave.”

“Okay, thank you.”

“Bye.”

A thin layer of haze cloaked Jungkook’s eyes as they stared vacantly at the table. “So Kang Soo... really didn’t do this?”

“Well, this only proves that Kang Soo wasn’t there at the moment the police raided the place,” Namjoon said. “We know the girl died between eight and eleven at night. You went there around ten. Since Kang Soo met Mi Sung around nine, he could have ordered someone to kill her instead. He could still have planned all this.”

“But if he really planned this,” Yoongi put in, “would he have gone out for drinks with his friend? I mean, what level of insensitivity is this? He needed to monitor the situation.”

“That’s true too,” Jungkook muttered, his shoulders slumping in convoluted defeat.

Taehyung’s gloomy eyes surfed around their contemplative countenances, feeling the heaviness in the surrounding air stifle him. “Let’s take it one step at a time, okay? We learned as much as we could from my father. Now, let’s focus on his meeting with Hyun Joon.”

“Yeah, what should we do about that?” Seokjin asked.

“How about we put a tracker in my father’s car?” Taehyung suggested. “So we can monitor him from a safe distance. And if it’s possible... something to hear what they’ll be saying?”

Jungkook cracked a smile with a notion of amusement. “Where did you hear about all this, huh?”

Taehyung chuckled. “I’ve watched a lot of movies.”

“That’s a good idea, though,” Namjoon said. “They won’t tell us about their relationship on their own. So we have to find out ourselves.”

“How will you do it?” Taehyung asked.

“Tomorrow, I’ll go to your parents’ house to install the tracker.”

“But there are cameras. They’ll see you. And if you pass the gate, the security alarm will go off.”

“Don’t worry,” Yoongi said reassuringly. “Namjoon will deactivate their security system for two minutes. It’s enough time.”

“What if he takes a different car?” Seokjin asked.

“I’ll put a tracker in every car to be safe.”

“Can Namjoonie do this, though?” Taehyung asked, tentative. “He couldn’t hack the hospital’s security system.”

“That’s because it was reenforced,” Namjoon explained. “Your parents will probably be using a standard security system. If not, we’ll just call Chae Yoon.”

“Great,” Jungkook said. “Now that everything is sorted out, I’ll take my man and leave.” He scooped up the said man, who yelped at the unexpected action, and carried him to their room, ignoring his hyungs’ laughs.

Taehyung giggled throughout the transfer and retained his beam as the other laid him on the bed and mounted him. “I love you so much, Jungkookie.”

“I love you too, angel.” Jungkook sealed their lips in a tender kiss as he latched onto him, and they spent the rest of the night cuddling, chatting, sharing multiple moments of ecstasy, and doing everything all over again before their eyes closed against their will.



Chapter End Notes

The long-awaited meeting will take place tomorrow! See you then

Four chapters left

To A New Life

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung, lying on his side in the king-size bed, admired the perfection that was Jungkook as he slipped into his boxers after another one of their sinful moments.

They had spent the whole day together; they lolled in the bed, ate the pancakes Jungkook prepared with Taehyung drooling over him since he enjoyed walking around shirtless, showered together, had plenty of rounds of blazing sex, ate lunch all together, and locked into their room for the rest of the day.

Taehyung was in heaven, really. During the dreamy hours they relished together, they were enclosed in a bubble of bliss, blotting out every dreg of the reality. There was nothing but love and content, and Taehyung didn't even realize how time passed.

Jungkook, of course, was similarly blissful. Truly, there wasn't a moment in his life before that he was *this* happy. And with Taehyung looking like a fucking dream, even when doing nothing, he loathed just the thought of getting back to his ordinary life.

He wanted his life to comprise and revolve only around Taehyung, his smile, and his needs. It was a sudden change — he knew it — but that was what his heart craved now. A life with Taehyung. And he couldn't fight that necessity.

Jungkook plopped down into the bed and snuggled up to Taehyung, gleaming smiles embellishing their faces. "Have I told you how much I love you today?"

"Hmm, I think only a million times," Taehyung said playfully and leaned to kiss him, but they had trouble keeping their lips united as laughter pulled on the corners of their mouths.

"I do, though. So much."

"I know. And I love you too. I don't want to go back to my apartment." Suddenly, any particle of mirth was replaced by a deep pout as he gave him the most endearing puppy eyes he could manage.

Jungkook snatched his adorable face in a gentle hold on his chin. "Stop being so cute. You'll kill me, baby." He peppered loving kisses all around his pouty expression, successfully wiping it off and inducing an outpouring of dulcet giggles from him. "And you shouldn't be saying this because I'm really this close to keeping you here hostage."

"Please do. I don't want to sleep or wake up without you again. Am I too clingy?"

"Yeah, but I'm so much more." Jungkook claimed his lips, but Taehyung's unresponsiveness caused him to draw apart. "What is it?"

A new kind of fondness blossomed in Taehyung's eyes as he laid them on him after a moment's rumination. "I just remembered... that night. I asked you, 'I'm crazy, right?' And you said—"

"Yeah," he cut him off in a muted tone, punctuated with gentleness, "but I'm so much more. I remember everything so vividly with you."

Taehyung traced tender caresses over his back as he pecked his lips. “You have no idea how excited and anxious I was when you motioned me to follow you out of the room.”

“Me too, to be honest. I didn’t know what I was doing. I just wanted to feel you. I had told myself it would be a onetime thing. Just to get my unholy thoughts about you off my head. But I was so wrong. I only wanted more after that night.”

Taehyung’s brows creased in an amused sort of frown. “What unholy thoughts? Nothing had happened—oh,” he breathed out as realization thundered down on him. “You had gawked at my thighs a few days ago.”

“Yeah,” Jungkook snorted. “I jerked off to you. Twice. I wanted to lick them and fuck them—fuck.” He ground against him as a twitch of heat rushed through his groin, his grip on his hips tightening.

“Fuck indeed, because now I’m hard,” Taehyung uttered between the sugary kisses he painted on his lips.

“We don’t have time, angel. It’s almost six thirty.”

Taehyung’s chest deflated with a silent breath as all excitement burned off gradually at the reminder. “I’m nervous, Jungkookie. What if something goes wrong?”

Jungkook held his cheek in a secure palm. His eyes exuded such a fond reassurance, designed only for his baby. “As long as I’m with you, you have nothing to be worried about. I’ll make sure you’re safe at all times. Although, it would be better if you didn’t come with us, as so many times I’ve already said—”

“Shush.” Taehyung punched a kiss onto his lips. “I want to hear everything too. I can’t believe Yoongi and Namjoon pulled this off without getting caught.”

“We’re professionals, Tae. Installing a tracker is child’s play.”

Taehyung smiled. “You’re so hot when you say these things. But to be honest, you’re hot all the time.”

“Hmm, stop praising me,” he purred and mouthed at his lower lip. “You’ll get me hard again.”

“Okay, okay. We need to get up now because I’m seconds away from undressing you and riding you like there’s no tomorrow.”

A string of chuckles flowed through Jungkook’s mouth and he squeezed him. “I’ll remember this for the next time I’ll have you in my bed. For now, let’s get ready.”

And they did. Jungkook wore a long-sleeve shirt, grabbed his mask and a black hat and headed to the living room with Taehyung beside him.

“We were about to call you,” Namjoon said. “Are you ready?”

“Yes.” Jungkook nodded. “Mi Sung is still at the hospital, right?”

Namjoon glanced down at the map displayed on his phone with a red dot flickering. “Yes. We need an hour to reach civilization, so let’s go.”

“Wait,” Taehyung let out as his unquiet eyes absorbed the gun Yoongi just tucked into the holster

that was hooked on the waistband of his pants. “Why... do you have a gun?”

“Just in case,” Yoongi reassured.

Jungkook tugged his baby against his chest and placed a delicate kiss on his head. “He won’t use it, angel. Don’t worry. It’s for our protection.” He sensed Taehyung nod against him and withdrew to interlock their hands. “Let’s go.”

...

Yoongi parked five minutes away from the hospital, waiting until the red dot on Namjoon’s phone would finally start moving. Unlike usual, Mi Sung was still at the hospital at eight, and they detected he left about thirty minutes later.

They tailed him with a five-minute distance as he drove away from the bustling city. No words were exchanged throughout the ride; Jungkook silently cradled Taehyung as they were sitting in the backseat, Seokjin, who was seated with them gazed out the window, Namjoon kept his eyes fastened on the screen of his phone, and Yoongi focused on driving, with the now scarce streetlights making his task more difficult.

“He stopped,” Namjoon said.

Yoongi decreased speed and pulled over to the side of the secluded road. “Turn the volume up.”

Namjoon tapped on the speaker icon to unmute the sound and slipped the phone into the holder.

“—favorite surgeon, how are you?”

Jungkook’s brows sank low over his eyes at his father’s voice. The fact that these two had a relation he had no idea about still didn’t sit well with him in the slightest. He shed his mask and hat and leaned a tad forward.

“Hyun Joon-ssi. Things are serious. Do you know that our sons met?”

“Ah, yes, I do. Your son helped my Jungkookie find Kang Soo. I could never imagine you would hide him in your own cottage. But he’s your best friend, huh? It’s reasonable.”

“I want this to be the last time we do business together.”

The five men shared a few bewildered looks at the silence that fell over them.

“Why?”

“I want you and your son away from my family. And my friendship with Kang Soo is stronger than you think. I want to protect it. I should have never started business with you.”

“You betrayed your precious friend the moment you got in contact with me to buy my drugs, Mi Sung-ah. What’s the point of trying to do the right thing now?”

“No. I didn’t betray him. That’s just business.”

“Then why haven’t you told him about our business together?”

“Because I know he won’t like it.”

“Exactly. Because it *is* betrayal. We can be better friends than you and Kang Soo.”

“We’ll never be friends again. Not after what you did.”

“Oh, come on! Don’t be so sensitive.”

“Your son fucking kidnapped me.”

A gyre of something utterly vile growled in Jungkook’s gut and his heartbeat notched up its rhythm unwittingly.

“Why?”

“He asked me about the girl. I told him someone told me to leave her at an abandoned building. He kept asking if I know anything else.”

That detestable gyre inflicted numbing goosebumps all over Jungkook’s existence that froze his breath for a second, then it launched it into overdrive. “Why the fuck... Why is he...” The shock bombarding him relentlessly impeded him from structuring his thoughts and completing the horrifying speculations that leaped into his mind.

“You know, Mi Sung-ah... You’re the only person who’s involved in this story and I haven’t killed yet. I only kept you alive because of our business and how much you helped me. But maybe you’re too dangerous to stay alive.”

Everyone plunged into a mire of stupefaction at once, but Jungkook’s was so consuming it throttled him. His brain endeavored to digest the words and change their meaning into something else — anything other than what they actually meant.

Because how the fuck could he live knowing that his father was the one who ordered Mi Sung to take the girl to that abandoned building, killed her, and even *framed* him for it? No, he couldn’t bear such treachery. He really couldn’t.

“Hyun Joon-ssi. I—I didn’t say anything. I protected you until the end. And I’ll never give you away, no matter what. Don’t—Don’t d-do this.”

“Is he really ready to kill him?” Taehyung spewed, voice bathed in consternation and heart raging in his chest.

“Fuck, Jungkook,” Seokjin spluttered. “Your father...”

“How can I trust you, huh?” Their bulging eyes focused on the phone once Hyun Joon’s voice was heard. “You’re even best friends with Kang Soo, my biggest enemy. You were on the verge of crying when I said I wanted to use my son to kill him.”

“Yoongi, go there now,” Jungkook demanded, words ground out through clenched teeth, as he grasped Yoongi’s seat so hard his fingers ached.

As Yoongi sped away instantly, Taehyung observed Jungkook’s shaking body by his incensed nerves mixed with agony. He didn’t dare touch him or comfort him. He seemed on the edge of flying into a frenzy, and although all he wanted was to cocoon him in his embrace, he knew Jungkook needed his space.

The more he analyzed all the lies Hyun Joon said to his own son, the more infuriated Taehyung became, and he truly couldn’t imagine how Jungkook felt in that moment. All the lies he hurled at

his son, all the deception and hypocrisy for *months*. They made him feel so sick to his stomach even his head reeled.

“Please. Let’s end our partnership on good terms. You’ll never hear from me again. I’ll quietly live my life. I promise.”

Yoongi went above the speed limit, and in just a minute, he was turning right into the gravelly road.

Hyun Joon, holding his gun right against Mi Sung’s forehead, snapped his head at the roaring sound of the car. He lurched back and aimed at the car as it screeched to a halt in front of them. A blinding shock widened his eyes when he recognized the vehicle and took in the sight of his son stepping outside.

Jungkook’s contracted fists at his sides trembled with barely contained wrath as he scowled at the man who played him in the worst possible way. The stranglehold of betrayal around his neck only firmed up the longer he viewed him.

“Son? What are you doing here?” Hyun Joon lowered his gun as he examined his livid state. “What’s wrong?”

“We heard everything.” A ferocious growl cut his voice, making it shake like his body. “You framed me. Why?”

“What are you talking about?”

“We heard you! We planted a tracker with a microphone in Mi Sung’s car. We heard everything you just talked about. How the fuck could you do this to me? Why? Why?”

Hyun Joon’s veneer of ignorance grew harsh with aggravation. “Fuck. You’re smarter than I thought.”

Jungkook charged towards him in a burst of impulsive rage and clawed at his shirt. His brutal eyes slashed through him, blazing with a mixture of sickening emotions. “Why? Why did you do this to me?”

“A sacrifice had to be made, son. You—”

“Don’t fucking call me that. I’m not your son anymore, you lying piece of shit.” He jerked his arm back, ready to bash his fist against his face, but Hyun Joon ducked under it and sent him stumbling back with a kick to his stomach.

Jungkook lunged forward again, only to be stopped by the gun that Hyun Joon trained on him. He gripped it without a second thought and pressed his forehead against the barrel. “You made me live in hell. It’s the same as killing me. So just fucking kill me. Kill your own son, fucker.”

A glimpse of something sullen wandered around Hyun Joon’s face as he perceived the aching sheen in his eyes. “Sorry, son.” He yanked his gun out of his hold and dashed to his car.

Jungkook attempted to stop him, but jumped out of the way when he stepped on the gas. Yoongi had no time to react; Hyun Joon zoomed past him before he could even reverse the car. And with Taehyung with them, he couldn’t follow him — it was too dangerous.

The unmerciful waving of Jungkook’s chest hurt his lungs at his exertion to drag in much-needed air. A look of madness flurried in his cruel eyes as they rushed to Mi Sung, who just started retreating to his car. “You’re not going anywhere.” He spurted forward and seized his shirt, then

slammed him against the car. “Tell me the truth, because I’ll be the one killing you tonight.”

“I’ll t-tell you everything. Just—Just calm down first.”

“Calm down?” Jungkook repeated in a grunt as he squeezed his neck harder. “How the fuck can I calm down when my own father was behind everything and you fucking knew about it?”

“Jungkook,” Namjoon called as he scurried to his side. He set a firm hand on his shoulder and tore him away with a powerful pull. “Let’s hear him, hmm?”

Jungkook seemed to have given in to the frenzy blustering within him; his frame twitched and his eyes, clouded by wrath and heartache, remained fixed on Mi Sung.

Mi Sung glanced up once he detected movement, and his gaze stuck on Taehyung as he shuffled closer with the other two. “Taehyung? What—What the hell are you doing with them?”

“What the hell are *you* doing?” Taehyung asked in a voice filled with bitter fury. “You helped Hyun Joon kill a little girl! How could you do this?”

“I didn’t know he would kill her!”

“Alright, alright,” Yoongi sighed. “Explain. From the start.”

Mi Sung gulped as he lowered his head. “I knew about Hyun Joon’s business since I became friends with Kang Soo. When I started selling drugs, I kept hearing about his products and how good they were. I thought about it a lot before getting in contact with him because he was Kang Soo’s enemy. Eventually, I did. About five months ago, he called me. He asked me for an unidentified young patient. He didn’t tell me why, no matter how many times I asked. He offered me one billion, and I couldn’t... I couldn’t say no. I just dropped her off at the location and left.

“A few days later, I saw Jungkook was wanted for a murder that happened in that building and the victim was a thirteen-year-old girl. I called him as soon as I could and asked him if he framed his own son. He said that sometimes sacrifices were needed in their business. He said he wanted to take out Kang Soo, and I asked how would framing his son help with that. He said... Jungkook had told him a thousand times that he didn’t want blood in their family’s hands. He had threatened him that he would be the one to destroy their businesses if he killed anyone after he joined him. He had to make him want to kill, he said.”

A new flood of gruesome emotions blitzed Jungkook’s existence as the words, that felt like deadly shards gouging holes into him, entered his brain. The truth he was pining to find for the past five months was more gut-wrenching than he could handle, and it *wrecked* him.

Suddenly, his overriding wrath petered into pure devastation that wrung all of his strength out of him and caused him to collapse onto his knees. A fountain of tears surfaced in his eyes and bubbled over before he could do anything, cartwheeling down his contorted face.

Taehyung’s heart howled at the sight, and he made haste to get to him. He fell onto his knees in front of him, his vision blurring with a hot wetness right away, and he girdled his torso with two desperate arms tightly. “I’m here, love. It’s okay. I’m here.”

A sob convulsed Jungkook’s chest at his words. His quivery hands trailed up his sides and looped around him in a strong grip, as he let his head rest against his.

Yoongi looked heavenwards, striving to impound his own tears at the agonizing sight. He sniffled and forced a hardness to his traits. “Leave, Kim Mi Sung. Before I kill you.”

Mi Sung stared at the two crying men on the ground for a few more seconds before he scuttled to his car. He cranked the engine and sped away from there.

“Guys, let’s go.”

Taehyung attempted to move at the sound of Yoongi’s voice, but the hold around him didn’t yield. “Baby. Let’s go home, hmm?” He wanted to maintain his voice steady, but it trembled by the tears that kept pouring down his cheeks. “Let’s go to our king-size bed. I promise I won’t leave your side. Never.”

Jungkook, feeling numb and shattered, wiped his messy face with his sleeve and drew back. He cried silently as he nodded, and Taehyung’s caring hands helped him rise to his feet.

With endless soothing caresses and sweet, dragging kisses on his head from his baby, who held him in his arms, Jungkook’s tears dried out by the time they arrived at the hideout.

As Yoongi, Namjoon, and Seokjin stayed in the living to discuss, Taehyung led the younger to their room and locked the door. There was a steely blankness inscribed on Jungkook’s traits, he perceived, as they lay in the bed. And it pained him so much his heart felt as if it kept being stabbed.

Taehyung pulled him into his embrace and brushed his hair back in constant, slow strokes. “I know it feels impossible right now... but we’ll get through this. I promise.”

Despite the harrowing void in his gut, a notion of a gentle smile ghosted over Jungkook’s lips. “Nothing feels impossible with you by my side.”

Taehyung’s eyes filled with tears as a fond smile crept over his face at his oneiric words. “Jungkookie. You know I got you, right? I’ll always be here to hold you when you need me. I love you more than anything.”

“Thank you, angel. I love you too.”

Taehyung merged their lips tenderly to seal their promises, and they remained in each other’s arms, sharing fond caresses and mild kisses of comfort and love until the very moment they fell asleep.

Seated at the living room around noon all together, Jungkook leaned his elbows to his thighs and held his hands loosely.

His father’s betrayal had wrecked him, and although fury blended with devastation still tweaked his heart, he had to keep himself together enough to devise a plan. Hyun Joon had vanished; he didn’t answer anyone’s calls, he didn’t return home yesterday, and even Han Min — his wife — had no idea where he could be.

Of course, Jungkook didn’t tell her what was wrong when he called her. If she found out what he did to his own son, it would break her just as much, if not more. He had to sort this out before telling her the truth.

He contemplated it ceaselessly since he woke up tangled in Taehyung’s embrace. He weighed up the pros and cons of the ploy his brain crafted truly so much his head buzzed with a looming headache. It was an immense sacrifice, even for him. But he knew it would bring him the coveted

results.

“Let’s blow up the drug manufacturing building.”

Simultaneously, four pairs of eyes popped and sprinted to him. A thick silence bore down on them like a stone so enormous no one from his hyungs seemed able to demolish.

Taehyung, who was sitting beside him, swallowed dryly. “Jungkook... What are you saying? That’s your business. That’s... your life.”

“My life is not that business,” Jungkook uttered, his gloomy gaze resting on his hands. “Maybe I thought it was. But it’s not. My life is my hyungs. My mother. And you. Nothing matters if I don’t have all of you. And I’m so fucking tired of hiding, and always double checking if someone’s following me, and always living with the fear that one of us can get in danger.”

Jungkook lifted his head and allowed his eyes to observe his hyungs’ dumbfounded expressions. “Let’s live a life without fear. We have too much to lose. I already lost my father because he was so greedy for power he even used me to preserve his title of the best in the business. We’ll still run our casino and club. We’ll still make more than enough money. Even without the drugs.”

Namjoon slowly nodded at his words. “I agree. We have... too much to lose.”

Seokjin’s gaze crawled to him as a new surprise eddied in it. “You... I didn’t think you would agree. You were near frantic when Jungkook had said that maybe he didn’t want this life anymore.”

Namjoon mustered his courage to meet his eyes and offered him a delicate, saddened smile. “Do you know how anxious I was every time we went to meetings with buyers together? Every time I told you to just stay at the billiard center, and every damn time you insisted on tagging along. These five months that we stayed away from everything, I was the calmest I’ve ever been in my life. Because I knew you were safe.”

Seokjin simply stared at him, mute, in a trance, and throughout nonplussed. Only one question managed to slither through the wooliness of stupefaction in his head. Did his words really mean what he thought?

“Finally,” Jungkook murmured with a muffled laugh. “Something good came out of this fucked-up situation, at least.”

“Did he just confess?” Taehyung whispered close to his baby’s ear.

“Yeah.”

“What?” Seokjin let out. “You... You like me?”

Namjoon cracked another smile just for him. “I can’t even remember since when I’m in love with you.”

Seokjin palmed his mouth as his eyes bulged so much they were about to burst.

“Can you process it later?” Yoongi grumbled. “We have more important things to talk about than how damn oblivious you are.”

Taehyung choked back a giggle, biting his bottom lip to prevent himself from releasing the sound. “Yes. Yoon, you didn’t tell us how you feel about Jungkook’s plan.”

“How I feel...” he mumbled as he lowered his head. “I can’t believe it, but I agree too. Hyun Joon will definitely make a move if we blow up his dearest business. He’ll act recklessly, and we’ll find him. And... I want to live a life without fear too.”

“Okay then,” Jungkook said, nodding. “Let’s fucking do this.”

Namjoon couldn’t contain his smile upon viewing Seokjin’s still shocked expression, and he passed his fingers through his hair in a fond caress. “You can just forget what I said. I don’t want things to be awkward between us. It’s okay if you don’t feel the same.”

“Joonie, are you fucking kidding me?” Seokjin spat out in a quivery voice. “I’ve been in love with you since forever too.”

“Wow,” Taehyung breathed out. “How come neither of you realized it sooner?”

“Because they’re dumb,” Yoongi scoffed. “Anyway. We’ll give you some time to sort your dumb asses out, and we’ll meet again in an hour here.”

Jungkook shot a thumbs up at him and took Taehyung’s hand into his, dragging him to their room without delay. And they spent one more hour encapsulated in their blissful bubble, conveying their love with unending hugs, kisses, and caresses.

...

Jungkook and Taehyung stayed at the hideout and the other three drove to the billiard center later in the afternoon.

With a bag filled with explosives over his shoulders and his gun in its holster, Yoongi swept into the building with the other two behind him. “Guys. Get everyone out,” Yoongi said and scurried downstairs.

He set his palm on a specific part of the wall, and a ding rang, then the door to the lab slid open. The slew of people, standing in front of the multiple counters, looked up at him quizzically.

“Yoongi-ssi? It’s been so long,” Jang Mo, the supervisor of the drug manufacturing process, said as he approached him.

“Everyone out.”

“What?”

“I said”—he drew out his gun—“everyone out. Now.”

As people immediately started scurrying out of the room, Jang Mo stood still. “What are you doing?”

Yoongi pointed his gun right at him. “Leave. Unless you want to get blown up with the building.” He glimpsed at the workers, who some of them were leaving at a slow pace. “Faster!”

“You’ll blow up this place? Does Hyun Joon know?”

“Hyun Joon is a fucking traitor. He was the one who killed that girl and framed Jungkook. And he’ll get what he deserves.”

“Are you serious?” Jang Mo spewed. “He did this? He forced you to live in hiding?”

“Yes. We don’t know the details yet, so don’t ask. And now, leave.”

“No way. I’ll help you with everything you need. That fucker doesn’t deserve our loyalty.”

Yoongi tucked away his gun. “Take everyone out and leave. And... I want you to call Hyun Joon in thirty minutes. Pretend you don’t know anything about what I said and tell him Jungkook blew up his business. Okay?” Once he saw him nod, he slipped his bag off his shoulder and unzipped it. He took out the first pack of explosives and attached them to the wall to his right. He repeated the procedure until all five packs were placed around the room.

“Everyone is out,” Namjoon informed as soon as he got there.

“It won’t be a big explosion, right?” Seokjin asked, anxious.

“Yes, I’ve said it a thousand times,” Yoongi murmured. “It’ll be just big enough to demolish this building. Let’s go.”

The three headed upstairs and stepped outside. The explosion would reach about a ten-meter distance, so they got away just enough to supervise it. Yoongi took hold of the controller and glanced at his friends in turn. “To a new life,” he said, as if making a toast, and pressed the button.

They flinched at the booming noise, but forced themselves to watch as the building started crumbling. Memories of their previous lifestyle flashed into their heads, holding them at a standstill. Until a loud cry from afar was heard and snapped them out of their haze.

“The building just collapsed! Let’s call for help.”

The three dashed to Yoongi’s car at the harried voice of the stranger and sneaked inside, then disappeared as fast as possible.

...

“Sir. Your son blew up the drug manufacturing building.”

Hyun Joon grasped the phone in his hold harder. “What? Are you serious?”

“Yes. I was there. They threatened us with guns to leave.”

“He destroyed my business?”

“Yes, sir.”

Hyun Joon hung up as he called his right hand in a livid scream.

Ma Won appeared just seconds later. “Sir...”

“Is it true? My business...”

“Yes, sir. I just heard. I was about to tell you.”

“He destroyed my business,” Hyun Joon whispered as an all-consuming lunacy spiraled up his legs to cloud his mind. “Alright then. I’ll destroy what he loves the most.” A sinister glint crackled in his eyes like electricity. “Bring me Kim Taehyung.”



Chapter End Notes

And the truth is finally revealed! Some of you had guessed it was Jungkook's father behind it, since it was predictable to a degree, but I hope it was thrilling enough to read for you

Don't go anywhere! Three chapters left

How Could You Do This To Me?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Yoongi, Namjoon, and Seokjin recounted the events that happened in detail once they returned to the hideout, despite that they already told them everything from the phone.

Jungkook expected to feel sad and ruined without his business, but the wavelets of relief that undulated across his insides were a pleasant surprise. He wouldn't deal with scumbags anymore — he would be a normal businessman when he would clear his name, and he would have Taehyung by his side. The love of his life.

Jungkook and Taehyung receded to their room and perched on the bed, cuddling up to each other. Jungkook petted his cheek with tender knuckles, his lips fixed on an affection smile. “You’re spoiling me by sleeping over so often. How am I supposed to sleep again without you, hmm?”

“Is this an invitation to move in together once you clear your name?”

“It depends.”

“On what?” Taehyung questioned with raised brows.

“If you want to or not.”

Taehyung’s mouth trembled with the chuckle that dripped from him. “I think it’s a bit too soon to move in together. Officially, at least. But I can sleep over at your house often. You have a house, right?”

Jungkook snorted. “Yes, I have a house. Although it’s not that big since I live alone. If you don’t like it, I can buy another one. Or even build one just for you and me.”

Taehyung pursed his lips in playful disapproval. “You’re so rich it gets on my nerves a bit.”

Honeyed chuckles rippled across the room from both, and Jungkook peppered a row of little kisses on his mouth. “Other men in your place would be dying to marry me because I’m this rich. I’m so glad you’re not one of them. I can’t woo you with my wealth. You don’t care about my money at all, do you?”

“Yeah. As long as I have enough money to live, I’m okay. I don’t want a fancy life. I just want you.”

“And I want you.” Jungkook erased the small gap between them, kissing him sweetly.

“I have neglected my store with everything, though,” Taehyung uttered bitterly. “Poor Seo Hyang is managing everything on his own. I feel bad.”

“You gave him an enormous bonus, angel, and he just wants to repay your kindness. Don’t feel bad.”

Taehyung hummed, stealing another peck. “You’re right. I just want our store to succeed so I can help him too. But I’ll focus on that after... well, after you get your freedom back. For now, I’m all

yours.”

Feigned affront burst onto Jungkook’s face. “So when I’m free, you won’t be all mine?”

A chain of dulcet giggles emitted from Taehyung as he tilted his head back. He embraced his cheek and smashed their lips together in a long kiss. “I’ll always be all yours, and you know it.”

“Yeah, I do. And I’ll always be all yours too.”

Just as they were about to unite their mouths in another loving kiss, a raucous bang resounded throughout the house that had them jolting. Equally startled, they gazed at each other with a sparkle of alarm in their eyes.

“What was that?” Taehyung spluttered, his speedy pulse nearly dizzying him.

Jungkook jerked up and jumped off the bed. “Lock the door.”

“What? Jungkook—” Taehyung piped down once the other stormed out of the room.

Jungkook crept through the hallway, vigilant eyes locked ahead. He stayed close to the wall and strove to be as silent as possible so he could pick up on any sound.

“Kook.”

He twisted his head back at Yoongi’s whispering call and breathed out his relief when he detected the gun in his hand. He, unfortunately, couldn’t carry one since he didn’t want to scare Taehyung off.

“What happened?” Yoongi asked.

“I don’t know. I think someone knocked down the door.”

As a sonorous, distant groan reached their senses along with the noise of fighting, two black-dressed men leaped into their sight and charged at them at once.

Jungkook lurched to the side to dodge the flying punch the stranger threw at him, and a rampant anxiety sliced through his gut when he ran past him instead of fighting him. The realization that he wasn’t the target hit him like a bolt of thunder, and he was sprinting behind him before he could even order his legs to move.

He grasped his hair just as the intruder reached for the door handle of his room and yanked hard enough to toss him onto the floor. He mounted him and delivered a head-reeling punch to his face as he ringed his neck with his other hand.

The more the stranger flailed to release himself, the harder Jungkook beat him, throwing blow after blow until blood spurted from his nose and mouth. He slowed down as he perceived his disoriented state and gripped his shirt with both hands to pull him closer. “Hyun Joon finally made his move, huh?”

His attention darted to a growling sound of exhaustion that buzzed to his right, and he took in the sight of Yoongi dumping the other’s now limp body onto the floor.

“I’ll go check on the others,” Yoongi panted out and scurried away. He found Namjoon and Seokjin still fighting with the other two intruders and slid his gun out, then leveled it at them. “Get the fuck away before I kill you!”

His rumbling voice ceased their struggle. Labored breaths echoed in the living room as the two strangers lifted their hands in the air, ducking their heads.

“Seokjin hyung, are you okay?” Yoongi asked, casting glances at his hyung, who was cradling his throbbing cheek.

“Yeah. It was just a punch. I’m so rusty.”

Namjoon folded his quaky fingers into a fist and could barely constrain himself from attacking the fucker who dared to hurt his baby.

“Zip ties.”

Namjoon headed off to his room right away and returned just seconds later with a plastic bag.

“Give me two and go to Jungkook.”

He fished two zip ties and passed them to Yoongi before scurrying towards the hallway. He caught Jungkook on his knees holding one intruder by his shirt and convulsing him. “Kook. Let’s tie them up.” He grabbed a zip tie and kneeled to fasten it on the semi-unconscious man on the floor, then tossed the bag to Jungkook.

Jungkook forcefully tied his hands as well and slammed him against the floor. He wiped the blood from his twitching hands on his short sweatpants and knocked on the door. “Tae. It’s okay now. You’re safe.”

Taehyung unlocked the door instantly and made a step to get outside, but Jungkook held him back with two gentle hands on his shoulders.

“Stay in the room. Hmm? Please.”

Taehyung strained his neck to peek past his figure and gasped at the sight of the two beaten men. “What—What happened?”

“Hyun Joon sent them. That was our plan, angel. All that’s left now is to find out where he’s hiding. Please don’t come out until I say so.”

“Just be careful.” Taehyung caressed the side of his face and pressed a kiss to his lips before he retreated.

Jungkook offered him a close-lip smile and shut the door. A deep breath exploded out of his as his head hung, his heart stumbling over its rhythm. His plan almost got Taehyung in danger, and if something had happened to him, he would never forgive himself.

He composed himself and turned to the man sitting on the floor with blood trickling down his face. He wrenched him off his seat and hauled him to the living room, with Namjoon doing the same to the other intruder.

They flung them onto the couch next to the other two, and Jungkook whiffled as he plodded down onto the coffee table behind him. “Where is Hyun Joon hiding?”

A hush followed his question. The two men Jungkook and Yoongi fought seemed too disoriented to talk, and the other two just held their heads down.

“I’ll ask nicely one more time. Where is he?” His already fragile patience cracked at the silence he

received again. “Are you really willing to die because of him? Because of a scumbag who framed his own son?”

As the two seemed to regain fractions of their strength and lucidity, the other two shared a hesitant glimpse, and the one to Jungkook’s right gulped. “He’s right,” he whispered. “He doesn’t deserve our loyalty. And he won’t—”

“Shut up!” the man Jungkook fought growled, then hissed at the pain surrounding his face. “That man gave you a job and a place to stay. So shut up.”

The corner of Jungkook’s mouth curled into a smirk. “Yoon.” He extended his arm towards him and unfolded his palm. Soon, a pocket knife was placed in it, and he arose to near the guy to his right, who was on the brink of tears from his terror. “You get it more than these fuckers,” he said as he seized his hair and pulled, forcing his head to tilt back. “I really don’t want to kill you. But you have to tell me where he is to stay alive.”

The poor man shook, choked whimpers escaping him unwittingly. Jungkook brought the knife to his neck. “Last chance.” He stared into his horror-filled eyes, smirking, as the silence stretched. “Okay then.” He swung the knife back, but the guy Yoongi fought released a cry that immobilized him.

“Wait, wait! He’s hiding in a trailer in Daegu.”

Jungkook released his grip and pocketed the knife as his expression melted back into suppressed anxiety. “I’ll keep you tied for obvious reasons. But I’ll send someone to help you when we arrive in Daegu.”

“How can we trust you? You were about to kill my dongsaeng!”

“I’m not like my father. I don’t want blood in my hands. And you just followed his orders. You did nothing wrong.”

The guy to Jungkook’s right dared to meet his eyes. “T-Thank you.”

“Guys. I don’t want to take Taehyung with us, but... I’m so fucking anxious at the thought of dropping him off at his house. Can you promise me you’ll protect him no matter what when I deal with Hyun Joon?”

“Of course, Kook,” Namjoon said. “He’ll be safe with us.”

“Thank you. I’ll go get him.” Jungkook hurried towards the room and knocked on the door once. “Tae. You can come out now.”

Taehyung flung the door open and crushed him into his hug. “Are you okay?”

“Of course, angel. Hyun Joon is in Daegu, so we have to leave now. I want you to come with us. My hyungs will keep you safe.”

“I’m too scared to be away from you, anyway.”

Jungkook squeezed him once more and withdrew. He held his cheeks in two secure palms as he peered at him. “I got you, baby. Always.”

...

The ride to Daegu was long, and the late hour only made them feel more exhausted. Seokjin took Yoongi's place in driving halfway through their trip to the location Hyun Joon's man gave them.

Taehyung was falling in and out of sleep as he was caged in his baby's arms, and Jungkook smiled like an idiot at the adorable spectacle of his drowsy expression. His existence helped him forget what was about to happen, but he was reminded of it as Seokjin parked the car.

"Yoon. Give me your gun," he whispered, not wanting to wake Taehyung up.

"I'm coming with you."

"You don't have—"

"I said I'm coming with you."

"Fine, whatever. Let's go then."

Taehyung sensed his human pillow shift and winced as he clutched it harder. "Kookie."

"We're here, baby. You can sleep, though, okay?"

Taehyung's eyes split open, and he straightened his posture in instant alarm. Jungkook's embrace was so palliative and warm he fell asleep without realizing it, despite the situation. "Be careful. Please."

"Don't worry." Jungkook planted a soothing kiss on his forehead and stepped out of the car.

The trailer was located in a secluded area with greenery surrounding it. They followed the narrow path and were led to an open space, similar to a parking lot. They took cover behind a thick tree trunk and peeped at the trailer.

"Are you recording?"

Jungkook swiftly unlocked his phone to make sure he was indeed recording, even though he had already checked thrice. "Yes."

Knowing Hyun Joon only had his right hand with him, they advanced brashly with Jungkook in the lead. Jungkook drove his foot into the door, but it didn't budge. "Jeon Hyun Joon!" He continued banging at the door in his efforts to knock it down. As he prepared himself for another smashing bash, the door swung open, and the man he craved to see finally appeared.

"How the fuck—"

Jungkook lunged at him on impulse. He managed to throw a punch right at his face before Ma Won wrenched him away.

Yoongi leaped inside as well and grasped Ma Won's shirt as he shoved the barrel of his gun against the back of his head. "Let's go outside. They have things to talk about." With a single tug, he yanked him outside. He smacked the butt of the gun into his face and deployed his dizzy state to tie his hands with a zip tie.

Hyun Joon regarded his son in a poised stance to dodge his attacks. "You destroyed my business."

"You destroyed my life," Jungkook gritted out. "And all this for what? To make me kill Kang Soo? What were you so afraid of? That he would steal your fucking title?"

“I was so fucking sick of him! How many times did he attack our family, huh? Yes, I wanted to protect my title. But also to get rid of him to protect *us*.”

“Bullshit. You only cared about your title. We attacked his business countless times too. Other fuckers attacked us too. But only Kang Soo was a real threat to you. That’s why you wanted to make me kill him. Why the hell did you send us to Jeju Island?”

Hyun Joon released a defeated exhalation. “I wanted you out of Seoul to kill everyone involved. And I had to help you hide because you couldn’t get caught by the police before killing Kang Soo.”

Jungkook’s jaw clenched, and his mouth puckered in disgust. “You’re such a fucking monster. How could you do this to me?”

“What do you want, Jungkook?” he bellowed.

“My life back! I’ll take you to the police, and you’ll tell them fucking everything.”

A blaze of deranged chuckles spewed from Hyun Joon’s throat. “No way.”

“I’ll make you, then.”

In a swift move, Jungkook smashed his fist into his face before Hyun Joon could even react. Their brief talk distracted him enough for Jungkook to find the right moment to strike. And he didn’t stop, not even for a second.

He delivered crushing punch after crushing punch until Hyun Joon’s strength abandoned him, causing him to fall in a heap. Only then Jungkook paused his attack and viewed his feeble frame, panting so harshly his lungs burned.

He dropped to his knees and pulled a zip tie out of his pocket. He pressed his chest against the floor and crossed his arms behind his back to secure the zip tie. “It’s fucking over. Don’t even think about lying to the police. Mi Sung will testify against you.”

Hyun Joon scoffed weakly, another trickle of blood leaking out of his mouth. “Mi Sung won’t admit his relation to drugs. He’s a fucking surgeon.”

Jungkook towed him to his feet. “Don’t worry. I’ll make sure he loses everything for what he did. Just like you.” He pushed him outside, sending him right into Yoongi’s hold. “Let’s lock him in the trunk.”

Yoongi slipped his gun back into its holster. He held Hyun Joon’s forearm as Jungkook gripped him from his other side, and they guided him to the car.

“It’s not too late to rethink this,” Hyun Joon murmured.

“You deprived me of my life for five months. And you will give it back to me no matter what.”

Once they squeezed him into the trunk, they returned to their seats. Taehyung clasped the younger right away, as he didn’t espy any traces of pain. “You’re okay...”

Jungkook smiled softly as he circled his waist with an arm. “Of course, baby. Let’s finish this.”

“Should I go to the police station here or in Seoul?” Seokjin asked.

“In Seoul. I want the detectives who are in charge of this case.”

With a nod, Seokjin drove away, and they returned to Seoul with a much lighter heart.

Hyun Joon's struggle intensified after a couple of hours, but Yoongi jabbing the barrel of his gun into his side, threatening him, and then punching him, shut him up for the rest of the ride.

Seokjin soon parked outside of the station, and Jungkook got out of the car. He opened the trunk and lugged Hyun Joon out. He used his entire strength to restrain him as Hyun Joon's unrelenting squirming hindered his task of hauling him to the entrance.

He noticed the guard outside instantly made a call, and in a few seconds, the officers working the night shift slammed out of the building with guns sighted towards him.

Jungkook, holding Hyun Joon with both hands to immobilize him, stared at them with a vivid glint of determination. "I'm Jeon Jungkook. And this is my father, Jeon Hyun Joon, who killed that thirteen-year-old girl and framed me for the murder."

"Call the detectives from violent crimes unit one," an officer said to his partner, then approached the two. "Put your hands in the air."

"He'll run if I do that," Jungkook groaned, still forcefully keeping him still. "Take him first."

"I'm innocent!" Hyun Joon roared, and he suddenly twirled around, pounding his shoulder against Jungkook's face. He only managed to run for a second before the booming noise of a gunfire glaciated him.

"That was a warning shot. The next will be real." After a moment's stillness, the officer signaled his partner to handcuff him, then he aimed his gun at Jungkook. "Put your hands in the air."

Jungkook, instead of following instructions, extended his arms in front of him as an invitation to handcuff him, ignoring any fraction of pain. "I'll cooperate with you and help you with everything you want."

The officer locked the handcuffs on his wrists and ushered him into the building.

"Guys, why—why did they take him?" Taehyung asked frantically, on the verge of bursting out of the car and sprinting to him.

"They have to interrogate him, Tae," Seokjin said. "He was wanted for five months. I'm sure he'll get released once he explains everything."

"How about we go to the hotel down the street to get some sleep? I'm wasted," Yoongi said.

"Yes. There's nothing we can do now, anyway." Namjoon nodded.

The four men went to the hotel to rest, as Jungkook spent a rough night of intense questioning as soon as the detectives in charge of his case arrived.

He narrated every event in detail, even about Mi Sung, and he informed them of the recording file he had on his phone that contained his last conversation with his father when they fought. It was enough evidence for now to believe him, and Jungkook had to wait to cross-examine everything with Hyun Joon.

The said man denied all accusations and was overly aggressive during his interrogation. Even

when they played the recording file of his confession, he hastened to say it was fabricated. With Jungkook as a witness and the recording file, they had enough to keep him locked up until they would find more evidence.

They also issued another arrest warrant for Kim Mi Sung after Jungkook's additional information, but they had to wait to get approved.

The sun had sneaked out of its hiding place and burned brightly when Jungkook trudged out of the police station. Since they had no evidence against him, they released him with the conditions of staying in Seoul and coming back in case they needed to talk to him again.

His bloodshot eyes were sunken into their sockets by the lack of sleep, and every inch of his body ached from sitting for so many hours. He was so exhausted he didn't perceive his hyungs, Taehyung, and his mother waiting for him in a mire of anxiousness.

Everyone arose at the sight of him and rushed to near him. "Jungkookie," Han Min uttered and enfolded him in her hug.

Jungkook expelled a puff of air at her bone-crushing grip and smiled mildly as he curled his arms around her. "Mom. I missed you so much."

Han Min cracked a smile through her tears and sniffled as she drew back to cradle his cheeks. "Me too." She squeezed him into her embrace again. "What happened, Jungkookie? The guys said some things, but... they can't be true, right?"

Jungkook brushed the next fast-slowng outburst of tears that poured down his mother's cheeks with two gentle thumbs. "Guys, Taehyung. Give us a minute." He held her by her waist and led her to the stairs behind him to sit. "It is true. Hyun Joon... He was behind everything. He framed me, mom."

Han Min clutched her shirt as her form convulsed by the suppressed sobs that spurted out of her mouth. The agony Hyun Joon's sickening actions inflicted on her was so torturous she couldn't bear it. Hyun Joon — the love of her life — made the past five months of her son's life a living hell. And her brain refused to believe it. To believe he was capable of destroying their life without a second thought because of his greed.

Jungkook caged her in his arms and let her cry her heart out. He asked Yoongi to call So Yeon — her best friend — to take care of her, since he was barely able to stay awake anymore.

For the ten minutes So Yeon took to get there, Jungkook rubbed pacifying caresses over her back, even though her tears had diminished by now. "I'll come visit you later, okay?"

Han Min nodded and held onto Jungkook to rise to her feet.

"Please take care of her," Jungkook said to So Yeon as he delicately led his mother into her grip.

"Don't worry. Get some rest."

As the two women shuffled away, his hyungs and Taehyung edged closer to Jungkook. Yoongi set a hand on his shoulder, giving him a little smile. "You did well, Jungkookie. Where should I drive you to?"

"I don't have the keys to my house with me."

“How about... you come to my apartment?” Taehyung voiced out hesitantly. “It’s just twenty minutes away.”

A loving smile crawled over Jungkook’s haggard features as he ringed his body with two weakened arms. “I’ll fall asleep as soon as I sit down again. But yeah. Take me to your apartment, baby.”

Taehyung drew a light kiss on his neck and guided him to the car. As Jungkook said, he fell asleep just seconds after leaning against Taehyung.

They helped him get to Taehyung’s apartment since Jungkook couldn’t open his eyes anymore, and Taehyung thanked them before hurrying back to the room.

He snuggled up to his sleeping Kookie, and he allotted a few minutes to just marvel at him. Jungkook would wake up to a new life. He would be free of everything. He wouldn’t have to hide anymore. And Taehyung couldn’t wait to start his new life with his baby.



Chapter End Notes

Two chapters left

You And Your Love

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As Taehyung's senses returned to him, he smiled at the feeling of Jungkook clinging to him, and his eyes unfolded. He strained his neck to catch a glimpse of the rectangular clock on the nightstand and concluded he only slept for three hours.

His gaze landed on Jungkook's tranquil countenance again, and he sighed softly. That man was gorgeous even when he was sleeping. He would never get over how stunning he was, but it was okay, because he had the rest of his life to marvel at him.

His father's remembrance naturally entered his thoughts, causing his smile to darken. He had to talk to him before the police would arrest him. Although Jungkook didn't tell them what he said to the police, he was sure he had mentioned Mi Sung's involvement.

Taehyung slithered away from Jungkook's hold in slow motion. Usually, he would wake up as soon as Taehyung moved, but he knew how exhausted he was from everything that had happened.

He grabbed his phone from the nightstand and pattered out of the room. His parents were at work, so he quickly dug into his brain for a way to make them go home. After deliberation, he deduced that the most efficient way to force his father to leave work was to scare him. He located his number and called him as he headed to the living room.

He expelled a sigh as the call ended on its own and tried again. Feeling defeated at the lack of a response on his second try, he tapped on the message icon beside his name.

Taehyung: Jungkook took Hyun Joon to the police. It's a matter of time before the police arrest you. You don't want everyone in the hospital to see that. Go home. I'll wait for you.

He called his mother next, who answered on the second beep. "Mom. Sorry for calling you while you're at work."

"It's okay. What is it, Taehyung?"

"You need to go home. I have to tell you something."

"Baby, I can't leave work if it's not for something important."

"Mi Sung will get arrested again, mom. I'll explain everything when you meet me at your house, okay?"

His words bewildered her and imposed a brief pause on the conversation. "I trust you. I'll be there in twenty minutes."

"Thanks. See you soon." Taehyung hung up and hurried to the bathroom to wash his face. There was no answer from Mi Sung, he observed, as he went back to his room to get dressed and wear his shoes.

His gaze lingered on Jungkook's sleeping face, and the tips of his lips slanted into a fond smile with the memory that struck him. "*How dare you sneak away, hmm?*" Although Taehyung knew

he was joking when he had said that, he hated sneaking away from him again. He tiptoed to his desk with Jungkook's steady, deep breathing echoing in the background. He took hold of a post-it note and jotted down a message for him, then placed it on his pillow.

His phone dinged in his pocket, and his heart pranced in anxiety. His bulging eyes scanned Jungkook to check if he woke up, but he didn't react in any way to the sound. Taehyung scurried out of the room and viewed the new message.

Mi Sung: If you're lying, you'll regret it.

Taehyung rolled his eyes at the screen and reached for his car keys from the entryway table. He steeled himself throughout the drive to his parents' house for what was about to happen. His mother would finally find out who Mi Sung really was and what he had done. It would break her. But she had to know.

He was the first to arrive, so he waited outside of the gates. It didn't take long for his mother's car to appear either, and they drove further into the enormous yard to park their cars.

Hee Jin looped her arms around his form in a tight wrap. "Baby. What's going on?"

Taehyung squeezed her and pulled away. "I'll tell you everything when Mi Sung comes, hmm?"

"Why... It's the second time you called him by his name instead of calling him father."

Taehyung's gaze plunged, the line of his mouth tightening. "Let's go inside." He made his way to the door without waiting for a response.

Just as Hee Jin unlocked the door, the gates slid open again with a mechanic hum. Mi Sung's car pulled up shortly after, and the duo observed his approach tacitly. A notion of somberness seemed to shroud Mi Sung's features like an opaque veil, evident at first glance.

There was a frosty atmosphere enveloping them as they entered the house in heavy silence and settled down in the living room. Hee Jin focused her gaze on Taehyung, nervously waiting for him to explain.

Taehyung kept his eyes fastened on the table in front of him. "Mom, there's something you don't know about your husband."

The tension in Mi Sung's frame flared, and unease mingled with the hardness over his features. "Taehyung."

"What is it?" Hee Jin asked, glancing between the two.

"Mi Sung is—"

"Taehyung!" he bellowed as he burst out of his seat. The sound reverberated through the room, filling every corner with its intensity.

"You don't have the balls to admit who you truly are to your wife?"

Every fragment of rationality abandoned Mi Sung, his body lightly shaking. He wrenched Taehyung to his feet with a ferocious grasp on his shirt and swung his arm back.

Taehyung deflected the oncoming slap with a hasty lift of his hand and forcefully shoved him

away. “I won’t let you hit me again. I won’t let you belittle me or my choices again. At least I’m not a drug dealer like you who has been lying to his family for the past four years!”

Hee Jin was already startled by the sight of her husband who was ready to hit their son, and the revelation came crashing down on her even harder, wreaking absolute shock and daze on her senses. “What? Taehyung, what are you talking about?”

Taehyung’s breath scurried out of him as the bitter rage in his eyes got concealed by gloom at his mother’s devastated voice. “Mi Sung has been selling drugs to his patients for four years. And five months ago, one of his dealers asked him—”

“Shut up, Taehyung,” Mi Sung spat out.

“She will find out everything, anyway. Because you will end up in jail this time for helping that monster kill that girl.”

Hee Jin’s gaze hazed over with burning tears as the revelations kept striking her, knocking her breath away. “What...”

Taehyung put aside his mother’s shock for now and aimed his regard at Mi Sung. “When the police question you, tell them everything you did.”

“I didn’t know he was going to kill her!”

“Yeah? And what the fuck did you think, huh? Why would he need a little girl for? You knew. Deep down, you *knew* he wanted to do something bad to her. And you did it either way.” With a sudden feebleness creeping up his form, Taehyung sank down onto the couch next to his crying mother. “That dealer asked Mi Sung to bring him a thirteen-year-old girl for one billion won.”

A sob leaped out of Hee Jin’s throat as she palmed her mouth. Her brain couldn’t conceive Taehyung’s vile words, no matter how softly he vocalized them. “You’re a drug dealer?” She raised her wet eyes to Mi Sung, and his refusal to look at her injected blazing fury into her gut. “You helped someone kill a little girl... When did you become such a monster?”

Mi Sung remained at a standstill, with his chin buried in his chest. “I’m sorry, Hee Jin-ah. I wanted us... I wanted us to never worry about money.”

Taehyung scoffed in maddening disdain. “Cut the bullshit. You make millions a year. But you wanted more like always.” His attention rushed to Hee Jin as he realized she stood up.

Hee Jin wiped the tears fogging her vision. A determined expression sprawled across her face and settled there like a steely armor, despite the heartbreak that burned inside her. “Go to the police right now.”

“I’ll lose everything if I do that! I can’t—”

“You should have thought about that before getting involved in this mess! Go. Now. Or I’ll call them.”

“They probably already have an arrest warrant for him. It’s a matter of time to come for him,” Taehyung said as he set a palliative hand on her shoulder, then his gaze locked on Mi Sung. “You need to tell the truth. Help them put Hyun Joon behind bars for good.”

“I’m not trying to protect him. If I talk, I’ll go to jail too.”

“That’s where you belong,” Hee Jin said weakly. “How could you lie to me for so many years? You’re a surgeon. You give speeches to kids and collage students. How could you throw everything away for money? Which you didn’t even need!”

At the silence they received from Mi Sung again, Taehyung comforted his mother with a side hug. “Will you go to the police station or not?”

Mi Sung shook his head as he retreated with small, halting steps. “No, fuck this.” He twirled around and dashed towards his office, but the bell ringing throughout the house made him stutter to a halt just when he reached the hallway.

Taehyung hastened to the intercom and pressed the button to open the gates for the two familiar detectives, then opened the door. He spectated as they drew nearer and bowed. “Hello.”

“Hello, Taehyung-ssi,” Jae Sin said. “We’ve been told Kim Mi Sung is here.”

“Yes.” Taehyung stepped aside to let them enter.

The two detectives greeted Hee Jin and continued their way to Mi Sung, who just stood there with his head bowed, as if he had accepted his doom. “Kim Mi Sung, you’re under arrest for drug trafficking and accessory to murder,” Won Woo stated as he presented the document he was holding.

“What?” Mi Sung cried. “Accessory to murder? This is insane!”

Won Woo read him his rights as he secured the handcuffs and escorted him outside, despite Mi Sung’s struggle.

“Hee Jin-ah, I swear, I didn’t know he was going to kill her!” Mi Sung said, frantic, and his flailing only intensified when she didn’t acknowledge his remark. “Hee Jin-ah, please, you have to believe me!”

“Sir, you need to calm down or additional charges will be added,” Won Woo warned as he finally dragged him outside.

Jae Sin stood in front of Taehyung, analyzing him mutely as he petted his mother’s back. “You knew everything when we had come to your house, didn’t you?”

Taehyung’s hand froze on Hee Jin’s back, then he slid it away as he laid his eyes on him. “No. I... I only knew he was buying drugs. But I couldn’t possibly say that. I’m sorry.”

“You can go to jail for lying to the police.”

Taehyung’s chest waved to a fluttering drop as he lowered his head. “I know. I’m sorry.”

“Is there anything I have to know?”

“That... Jungkook is really innocent. And Hyun Joon is really behind everything. I heard him myself.”

“I want you to come testify. I know it’s a very difficult moment for your mother. But we need all the help we can get.”

“Okay. I’ll come.”

“Can I have a minute with my son first?” Hee Jin asked.

“Of course. We’ll head to the station and wait for you Taehyung-ssi.” Jae Sin bowed and exited the house.

Taehyung enfolded his mother in a warm embrace, his grip secure yet tender. As he held her close, he could feel the weight of her sorrow press against him. Poignancy exploded on his face at the sound of her muted weeping, intense enough to tingle his eyes with tears. “I’m sorry, mom. I’m sorry you’re going through this.” His words were imbued with aching compassion, as he struggled to find the right way to comfort her.

“You have nothing to be sorry about. Thank you for telling me the truth. I can’t believe I’m married to that... that monster. I have so many questions, but I’m scared to find out more.”

“I know. I’m here to tell you everything when you’re ready, hmm?” Taehyung sensed her nod against his head. “Do you want me to stay? I can go to testify later.”

“No, thank you,” she uttered as she drew back. She sniffled and scrubbed away the wetness from her cheeks. “I need some time alone to process all this. Do you need me with you? If yes, I’ll come.”

“No, don’t worry. I’ll be okay. I have... I have someone in my life.”

“Really?” The harrowing void in her eyes twinkled faintly, almost as if a pale spark had ignited within them. “Who is it? Do I know him?”

“No. I’ll tell you everything about him another time, okay? You should rest.”

“Okay.” Hee Jin embraced him once more and patted his back as she withdrew. “Be careful.”

Taehyung offered her a smile. “Bye.”

Jungkook stretched his huddled-up body with a soft hum vibrating in his throat. As he drew his limbs closer again, he glaciated momentarily, then his eyes split open. He was in Taehyung’s apartment, but Taehyung was nowhere to be found.

His bleary eyes caught a note that was placed on Taehyung’s pillow, and he reached for it.

I really want to stay and cuddle with you while you’re sleeping, but I have to talk to my parents. I hope I’ll be back before you wake up. Sorry for sneaking away again. I’ll make it up to you. Promise. Love you ♡

The cute note raised a fond smile from Jungkook, spreading like a ray of sunlight over his drowsy face. He lifted his torso off the bed and glanced at the clock. “Fuck, it’s almost five,” he muttered. He swept his big button type phone from the nightstand and called Taehyung.

Creases of bafflement etched their way to his forehead when he didn’t pick up. He searched for Yoongi’s name then and called.

“Hey.”

“Hyung. Where are you?”

“Home. I’m with Jimin. Taehyung didn’t return yet?”

“How do you know he’s not here?”

“The detectives went to his parents’ house and arrested Mi Sung. They asked Taehyung to testify, so he went to the station. Seokjin’s friend told us about it.”

“Oh, okay. I was a little worried.”

“You have nothing to be worried about now. You’re free, so you can go look for him, you know.”

Jungkook’s eyes enlarged in an overwhelming surge of exhilaration as a vibrant sparkle danced in them. He was free. He didn’t have to hide anymore. He didn’t have to use this damn phone anymore. He could have any life he wanted. The unbearable mass that had been weighing down on him for so long suddenly lifted, and he felt a newfound sense of liberation wash over him.

“Kook?”

“Um, did you take your things from the hideout?”

“Yes. We brought you a new car. The keys are under the hood. All your stuff is in the trunk of your new Mazda 3 sedan.”

Jungkook chuckled. “You’re the best, guys. Thanks.” The noise of the entrance door opening caused him to perk his head and launched his heart into a scurry of eagerness to see his baby.

“Taehyung is here. We’ll talk later.”

“Bye, Kook.”

Jungkook tossed the phone aside and jumped to his feet. Moving with a flicker of urgency, he scurried across the room and made his way to the living room where he found Taehyung placing his keys on the entryway table. “Baby.”

Taehyung snapped his head to him, and his expression betrayed a hint of disappointment with a slight pout forming on his lips. “I wanted to come back before you wake up.”

Jungkook, overcome with a flood of fondness, felt his heart flutter at the absolute cuteness of his pouty face. With a couple of strides of his long legs, he bridged the distance between them and smothered him in an affectionate cuddle. He relished in the sensation of their bodies pressed together and allotted a few moments to inscribe that feeling of connection and warmth to his heart.

Taehyung melted into the safety of his hug and ringed his body just as tightly. “I missed you.”

“Me too, love. How did it go with your parents?”

“My mother was a wreck,” he said, his voice barely audible with the heaviness that coated it. Jungkook’s tender hands skimmed over his sides to embrace his cheeks, and he smiled at the touch despite the anguish in his chest. “I didn’t tell her any details. She wasn’t ready to hear them. But she now knows who Mi Sung is and what he did. The police arrested him.”

“Yeah, Yoongi hyung told me.” Jungkook peered at him in the softest of ways as he rubbed soothing lines on his cheeks with his thumbs. “He also said you went to testify.”

“Detective Jae Sin asked me, and I did. I wanted to tell them everything I know, anyway. It was tiring, and they only kept me for two hours. I can’t imagine how hard it was for you to be questioned for six hours.”

“It’s okay. All that is over now.”

“Hmm. You’re finally free.”

Jungkook admired the loving smile that blossomed on his lips and copied it unconsciously. “Yeah, I’m free. But I also have you. That’s the most important. I’m so ready to take you on a million dates.”

With the suave giggle that flowed through Taehyung’s mouth, his eyes formed delightful crinkles at the corners. “Really? A million?” The tone of his voice was laced with amusement and wonder.

“What? You want more? You’ll have them.”

Taehyung playfully pushed his shoulder, releasing another wave of chuckles, with Jungkook’s addictive laugh joining the mix. As their outbreak of laughter quietened, gentle smiles adorned their faces. “What will you do now that you don’t have... that business?”

Jungkook led him to the couch and sat, pulling him close to him. “I have two more businesses, Tae. As I said, that business wasn’t my life. And I can open more businesses, but you know, legal ones.” A subdued chuckle leaked out of him with this last remark. “In conclusion, I’ll continue running my casino and nightclub and being annoyingly rich.”

Taehyung shook his head, his chest juddering by his giggles. “And are you happy with that?”

“With being annoyingly rich?”

“No.”

Jungkook’s teasing smile faltered as he felt the grim shift in the atmosphere that enclosed them. He scooped him up to set him on his lap and wrapped an arm around his waist as he cradled his cheek. His gaze exuded that familiar softness as every time he viewed him, tinged with adoration. “I wasn’t sure if I wanted that life with drug trafficking even before we fucked, Tae.” He detected how Taehyung’s eyes grew rounder with astonishment and resisted an urge to shower him with kisses, as the need to open his heart to him preponderated.

“Just meeting you changed me without realizing it. You made me see what’s truly important in life. What truly makes me happy. It’s not money or power. It’s how fast my heart beats every time I kiss you. It’s how safe I feel in your hug. It’s the fullness I feel after the sex. It’s you, baby. You and your love.”

Taehyung’s stomach did tiny flips of elation as the heavenly words cocooned his heart in a plush blanket of warmth. His whole being was filled with an indescribable feeling of blissfulness and comfort, as if he had found his right place in the world. And he had. He knew he had, because Jungkook was more than he could ever ask for.

The feeling lingered within him long after the words had been spoken, leaving him with starry eyes bathed in endearment gazing at him. “I never thought I’d find the love of my life at a random hostel my friends and I chose to stay at. But I did. You are the love of my life, Jungkookie. And I don’t care if it’s too soon to say this. I mean it. I feel it with all my heart. You’re really... You’re amazing. Thank you for loving me back.”

“How can I not love you?” Jungkook leaned to press a sugary kiss to his mouth. “You’re the sweetest, prettiest, most adorable and hottest man I’ve ever met. You have the most beautiful soul. You’re truly my heaven, Tae. Fuck, when did I become so corny?”

Taehyung chuckled at his last mumble and kissed him again with laughter tugging at his lips. “You’re not corny. You’re the sweetest. And you’re all mine.”

“I’m yours, love. I’m yours and always will be.”

They joined their lips in a mutual need to convey their unbounded feelings for each other. Their mouths brushed together with ultimate gentleness as the hold around the other tightened, hinting at their avidity to merge their bodies the same way their hearts were enmeshed.

They had a life together ahead of them — a life they couldn’t wait to start and explore. A myriad of issues still needed to be settled, but with having one another, nothing seemed too daunting to face anymore.



Chapter End Notes

One chapter left ☹️

There's No Getting Enough Of You

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A few days flowed by with life-shattering changes and bitter revelations.

Mi Sung confessed everything to the police, hoping for a lesser sentence, as his lawyer instructed him. After a thorough questioning and examination of the facts, the police determined that he had no knowledge of Hyun Joon's intentions about the thirteen-year-old girl, but he was charged with second degree kidnapping, and, of course, drug trafficking.

Hyun Joon still denied everything. Even with Mi Sung's testimony, he stood his ground, which was that they wanted to frame him. Both Hyun Joon and Mi Sung had to remain in custody until their trials. The police were certain, though, that Hyun Joon would get a lifetime in prison with all the evidence and Jungkook's and Mi Sung's testimonies.

Taehyung talked with his mother and recounted all the events that took place over the past five months. He also told her about Jungkook and how much he loved him, and, to Taehyung's surprise, she seemed utterly eager to meet him. Mi Sung's lies still wrung her heart every time she thought about him, and she knew it would take a while to get back to her feet. Her whole marriage felt like a lie, and it was too much to bear.

Similarly, Jungkook comforted his mother and spent plenty of time with her every day. Hyun Joon's betrayal jolted everyone; Yoongi's, Namjoon's, and Seokjin's parents, who were very close friends with the Jeon family, and every employee of their businesses.

The news about the explosion of the Jeon's business was already spread through the entire country. Since they didn't know that was where they manufactured their drugs, people still called Jang Mo — one of Hyun Joon's men — for purchases. That part of their lives didn't exist anymore, though, and the four friends were more than okay with it.

Jungkook visited his casino and nightclub to see how things were going, and everything was great, even after their regulars found out about Hyun Joon. People still lined up outside of his businesses just for a chance to enter. Namjoon and Yoongi went back to their posts, which were daily supervision of the two businesses. Only Seokjin remained unemployed for the time being, since the place he was working at got razed to the ground, but Jungkook had something in mind for him.

Jungkook and Taehyung met every day, but only for a couple of hours. Both had to be there for their mothers, so they slept over at their houses to keep them company. Yesterday, they had proposed to their mothers to have lunch all together today, and they were more than happy for this meeting.

The seven men also met up for beers at Jungkook's sumptuous house, and Hoseok was throughout astounded by all the revelations. But mostly, he was left with his mouth hanging open at the sight of Jungkook's face without his mask on. Like Jimin, he understood why Taehyung couldn't stay away from him. The man was fucking ethereal.

Jungkook, seated at the office of his nightclub in the morning, reviewed their earnings of the

previous night on his laptop.

Yoongi stood beside him and observed him as the other nodded slowly. "Perfect, right?"

"Yeah," Jungkook breathed out with a glimmer of amazement. "We made more earnings than ever before. And the same goes for the casino, as I checked earlier with Namjoon. Why are our businesses doing even better without Hyun Joon?"

"To be honest, Hyun Joon is a fearful man. A lot of them probably didn't want any relation with him."

"You're right. We were always busy, but now I can really see the difference. Anyway, is the cleaning team here yet?"

Yoongi glimpsed at his phone to check the message he ignored a few minutes earlier. "Yes. Go get ready for your lunch."

Jungkook reclined in his seat as his chest shuddered to a fall with the sigh that leaped out. "Why the hell am I so nervous? It's just lunch with Taehyung's mother."

"Exactly," Yoongi snickered. "You want her to like you."

"Yeah, I really do." Jungkook's head perked up at the sound of two knocks on the door. "Come in."

Won Hae, one of the security guards, opened the door. "Sir, Han Kang Soo is here. He wants to speak with you."

Lines of mystification crazed Jungkook's forehead as his brows pulled together. He shared a look with Yoongi and returned his gaze to the guard. "Tell him to come in."

"Should I leave you alone?" Yoongi asked as Won Hae left.

"No. You should stay to keep me calm. That motherfucker is innocent, but he still hurt Taehyung. I might attack him."

Yoongi snorted softly. "Okay." He moved to the couch and took his seat with Jungkook following him.

Soon enough, Kang Soo stepped into the room. There was a brief stretch of silence as they regarded each other. "You owe me an apology."

A huff of absolute disdain and disbelief erupted from Jungkook as he rolled his head back. "You have the nerves to come to my business and demand for an apology?"

"You accused me. Wrongly!"

"You hurt Taehyung!" Jungkook jerked to the edge of his seat, but Yoongi restrained him with hasty hands. The incensed look in his eyes and his contracted jaw manifested the spate of aggravation that pumped through his body. "My own father played me. He planted this idea in my head that you were behind everything, and knowing you, of course I believed him. You don't have the right to ask for an apology from me. Hyun Joon framed you as much as he framed me."

Kang Soo meditated on his words in length; he hadn't thought about it that way, to be honest. Hyun Joon was the one to blame. "Fair enough. Your father really did a number on us, huh?"

The tension in Jungkook's body abated, and he scooted to rest his back against the couch as Yoongi retracted his hands. "He did. He wanted me to kill you."

"And you didn't want that."

There was a pause as Jungkook held eye contact. "You know it's not my thing to kill people. I only thought I wanted that when I was infuriated because Hyun Joon told me you were behind everything."

Kang Soo nodded. "I heard you're not dealing drugs anymore."

"Correct. I just want to live my life peacefully. Or to put it right, legally. So, can we end this hostility between our families? You'll be the king of drugs in South Korea now. That's what you want, right?"

"Yes. That's what I want. And yes. Let's stay out of each other's business." Kang Soo extended his arm, waiting for a handshake.

Jungkook lifted to his feet and trudged closer. He clasped his hand and shook it once, then tightened his grip to a degree that made Kang Soo wince. "I haven't forgotten what you did to Taehyung."

"That's in the past," Kang Soo gritted out as he pulled his hand in his attempt to free it.

Jungkook squeezed a notch more and then released him, reveling in the way he hissed and grimaced in pain. "You're right. How is your son, by the way?"

Kang Soo's lips pressed together at the taunting smirk he detected on Jungkook's face. "He started walking again a few days ago, thanks to your father, who beat the shit out of him."

"He lied to us. What did you expect? But that's all in the past, right?" Jungkook asked, a lilt of derision slipping through the edges of his tone.

"Right," Kang Soo murmured. "Anyway. I hope to never see you again."

"Same." Jungkook wiggled his brows and returned to his seat, as Kang Soo disappeared from their sight.

...

Taehyung anatomized Jungkook's jittery demeanor and expression as the younger drove towards Hee Jin's house. His hold on the wheel firmed up occasionally, and every time, a deep sigh followed. He reached out and attached his palm to his shoulder in a gentle grip. "There's no reason to be nervous. My mom already likes you."

Jungkook gave him a sidelong glance and expelled another long exhalation. "I was a criminal, Tae. There's no way she likes me."

"Yeah, but you're not one now. Even if you were still a criminal and she didn't approve of you, I would still love you, though. But you're not. It'll be enough for her to see how much you love me."

"I do love you."

"I know." Taehyung trailed his hand to his nape to leave a series of delicate caresses. "I wish your mother didn't have to work the extra hour today. Now she'll have to drive to my mother's house by

herself.”

“It’s okay. Our driver will bring her. She had to check the order of clothes that came later than it should have. She promised to do as fast as possible.”

A little smile undulated across Taehyung’s lips. “She’s so nice. I met her for the first time outside of the station. She seemed so devastated with everything, but even then, she introduced herself and chatted with me.”

“She’s an angel. Our moms don’t deserve all this.”

“I know. We’ll help them get through this, hmm?”

“Of course.” Jungkook leaned over and stole a peck before he focused his attention on driving again.

They soon reached their destination, and Jungkook parked the car. He grabbed the bottle of wine he bought as a gift for Hee Jin and exited the car. As they made their way to the door, Jungkook wetted his lips and gulped, then straightened his black dress shirt. He dabbed with his sleeve at his forehead where he sensed little droplets of sweat bead. “Fuck, I’m sweating.”

“You’re wearing a long-sleeved dress shirt, Jungkookie. Of course you’re sweating,” Taehyung uttered, shaking his head in disapproval. “I told you you didn’t have to wear something so formal.”

“And what did you want me to wear? A plain shirt and casual pants like you?”

Taehyung stopped in his tracks as disbelief seeped into his expression. “You really don’t know from where I’ve bought this outfit? Which is anything but casual, by the way.”

Jungkook tilted his head to the side as his investigative eyes swam up and down his figure. “Yeah, I have no idea.”

Taehyung’s jaw went slack as he raised his hands and held them by his sides. Perceiving the genuine confusion in Jungkook’s features, he dropped his hands with a sigh. “It’s from your mother’s new collection, Jungkook. Shame on you, really.”

Jungkook’s brows popped apart. “Shit, don’t tell her what just happened.”

“I’m *so* telling her.” Taehyung shot him a teasing moue and resumed his way.

“Taehyung!” he grouched as he rushed behind him. “Please, she’ll be mad at me. You know what? I was in hiding for four months. How would I know about her new collection?”

“Maybe because we checked it out together five days ago?”

A sound of resignation braised in Jungkook’s chest as the corners of his lips drooped. “I’m a bad son.”

“You’re not,” Taehyung smiled and constrained his urge to glimpse at his adorable face since they just reached Hee Jin, who was waiting for them at the door. “Mom.” He looped his arms around her and held her close.

“Hey, son.” She caressed his back, and she withdrew as her eyes snagged on the other man behind him. “You must be Jungkook.”

Jungkook stepped to the side and made a ninety-degree bow. He kept his stance for a beat, then

stood straighter. “Hello, Mrs. Kim.”

Hee Jin chuckled. “You don’t need to be so formal.”

“Told you,” Taehyung muttered close to his ear, and broke into a smile as he redirected his gaze to his mother. “Let’s go inside.”

They walked into the living room, and Jungkook cleared his throat to get Hee Jin’s attention. He fidgeted in his place and presented the bottle of wine he was holding. “This is for you.”

“That’s so sweet of you. Thank you.” Hee Jin smiled as she took the bottle. “When is your mother coming?”

“She’ll be here soon. Something came up at work.”

“Okay. I have to check the food. Let’s go to the kitchen to continue chatting.”

Both men nodded and trailed behind Hee Jin. She placed the wine on the table and headed to the stove to stir the food. “So, what does your mother do? It’s so funny, actually, she has the same name as the owner of JHM department store.”

A giggle slipped through Taehyung’s lips as he took his seat at the table with Jungkook. “That’s because she is the owner of JHM, mom.”

Hee Jin gasped silently. “Really? I get to meet the Jeon Han Min?”

“JHM is her favorite brand,” Taehyung explained to Jungkook, who seemed a little perplexed about her elation.

“Oh. That’s awesome. I mean—um, never mind.” Jungkook drove his chin into his chest in embarrassment. He couldn’t put a simple sentence together in front of Taehyung’s mother.

Hee Jin espied his internal struggling and approached him, a warm smile decorating her face. “Sweetie, relax. Do you want something to drink?”

“Just water, thank you.”

Taehyung scoffed at his choice. “He likes soju and beer. I’ll get us drinks, mom, don’t worry. And you”—he leaned towards Jungkook—“you’re ridiculously cute right now, but please stop worrying. It’s okay.” He made his way to the fridge and took two beers before he returned to his seat.

“Thanks,” Jungkook said, gentleness glittering in his eyes. He didn’t thank him only about the drink, but also about his continuous attempts to ease this nervousness. And he knew Taehyung comprehended it, because he had a similar look in his chocolate eyes and a tender smile on his lips.

Hee Jin spectated the sweet scene with overwhelming fondness. When their loving eye contact ended, she turned around and stirred the food again. “So, Taehyung told me you own a nightclub and a casino. How are your businesses after what happened?”

“Surprisingly, they’re doing even better than before.”

“That’s good to know. You’re doing well even without the drug business.”

A new tension gripped at Jungkook’s muscles, causing him to grasp harder the bottle of beer in his hand. “Um, yeah. I want you to know that part of my life doesn’t exist anymore. And to be honest,

I'm a little surprised at how... sweet you are to me, even though I was a criminal."

Hee Jin aimed a smile at him. "It's because Taehyung already told me everything about you. How sweet and caring you are with him. That you said Taehyung helped you realize what's important in life. Mi Sung had everything. I was beside him, always. I showed how much I loved him every day. And he still chose to start dealing drugs and lying to me.

"You're different, Jungkook. You didn't know about love and how life changing it can be. The way you're looking at my son... Mi Sung never looked at me like that. Our parents introduced us back then and we just... started hanging out. It wasn't love at first sight. For him, at least. I really loved him. I guess he learned to love me along the way. But it wasn't enough."

Jungkook felt a heaviness press down his chest at the bitterness in her voice. "You're still young," he ventured. "It's never too late for love."

A beam exploded on Hee Jin's face with the chuckle that escaped her. "You're right, sweetie. If Taehyung doesn't have a problem with this, of course."

"Problem? Mom, of course I want you to put your life back together and have someone beside you who will truly love you. I want you to be happy."

Before Hee Jin could pet her son's head as she was planning to, the bell reverberated through the house. She hurried to the door, as the two men followed her, and they waited for Han Min to come.

Han Min soon neared them with an apologetic expression carved on her features. "I'm so sorry for being late. Everyone took a day off for this, and I was late. I'm sorry."

"No! No, it's okay," Hee Jin hastened to reassure. "I can't believe Jeon Han Min is standing in front of me."

"Do you know me?"

"Of course! You own JHM. That's my go-to place to shop. I'm in love with the clothes you have."

"Oh my God, that's so nice to hear," Han Min let out in awe. "I'm glad you like our clothes. I pick them very carefully."

"Um, mom, you didn't greet Taehyung," Jungkook murmured.

"You're right! I'm sorry—" As Han Min glanced at Taehyung's outfit, her words caught in her throat and excitement flared in her eyes. "You're wearing an outfit from my new collection!"

Taehyung chuckled. "Yes, I fell in love with it as soon as I saw it. It's amazing."

Han Min cupped his cheek and caressed it with her thumb. "You're so adorable." She pinched his cheek, making Taehyung's smile grow bigger.

"Let's go eat. The food is probably ready," Hee Jin said.

They trod to the kitchen and settle down at the table, which was already set for their lunch. Hee Jin placed the pot at the center and uncovered the various appetizers.

"Thank you for the food, Hee Jin-ssi," Han Min said. "Jungkook told me you're a nurse. Do you ever get time for yourself?" she asked as she served herself the seemingly delicious jjajangmyeon.

"Yes, sometimes. I work at a private clinic, so the work hours aren't that crazy."

“It must be tough. Being in the medical field is so hectic.”

“Yes, it is. But I love my job. It’s who I am. I’ve always dreamed of getting into medical school.”

Han Min nodded smilingly. “I get that. I always wanted to open my own clothing store. What’s the craziest case you’ve ever seen?”

Jungkook and Taehyung shared a look as the two women carried on chatting as if they weren’t there and erupted into a mute outbreak of laughter. “Why are we even here?” Taehyung asked in a whisper.

“Yeah, I don’t know.” Jungkook snorted. “But I’m glad they’re so comfortable with each other.”

Their lunch time continued for a couple more hours with the two mothers talking nonstop and the two sons joining the conversation here and there or retiring into their own bubble of love.

After the delicious ice cream cake they enjoyed, they all helped clean the table, even though Hee Jin insisted that the guests shouldn’t.

“Coffee?” Hee Jin asked as she set her hand over Han Min’s.

“Yes, please.”

“Great! Kids, go play. I think we’ll spend the whole day chatting with Han Min-ssi.”

Taehyung buried his face into his palms, embarrassed. “Mom, we’re not five...”

Jungkook choked back a chortle. “Thank you, Mrs. Kim. Let’s go play, Tae.”

Taehyung huffed, shaking his head. “You’re impossible,” he whispered.

“Actually,” Jungkook said as he stood up, “do you mind if we leave? I have something planned for us tonight.”

“Sure, sweetie,” Hee Jin smiled. “Feel free to come by anytime you want, hmm?”

“Thank you for everything, Mrs Kim. Mom, do you mind if I don’t come over to your house tonight?”

Han Min gave him a reassuring smile. “Of course not. You should start sleeping at your house again. I’m really okay.”

Taehyung intertwined their fingers as he stood beside him. “Bye, Mrs. Jeon. And mom, is it okay if I don’t sleep here tonight? I think Jungkookie has a lot planned for me tonight.”

A gleeful chuckle flowed through Hee Jin’s lips. “Of course it’s okay. Don’t worry, baby.”

As they said their goodbyes again, Han Min gazed at them as Jungkook twined his arm around his waist and led Taehyung out of the room. “They’re really so much in love...”

“Yes,” Hee Jin sighed blissfully. “I haven’t seen Taehyung so happy. Ever.”

“I haven’t seen my son so happy either. At first, I thought it was because he was finally free from his father’s drug business and was able to have a normal life. But I know Taehyung is the reason he’s so happy.”

Hee Jin lowered her eyes, smiling sadly to herself. "How... How will we get through this? Our lives... They're ruined because of our husbands."

Han Min cupped her hand. "We'll help each other and get back to our feet. We have our beautiful boys. They're healthy and happy. That's the most important. And it's all we need to get through this."

Hee Jin's gaze brimmed with warmth. "It's insane. I just met you, and I feel like I know you for years. It's so comfortable talking to you."

"I feel the same," Han Min said, and they shared a round of smiles before they made coffee to continue with their chat.

Jungkook and Taehyung made a short stop at Jungkook's house so he could change into something a bit more casual, and he drove away again, with Taehyung asking every two minutes where they were heading.

Since Jungkook wasn't willing to give him any information, Taehyung observed every sign they passed in his efforts to uncover their destination on his own. "Wait a minute," he uttered as little pieces of the puzzle started merging. "The sun is about to set. And we're going towards the beach."

Jungkook's lips twitched. "Yeah. And?"

"You don't remember about the date I had asked you?"

"No, I don't."

Taehyung frowned. "Oh, come on. I said I wanted to take a walk at the beach while we watch the sunset."

Jungkook peeked at his pouty face, and his veneer of unawareness cracked with a grin. "Of course I remember, baby. And that's exactly what we're about to do." He turned right into the parking lot and parked once he found a spot.

Taehyung's eyes twinkled like two little stars in devouring enthusiasm as he stepped out of the car. "It's so beautiful." He scoped the endless sea and the little waves it created. The sun that had partly hid behind the mountain illuminated the sky with hues of pale orange and pink, making the scenery oneiric.

Jungkook took his hand into his and drew a delicate kiss on his cheek. "Let's go."

Taehyung, with his elated smile engraved on his features, nodded, and they trudged towards the sand. There were many people there, but all Taehyung could see was the dazzling sunset and Jungkook.

They strolled along the crystal-clear water of the sea as they savored the palliative sound of waves, ignoring the surrounding chatter.

"You know," Taehyung said, "a couple had asked me for a drawing with the scenery of a beach and a sunset. It was when I was heartbroken because we parted. I kept imagining us walking on the beach with a beautiful sunset, holding hands. This really feels like a dream."

Jungkook squeezed his hand, smiling softly. "We'll never part again. I promise."

Taehyung twisted his head to gaze at him. “You really do?”

Jungkook met his eyes, letting a few seconds of silence spiral between them. “I really do.”

Taehyung’s smile stretched into a beam that wrinkled his eyes. He stole a peck and directed his gaze at the sea and the hues of the sky that had turned just a bit darker.

Their blissful saunter continued for a while longer. As they reached a narrow path with rocks at the one side and a tall hillside at the other, Taehyung halted at the barricade tape he discerned. “Oh, we can’t go to the other side.”

A warm smile budded on Jungkook’s lips as his brows slid upwards. “On the contrary, we’re the only ones allowed to go to the other side, angel.”

Bafflement puckered Taehyung’s forehead as he watched Jungkook duck under the barricade tape. Jungkook then put his hand out as an invitation for him to join him, and Taehyung’s heart fluttered in adoration. He passed to the other side as well and locked their hands together. They had to walk one behind the other because of the narrow space, and once they reached the end, Taehyung’s mouth gaped open.

It was a large space enclosed by the hillside, and there was a table placed close to the sea with a vase of red roses, two glasses, and a bottle of soju.

Taehyung palmed his mouth, still unable to process what Jungkook had prepared for him. “You didn’t...”

Jungkook caged him in his arms from behind and peppered sugary kisses on his temple. “I did,” he whispered in his ear. “I rent this part of the beach just for you and me.”

“You—You rent it?”

“Yes, baby.”

Taehyung swiveled to face him and snaked his arms around his waist. “How much?”

Jungkook shook his head, frowning. “Not important. Let’s go sit, hmm?”

A snort burst out of Taehyung, but then fondness shimmered in his eyes as he clasped him into his hug. “Thank you, Jungkookie. No one has ever treated me so sweetly.”

Jungkook rubbed tender caresses over his back and pulled away to lead him to the table. They took their seats across from each other, and Jungkook opened the bottle of soju. “I didn’t bring wine because I know you don’t like it. Although it is more romantic.”

“I don’t want to be an ass, but I’m surprised you can be this romantic. Since you never had a relationship before.” Taehyung held his glass and uttered a ‘thank you’ as Jungkook poured him a drink.

“Yeah,” Jungkook scoffed, filling his glass as well. “I never had the need to do something like this for someone. And to be honest... I searched about it online.”

Taehyung’s movement of clinking their glasses together stalled. “What did you search about exactly?”

“You know... Date ideas, what’s a boyfriend supposed to do, how to be a good boyfriend and

stuff.”

Taehyung sucked his bottom lip between his teeth to silence his giggle and slapped a hand over his mouth when that didn't work. “Sorry, I shouldn't be laughing,” he said through poorly confined chuckles and cleared his throat. “You're trying. And it's really cute. But Jungkook, I don't care about the perfect date or the perfect boyfriend. I just want you as you are. And I want us to learn about things together.”

Jungkook offered him a loving smile as he clinked their glasses together. They took a sip and gazed at each other again. “I want that too. But I needed to know the basics, at least. I promise, no more cheating from now on. We'll learn about love things together.”

“Love things,” Taehyung repeated with a giggle. “You're really so precious. You're so dominant in sex and when you want to, but right now you're so adorable I want to squish your cheeks.”

Jungkook huffed, eyes rolling playfully at the baby tone he used. “You know, I never thought I would be this normal guy with a boyfriend and would take him on dates. Or that I would be saying these corny things and doing these sweet things that make me, as you say, adorable. It doesn't feel real, how much you changed me. But I'm so happy that you did.”

Taehyung reached out to hold his hand, keeping their gazes locked together. “I think... you just didn't know. Because you were in that business, you never cared enough to try for a relationship with someone. If the circumstances were different... If you weren't locked up in that room and had met me somehow, maybe you wouldn't care enough to try. Maybe you wouldn't even notice me.”

Jungkook smoothed his thumb over the back of his hand, his smile unswerving. “Baby. Trust me. There's no way I wouldn't notice you. You're the most gorgeous man I've ever seen. You take my breath away every time I look at you. I mean it.”

Taehyung's chest quivered with a content sigh. “Thank you. But you're the most gorgeous.”

Jungkook chuckled and sipped his soju. His eyes strayed to the sea for a few seconds as a dreg of nervousness crept up his throat. He had to cough slightly to banish it, then forced a brittle smile to his lips. “So, I need a new business for Seokjin hyung. I mean, Yoongi is a manager at the nightclub, Namjoon is at the casino, and Seokjin doesn't have a job since, you know, we blew up his workplace.”

A notion of suspicion swirled in Taehyung's focused eyes on him. “Okay... Why are you telling me all this?”

“I was just thinking,” he said and cleared his throat again. “How about I open an art gallery?”

Taehyung raised a brow at him as he analyzed the vacillation waltzing across his traits. “An art gallery, huh? I'm *so* curious to know how you came up with this idea.”

Jungkook grimaced at his prominent scorn. “Come on, Tae. You already know.”

“And you should already know I don't want you to spend your money on me.”

“I won't spend them on you! It's my new investment. My new business.” He shrugged a shoulder.

“And I'm pretty sure you would never open such a business if it weren't for me.”

“For your information, I *love* art.”

Taehyung puffed a laugh. “You’re a dork.”

“Yes, I’m your dork, and I’m fine with it.” Jungkook, smirking teasingly, wiggled his brows.

“Think about it seriously, hmm? This way, I can help Seo Hyang too. And not only him, but so many artists. People need to see your work, angel. How else would they buy your paintings?”

Taehyung gave his words a thought, nipping at his lower lip. “Okay, you’re right about that,” he uttered. “And how will it work, if I agree?”

“I’ll get ten percent of the price of a painting when it’s sold.”

“Ten? That’s so little.”

“Okay, fifteen percent.”

“Fifty.”

Jungkook’s brows squeezed together in discontent. “Twenty.”

“Forty-five.”

“Thirty. And don’t you dare raise it,” he added, stopping Taehyung’s expostulation.

A muted groan scraped his throat, but he swallowed it. “Fine.”

“So you agree?” Jungkook asked with a lilt of eagerness.

“Since you’ll be helping lots of artists, yes.”

Jungkook’s head lolled back with the sigh of relief that emitted from his mouth. “Thank fuck, because I’ve already bought a building.”

A mask of shock cut across Taehyung’s face. “Jungkook!”

The said man broke out laughing at his cute shriek, almost folding in half. “I knew you would say yes because you always want to help others. We’ll make lots of events. You’ll get a share from the entrance tickets too. I’ll make you rich, baby.”

“How can you be so sure that people will visit your art gallery?”

“Tae, come on. I’m Jeon Jungkook. I don’t want to brag, but people know me. I have a lot of rich acquaintances. People are still begging me to let them get into my club and casino.”

Taehyung shook his head slowly at the cockiness that gleamed in his face. When he graced him with his stunning smile, Taehyung couldn’t help but copy it. “Although you’re annoying, you’re right too. You are the amazing Jeon Jungkook who can move mountains if he wants to.”

“Hell yeah.”

With another set of chuckles ringing around them, they sipped their drinks and relished the serenity of the sea and the soothing sound of its waves.

Taehyung stood up a while later and sneaked into his hug, sitting sideways on his lap. He draped an arm around his nape and united their lips in a chaste kiss. “Thank you for this amazing date. Loving you and being loved by you... It really feels like heaven. But maybe it’s because you are my heaven.”

“Hey. That’s my line,” Jungkook whispered with a teasing hue. He pressed a kiss on his smiling lips and carded his fingers through his hair until he rested his hand on his nape. “Angel. Do you want to stay at my house? Not move in, you know, since it’s early or whatever. Only until I get enough of you.”

Taehyung’s lips quaked with the outpouring of laughter that braised in his chest. “And when will that be, hmm?”

“Never. Because there’s no getting enough of you, love.”

“Yeah, I thought so,” Taehyung released through his giggles and leaned to kiss him again. “I really love you so much.”

“I love you too, baby.”

With their hearts overwhelmed with their blazing feelings for each other, they sealed their lips in a kiss that spoke of eternal love and devotion. They knew, as they rolled their lips together and tangled their tongues delicately. They had found their other half in one another that completed them, fulfilled them, and mended any heartbreak they had ever experienced.

And there was no greater bliss than this.

Epilogue

July, 2033

Taehyung rammed the bedroom door open and nailed the naked, sleeping man in the bed with a furious glare. “Seriously?”

Jungkook flinched, and a long, whiny groan sounded from him as he rolled to his side and curled up into a ball. The coldness of the room by the air conditioner cooled him enough to blindly reach for the bedsheet and drape it over his body.

Taehyung marched towards him and wrenched the bedsheet off him. “You know what? I’ve been married to you for seven years. We’ve been living together in this beautiful house we bought for eight years. And you’re *still* the same sleepyhead whenever we have something important to do!”

Jungkook cracked an eye open to inspect his definitely adorable scowl. He snatched Taehyung’s hand and pulled him down, burying him in his embrace.

Although Taehyung resisted at first, he just chuckled and snuggled up to him. “We have to leave in thirty minutes, and you’re still naked.”

Jungkook painted little kisses on his cheek, fondling his back. “I wish you were naked too.”

Taehyung pursed his mouth as he slapped the hand that just squeezed his ass. “Stop being so horny. We’ll be on Jeju Island for a week, just the two of us. You can be horny all you want there, okay? That is, of course, *if* you ever get out of this bed.”

Jungkook smashed a kiss onto his lips and drew back enough to look at him. “I can’t wait for our first vacation together.”

“Then why aren’t you out of this bed already?”

“Taehyung, baby. We’re flying there with our private jet. We can literally leave anytime we want.”

“We told the pilot at twelve. It’s not nice to be late.”

“Yeah, but we barely slept last night with our event at the art gallery. Seo Hyang sold more paintings than you for the first time in ten years. That was something to celebrate.”

Taehyung snorted. “Yeah, but that wasn’t the reason we didn’t sleep.”

A saucy smirk pulled on Jungkook’s lips. “Yeah, you’re right. The reason was you were begging for my cock.”

“I think you were too drunk because there’s no way you don’t remember how you were all over me the moment we stepped into our house,” Taehyung shot back with obvious derision laced in his voice and a feigned sweetish smile that caused Jungkook to spank him. Hard. “Ouch.”

Jungkook massaged the asscheek he just hit as he pecked his lips. “Okay, fair enough.”

“Let’s go now, hmm?”

“Is everything taken care of?”

“Yes. Our things are already in the car, Yeontan and Bam are with our moms, Seokjin and Seo Hyang will look after the art gallery, Namjoon the casino, and Yoongi the nightclub. All that’s left is for you to get dressed.” Taehyung’s attention shifted to his phone when it beeped, and he reached for it from the nightstand. As he read the message Jimin just sent him, a darkness carpeted his face.

Jungkook noticed right away and sat up in the bed. “What’s wrong?”

Taehyung swallowed and turned his head at a creep to merge their eyes. “Mi Sung. You know he appealed his sentence recently. And... Jimin said he got eligibility for parole in ten years.”

“What?” Jungkook spat out. “So he won’t spend all twenty-five years in jail? Only the twenty?”

“Apparently, yes.”

“Fuck.” Jungkook tugged him against his chest and planted a string of kisses on the top of his head. “I’m glad Hyun Joon got life in prison with no eligibility for parole.”

“Yeah. At least he confessed eventually. Although it was just to avoid the death sentence.”

Jungkook shook his head to clear it from the vile memories. “Let’s go make new memories on the island we met, hmm?”

Taehyung cracked a smile. “Yes, baby. Let’s go.”

They joined their lips, inhaling deeply at the electricity between them. Even after ten years, they still had tiny butterflies raging in their bellies as they kissed. Their love was stronger than ever, like their mothers’ friendship. And nothing could stand in their way of happiness, no matter how painful or scary.

They had each other. For the rest of their life.



Chapter End Notes

The end.

Thank you for being a part of this journey. Thank you for all your comments and your love. Nothing would be possible without you. Your support is truly overwhelming, and I'm so grateful to all of you

Jungkook's father was the one who had put someone to follow Taehyung to learn more about him and keep him in check. I didn't mention it because they couldn't confirm it with Hyun Joon since he was in jail, but they knew it was him because they stopped following Tae once Hyun Joon went in hiding.

If you have any questions about the book, feel free to ask me

I really hope you enjoyed this

Until next time

TaekookForLife

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!